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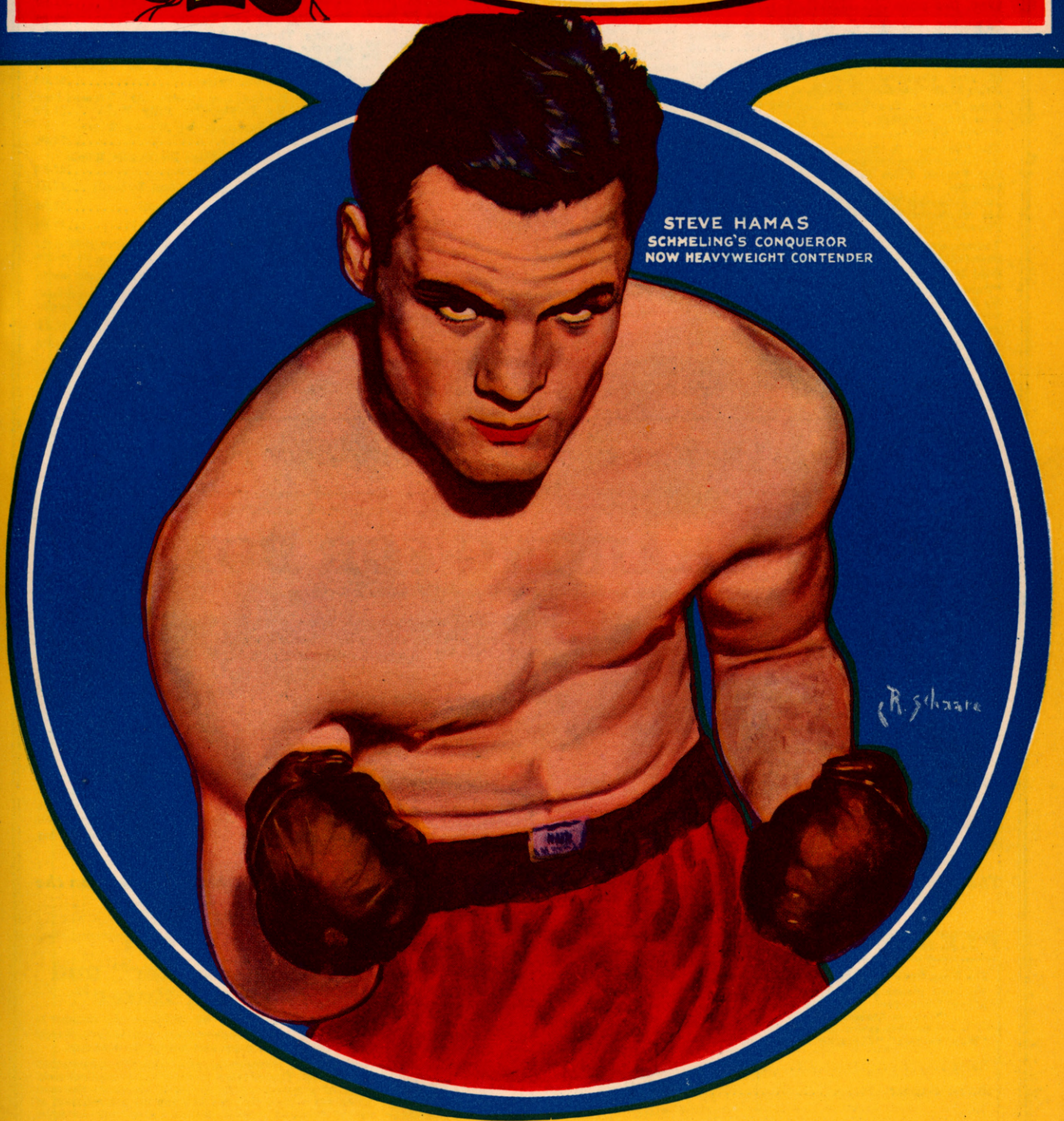

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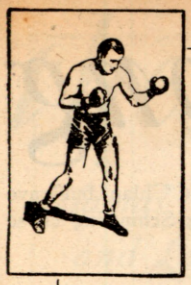

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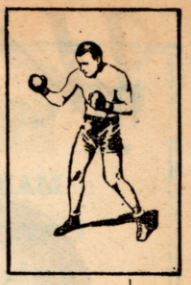

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Do not miss the expert analysis of the Carnera-Loughran match at Miami by Daniel M. Daniel. His story, with four pages of exclusive pictures of the heavyweight championship encounter, and the real inside of the scrap between the giant Italian and the Gentleman from Philadelphia will combine to make a feature no boxing follower will want to miss.

Jimmy McLarnin, the most famed of the present-day Irishmen, will meet Barney Ross this summer in an outdoor battle that should make ring history. Many years have passed since the Sons of Erin held the upper hand in pugilism. Read George T. Pardy's story on the "Battlers of the Irish Brigade", and get a bird's-eye view of Ireland's greatest gladiator of modern times, Peter Maher.

Who was Pugilism's Cleverest Boxer? "The Ring" Editor answers that query in an interesting article on Young Griffo.

"The Ring" has on its staff the two oldest active sports writers in the world, both octogenarians—A. D. Phillips and Arthur T. Lumley. You've heard of both if you are a follower of boxing, for these famed scribes have seen and written about every big fight since Hector was a pup. Phillips continues his most interesting series on wrestling, while Lumley writes on "John L. Sullivan as I knew him." Lumley at one time was Sullivan's manager and also engaged him as editor of Arthur's old "Illustrated News."

"Why a Manager?" Some people and most fight promoters regard the manager as a human leech. But fighters learn quite early that he is a most important person in fistic affairs. Gene D. Robinson has interesting fiction on this subject.

In addition to these features, you will get many pictures of current wrestling and boxing bouts and the news of your favorite sports from around the world. Don't fail to get your copy!

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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What Now Among

The Hamas smile, after he received the unanimous decision over the Uhlan.

AMONG the heavyweights, things are not shaping up the way the leading promoters would like them to develop. But it seems likely that Dame Fortune, having taken the issue into her hands, will bring about a more interesting picture than even the most hopeful of the ring impresarios and the most sanguine of fistic fans ever dared to paint.

The Carnera-Loughran match at Miami stressed the fact that, when it came to promoting a big contest, those behind the guns had to drag a veteran into the foreground to make the affair look interesting. Not that Tommy Loughran is not one of the most popular boxers in the world, and a credit to himself and the game, but Loughran was supposed to be through as a heavyweight contender that night in New York when he was knocked out standing up by Jack Sharkey at the Yankee Stadium.

The situation received a most beneficial stimulus through two contests which were fought in Philadelphia and New York last month.

On February 9, in the Garden in New York, King Levinsky got an undeserved decision over Charley Massare of Pittsburgh. The Kingfish from Chicago entered the ring an outstanding figure in the heavyweight mess, and left it beaten by a comparative unknown. For while Levinsky got the nod, Massare won the fight—at least, in the opinion of the spectators, and most of the ringside experts.

On February 13, in Philadelphia, in a twelve-round contest that went the limit, Steve Hamas of Passaic, N. J., got the unanimous decision over Max Schmeling of Germany, former heavyweight champion. Hamas not only outboxed the Uhlan, but gave him a beating at every other style of fighting Schmeling chose to adopt in a night of distress and duress.

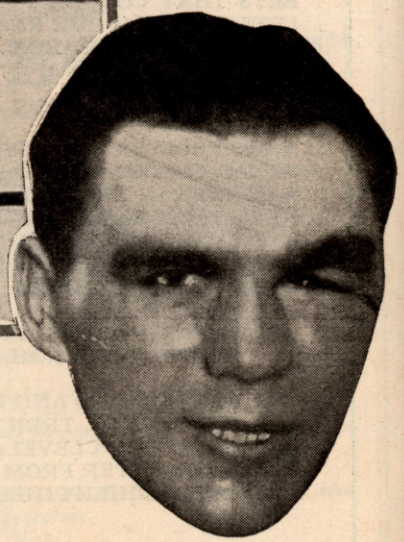
* * *

OF course, the defeat of Max revived that old gag that "they never come back." When Schmeling was beaten, the boys dragged out a lot of ancient history to prove that Jim Corbett had failed after he had lost to Fitzsimmons; that Ruby Robert had lost after he had been dethroned by Jim Jeffries; that Jeffries had been soft for Jack Johnson after Jim had gone into retirement; that Jack Dempsey had been balked by the Fates after he had dropped the championship to Gene Tunney; that Jack Sharkey had made a miserable effort to come back after he had been stopped by Carnera.

The comeback gag is too mossbacked to drag out here. In addition, it has no bearing on the issue which we handle in this summation of the developments which lead us to ask, "What Now Among the Big Boys?"

How seriously are we to rate Hamas in this new alignment in the heavyweight situation?

Here we see Referee Spud Murphy raising Steve's arm in token of triumph over Max



Schmeling after the defeat, with one eye closed to the heavyweight situation

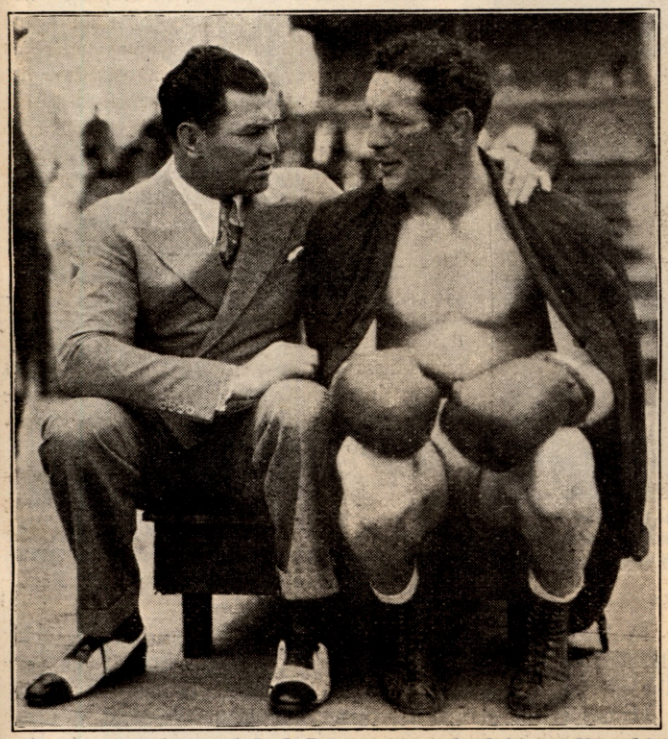
How good is Hamas? First of all, let us go back to his genesis in boxing. Hamas was a famous athletic figure at Penn State College. He won intercollegiate honors, but got no serious consideration on that score alone, as so many rah-rah wows have turned out sad bloomers in professional competition. However, Charley Harvey, veteran handler of boxers who knows a fighter when he glimpses one, decided that Steve had great possibilities.

Hamas lost little time in proving that Harvey was a wizard as a picker. Steve knocked out Tommy Loughran. This feat was

the BIG BOYS?

Hamas' Victory Over Schmeling and Levinsky-Massare Fight Urge Action on Baer

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



A serious conference! Jack Dempsey, on the left, is telling his protege, Max Baer, to quit this sort of thing, while fighters like Hamas and Massare are grabbing the limelight and making hay while Smacksie makes hay-hay.

acclaimed at the time, as Loughran had been stopped only once before, by Jack Sharkey.

In the last year, with Loughran's effort to rebuild himself into a heavyweight attraction, the Hamas' knock-out, and the Hamas' decision victory in the second meeting with Tommy, took on more and more importance. Even Loughran's victory in his third meeting with Hamas did not hurt Steve, who was learning how to box—and was learning more from his fights with the masterful boxer Loughran than through any other source. But, unfortunately, Hamas did not live up to expectations. He fought four times with Lee Ramage, winning twice, losing once and getting one draw. That caused his stock to drop a little, his knee injury undoubtedly had something to do with Hamas' drop in form.

If Hamas has a weakness in his armor, it is right at the bottom of his boxing form—in his legs. Steve is a bit flat-footed and has a weak knee, and this has hampered his boxing development. However, we have had other boxers who were thus handicapped by nature, and who found in this trouble the very source of their power. Flat-footed fighters rarely become adept boxers, but they have been known to hit hard mainly because of this stance.

In the fight with Schmeling, Hamas, a 12 to 5 shortender, surprised everybody by taking the play away from the Uhlan in every department of the game. Hamas outfought Max; he outboxed him, he outmaneuvered the Teuton so easily that the victory was made to seem a 100 per cent improvement by Hamas rather than a 25 per cent improvement by Steve, and a 75 per cent retrogression by Schmeling. Steve won ten rounds to two for Schmeling.

Of course, there is one truth to be considered fully before assaying Hamas' chances in the big group. Schmeling owed his reputation to his winning the championship over Sharkey. If you subscribe to the theory that Jack was a great heavyweight, then you must list Schmeling of his championship days in that category, too.

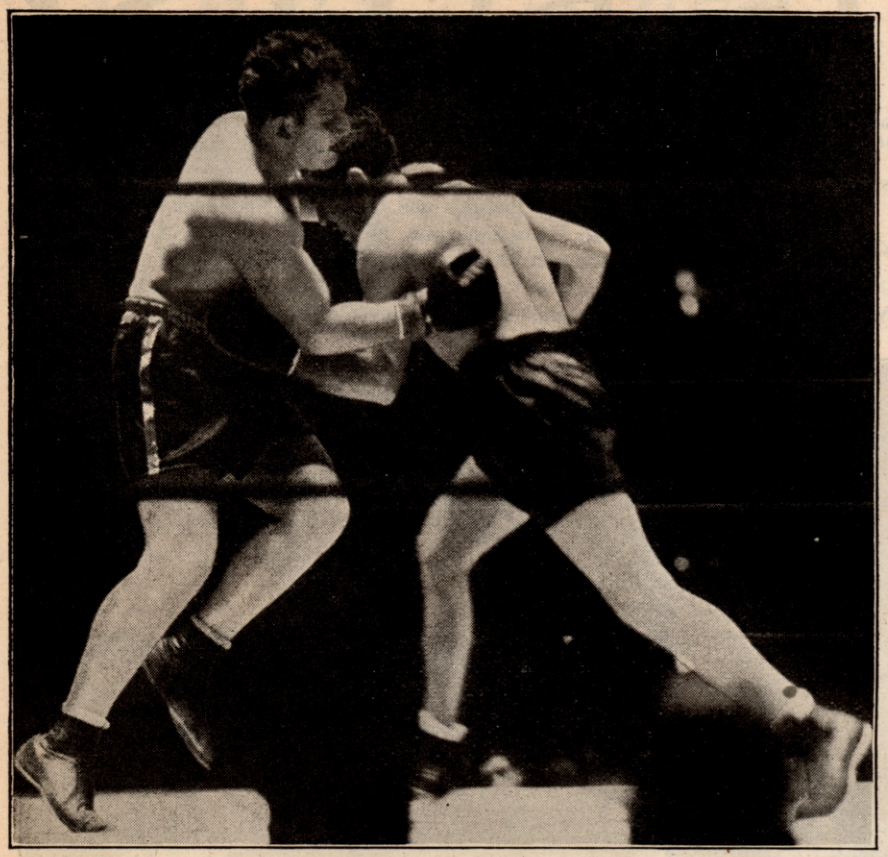
But there always has been doubt in my mind that either Sharkey or Schmeling rated with even the second best of our heavyweight title-holders. There always has been doubt in my mind that Schmeling knew enough about fighting to be entitled to listing with even the poor champions we had back in the days before the rise of John L. Sullivan—Paddy Ryan, for one.

No heavyweight ever was more fortunate in his championship quest than was Schmeling the night he won the title by beating Sharkey, on a foul.

WHEN Max and Jack fought again, and Sharkey won the decision, there was considerable squawking. As a matter of fact, even the deteriorated fighter that Sharkey was that night really beat Schmeling and was entitled to the decision despite the contrary tenor of the press, which did not like the modern version of the Boston Strong Boy.

It becomes apparent that when Schmeling lost by a knock-out to Max Baer, the Californian stopped a boxer who was overrated.

Incidentally, Hamas' triumph over Schmeling has done Baer little good. If Max does not grab opportunity by the tail and capitalize on that Schmeling victory soon, Smacksie will discover that the boxing fans of America demand new proofs of



Charley Massare surprises King Levinsky and lifts the former fish peddler off the floor with a terrific left to the body in their fight in New York. Massare concentrated on a body attack and gave Levinsky a beating, but was unfairly deprived of a well-earned verdict.

ability before considering him seriously as a coming champion.

It is my opinion that Baer has class and that if he quits his playboy rôle long enough to get back to business, he will acquire the title. But right now Baer is losing a lot of valuable time—that is, if he really wants to be a champion of the ring rather than a title-holder among the night spots and in Hollywood.

After Baer had knocked out Schmeling, the victory was regarded as an outstanding feat. This idea was especially strong among those who had figured Max the rightful winner over Sharkey in the contest which saw the championship pass into the hands of the American.

Now that Hamas also has beaten the German, Baer's success becomes a little tarnished, and it behooves him to get back into the ring.

As for Schmeling, he has gone the way of other champions. Success brings a feeling of ease. The big impetus is gone. Schmeling came into more money than he ever figured there was in the world. He never was a fighters' fighter—that is, he never really liked to fight and did not do any more battling than he had to. His going into hibernation after he had won the championship stressed that.

With success, there came for Schmeling marriage. And marriage and ring triumphs do not seem to go hand in hand.

* * *

SO much for Schmeling, who cannot be retained on the list of contenders. Max had his big chance against Baer, and failed. He got another chance to rebuild his standing, and Hamas took care of that. Now Max may retire and devote himself to the fine art of being a successful husband.

While Hamas rises at the expense of Schmeling, we find interesting developments in other directions. In New York, in February, a rugged young battler from Pittsburgh by the name of Charley Massare — a lad who has fulfilled all the early signs of promise he showed — a lad who had been started in the ring by ambition and a correspondence course—fought King Levinsky, who had scored over Jack Sharkey and ruined what was left of the Lith's comeback campaign.

Levinsky was supposed to murder Massare. That, in spite of the fact that Massare had fought a draw with Hamas, who was quite fortunate to get even an even break as the scribes thought Hamas had been beaten just as scribes and spectators thought that Massare had whipped Levinsky.

Massare was not scared by Levinsky's reputation and gave the one-time fish peddler a bad beating, according to ninety per cent of those who saw the mill. The decision went to Levinsky, but the prestige went to Massare.

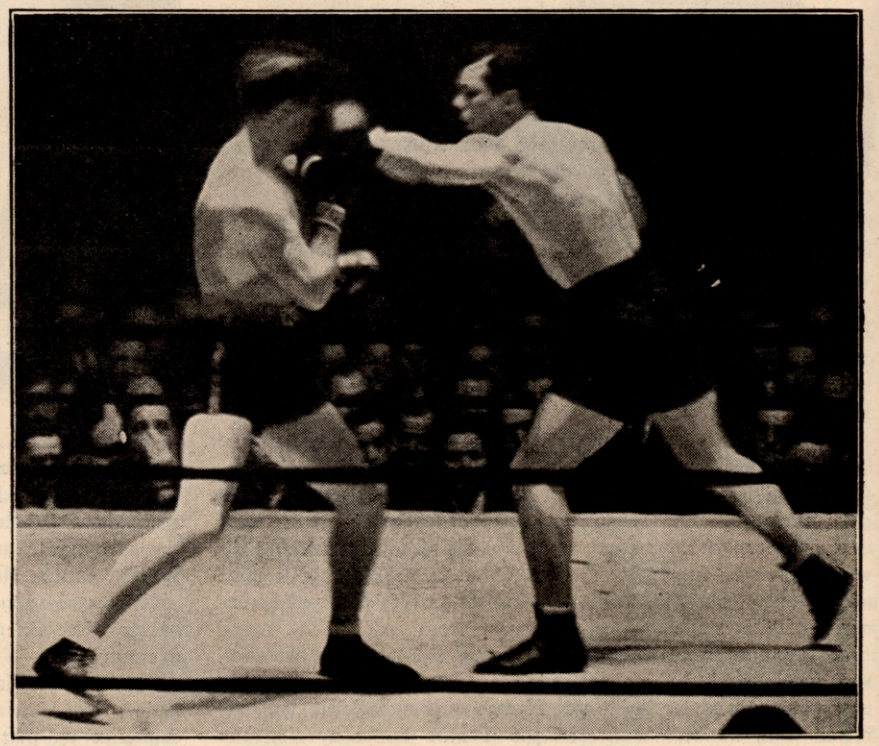
Here was another important and encouraging development. It may be that while Baer dawdles away his chances, men like Hamas and Massare will strengthen their positions and in time gain the limelight and the chance which should be the reward of earnest application to a hard task.

* * *

BAER is the old swashbuckler type. We have had that sort in boxing ever since the game became a recognized sport in England in the days of Cribb.

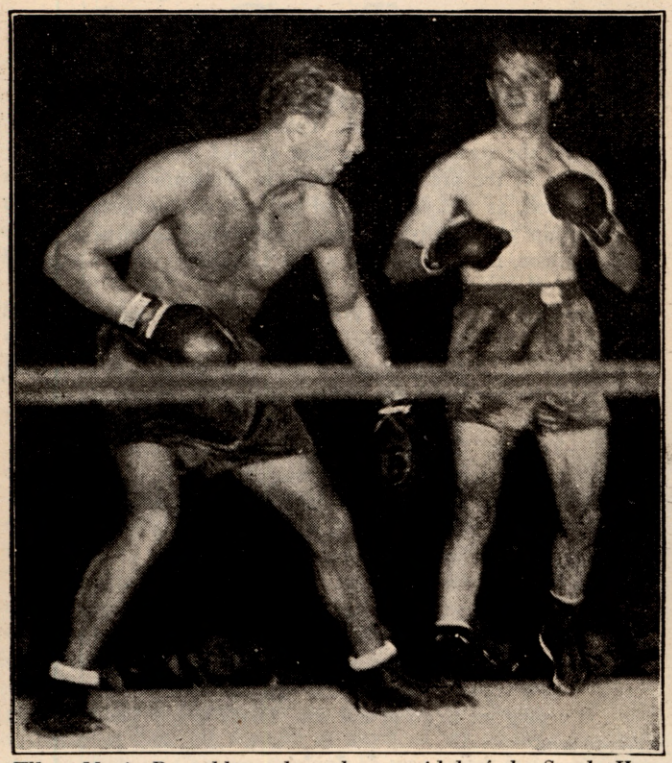
In Hamas and Massare we find two new types, and their development into serious contenders would be a great thing for the sport.

Hamas is the serious collegian, well mannered, soft spoken, married, with no liking for the night spots and nothing in his mind but the goal—the heavyweight championship. A title-holder of that type—the first champion *(Continued on page 41)*



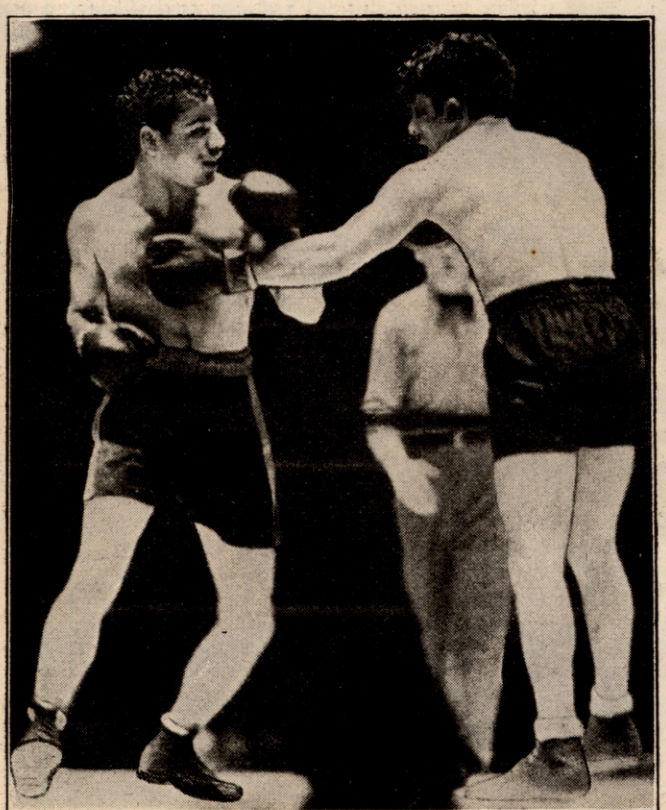
This picture shows Hamas sticking his adroit left into the face of the amazed Schmeling in their Philadelphia encounter

Action Scenes of Recent Fights

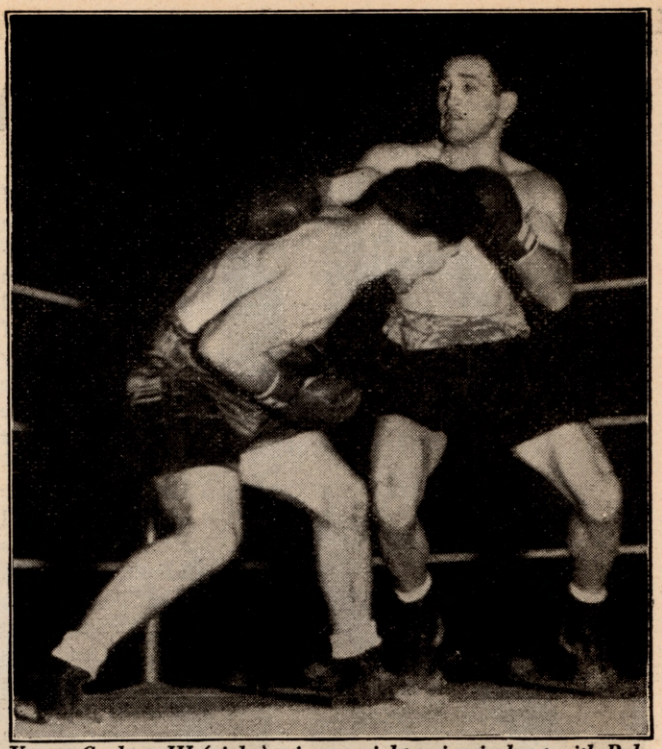


When Maxie Rosenbloom beat the new idol of the South. Here we see Maxie missing a left swing as his southpaw opponent, Joe Knight, gets set for a counter.

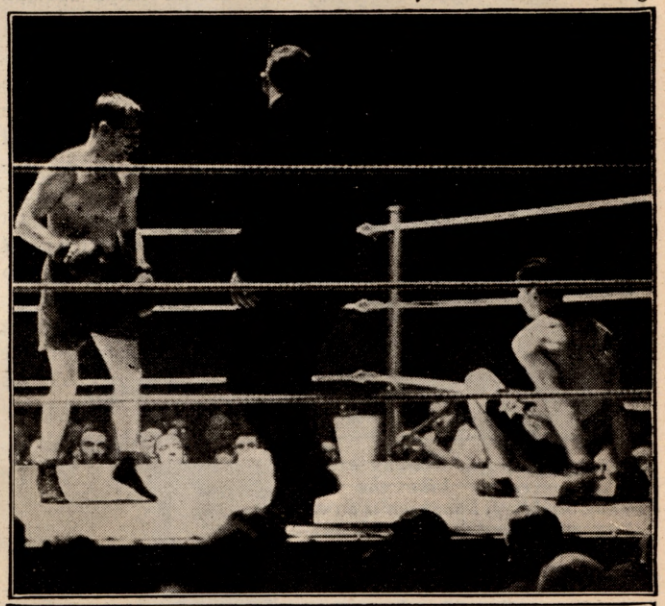
At the right we see Great Britain's new lightweight champion in his fight with Johnny Cuthbert. Harry Mizler is his name, and he's just slipped, but he got up to win easily.

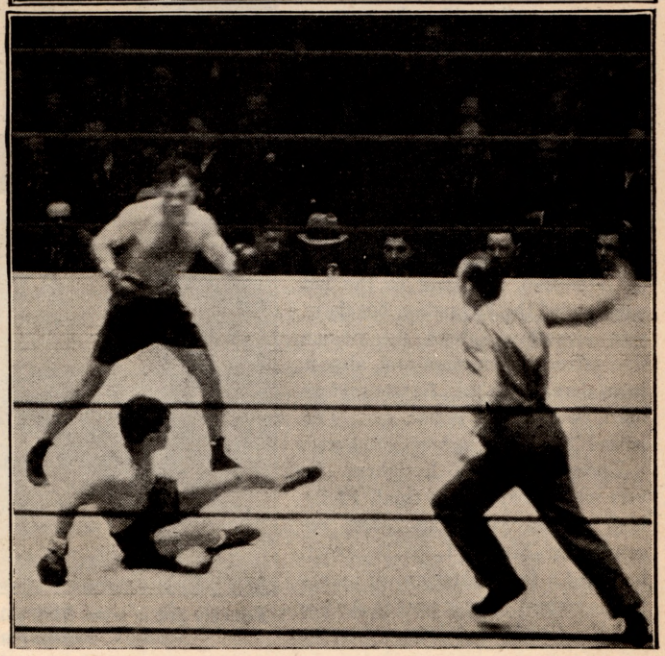


Two fine shots of the second Canzoneri-Locatelli fight in the N. Y. Garden. Canzoneri floored Locatelli twice to win with plenty to spare. Above we see Tony (left) blocking Locatelli's left and priming his right for a counter.

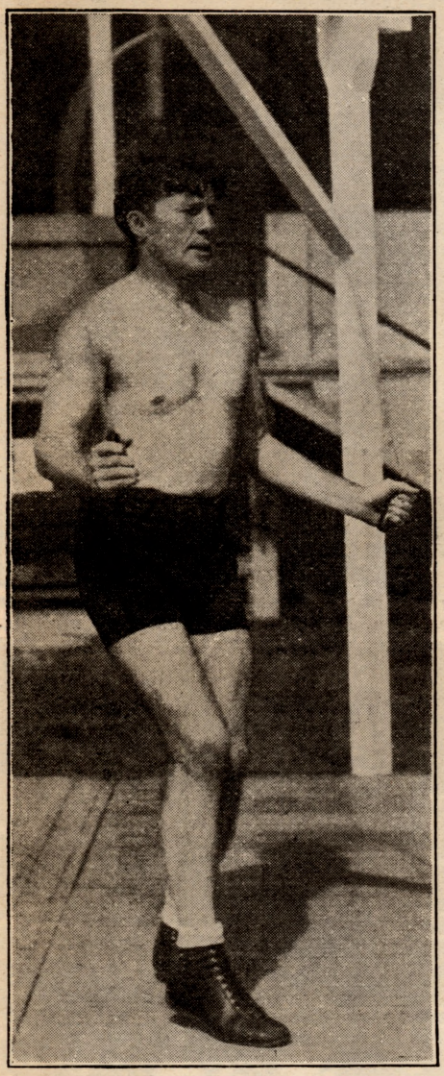


Young Corbett, III (right) misses a right swing in bout with Babe Marino which Corbett won. It was his first comeback meeting.





TIME PASSES ON



Skipping the rope. Tommy excels in this exercise. Like the late Young Stribling, Loughran is an expert in handling the rope.

FIFTEEN years ago, in a small boxing club in Philadelphia, a lad appeared in one of the preliminary bouts and, crude though he was, he laid his opponent low with a right-hand smash to the chin in the second round to score his first knock-out. The boy was a skinny fellow, about five feet ten inches tall and weighing close to the 140-pound mark, and in general appearance he looked anything but a fighter. In fact, he had an angelic face that gave him the appearance of a choir boy, and it was for that reason that the fighter seemed to gain more than the usual attention paid to preliminary talent.

That night was a gala one for the subject of this story. There were many clubs in Philadelphia fifteen years ago and, unlike the present depression in that city and New York, its nearest large boxing center, fights were staged every night in the week and preliminary boys by the dozens flung their mitts to cheering throngs. A knock-out meant just a little more applause, but that was about all. It was only on special occasions that particular attention was paid to the lad who landed the haymaker, but there was something about the novice that attracted attention and, almost from that day to this, he has seldom been out of the public eye. The name? Tommy Loughran, of course.

Thomas Patrick Loughran he was introduced in that small Philly club fifteen years ago, and recently, on March 1, to be exact, he faced a far greater crowd in one of the largest fight arenas in America, the Garden's Miami arena, as challenger for the world's heavyweight title. It took a long time for Tommy to reach the heights, and even though at this writing we cannot go into details of the Miami mill, except to say that Tommy lost the decision, we can say that he fought a fine battle against tremendous odds. Fifteen years is a long time to wait, but the steady plugging that carried him from an ordinary novice in the preliminary class, to the semi-final, then to a finalist, and, as the years rolled on, to the light-heavyweight championship and finally to wage battle for the richest prize in all pugilism, is something of which Loughran, even in defeat, may well feel proud.

Tommy was in training at West Palm Beach when I received word from THE RING Editor asking me to write a story on Philly's leading pugilist. Tommy had just completed an hour and a half's workout and was resting in his dressing room, where he had just been given a rubdown, when I entered.

"Well, Tommy," I said, "you look fine. How does it feel to be up there fighting for the heavyweight title?"

"No different from fighting in any other battle, Francis," he replied, "except that the goal is richer. There is a feeling of pride one possesses when he knows that the richest of all stakes is within his grasp, a pride that makes you work as you never did before. Of course, I realize that I'm not the Tommy I was a few years ago, and that Father Time has taken much of my speed from me, but with a heavyweight championship as the goal, there is a new vigor, a new spirit, a fighting devil within me that keeps on urging me to go in and win. That's why I feel that I'm going to win."

* * *

SUCH was the spirit of the man who faced Primo Carnera, March 1. He recalled the day, fifteen years ago, when he knocked out an unknown like himself in that Philly ring in the second round, and he laughed as he held up his right hand and said:

"See this, Francis. Well, when it landed that haymaker, I kissed it. Yes, I even hugged it, as I remarked to myself, 'With this hand I'm going to win a championship.' I didn't set my goal as the heavyweight title, for little did I then believe that I'd ever

Tommy got a great kick out of his road running. When he started in West Palm Beach, all the kiddies of the neighborhood took a flying start with him.

Tommy Loughran Recalls His First Bout, Which He Won by a K.O., in Tracing His Rise to Fistic Fame

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

reach the heavyweight division. But I determined then that I would rise to heights in my chosen profession and you know what the story of my life shows. That belief in myself made me what I am today.

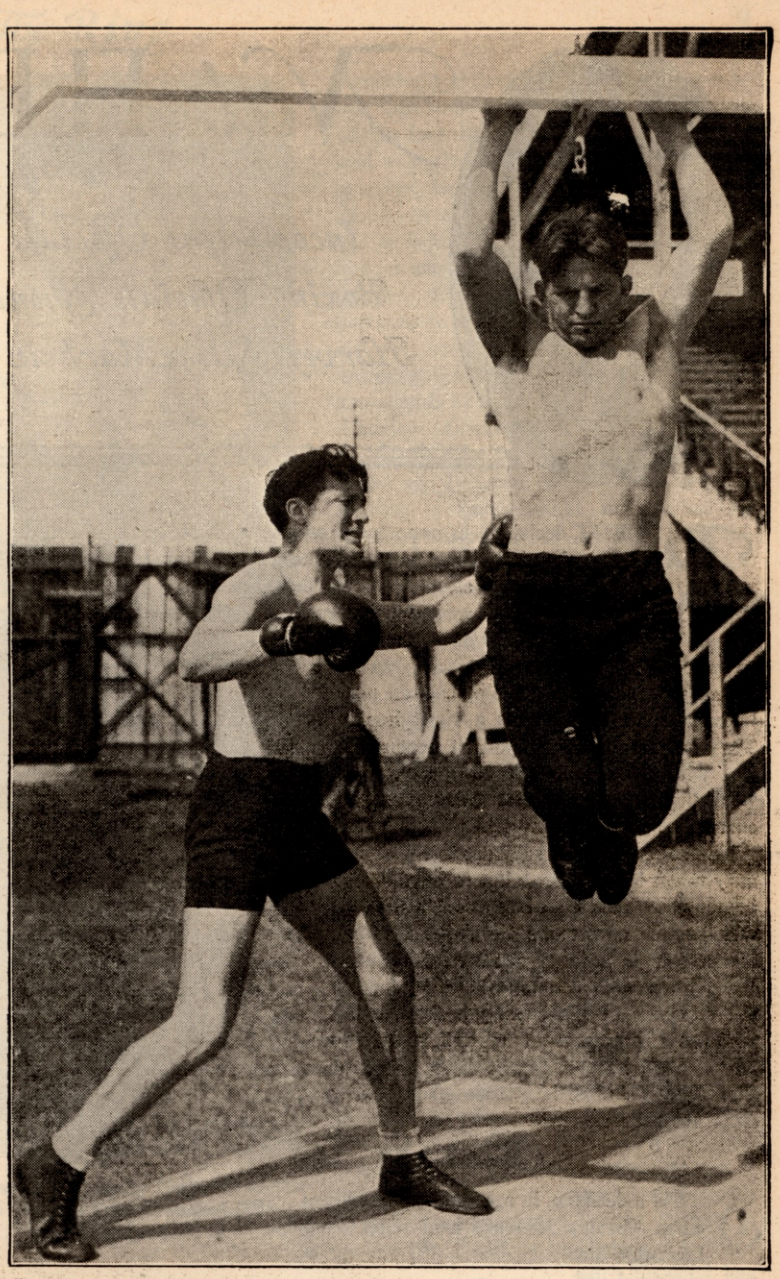
"I had faith in my own ability. I made boxing a life study. I've had my ups and downs, as who has not in this tough game, but I always carried my head up high and, in defeat or victory, I never lost hope. Faith, yes, that's what has brought me to the challenging class.

"The self-confidence which I possessed was simply amazing. Even after I was stopped by Jack Sharkey, I still possessed it. You remember what I did. While the fistic world was shouting from the house-tops that Tommy Loughran was through, Old Man Tommy—yes, that's what they called me, hied himself out into the woods, roughed it for six months, came back strong and healthy, and went in quest of a return battle with his conqueror.

"Did I get that bout? Not while Sharkey was champion. He knew better than to give me the chance to dethrone him. He thought so much of my ability that he took on Carnera, thinking he was softer and, much to his astonishment, the man whom he selected as easy prey, did to him what I would have accomplished—he won the title. Then he decided to stage a comeback and he picked another "soft" one—yours truly. Well, the records show what I did to Sharkey only recently in my return engagement. I gave him a severe shellacking and, had the title been at stake, I would have won the crown."

* * *

AND what Tommy said is true—every word of it. Sharkey wouldn't have him as an opponent while he was king of the heavies because he feared Tommy. He knew what rankled in Tommy's heart and he fully realized that Loughran would have fought as never before to avenge the K. O. victory which Sharkey scored with a lucky punch several years back.



Loughran adopted a new style of training for his bout with Primo Carnera. Instead of punching the heavy bag, he decided to punch a human target. Eddie Hogan, who scales 225 pounds, hung from a crossbar, and swung from side to side, while Tommy did the flinging.

To this day, Tommy insists that it was a "sucker punch" that turned the trick. The blow struck him high on the temple and he lost his senses. Sympathetic friends surged about him and urged him to quit, but not Tommy.

"Let them remember you as a great fighter, Tommy," they said. "Retire now and not after you get punch drunk."

But Loughran's pride was too great to permit such procedure. "I'll retire," he said, "when I whip Sharkey and win the heavyweight title. Not before."

And Tommy started his comeback. What a comeback it has been, the records show. Regardless of the outcome of the heavyweight tilt, which comes off after we go to press, his comeback was one of the most successful ever attempted. For almost a year, Tommy trailed the field. He received several whippings, some of them good shellackings, but he still insisted he'd come back and he made good. He won some bouts, and lost others. The late Ernie Schaaf gave him a sound thrashing. King Levinsky whipped him. Then he was knocked out by young Steve Hamas, the Penn State star who only a few weeks ago all but knocked out Max Schmeling in his first comeback bout, then lost a ten-rounder to Steve and one to Poreda.

Even those trimmings didn't make Loughran feel any different about his fighting ability. He still insisted that he would get his "second wind" and reach the heights again. One by one he took on the fighters who had licked him and one by one he came through with flying colors. He had gained his revenge. He whipped Levinsky, Cobb, Gastanaga, Hamas, Sharkey, and Impellitiere and lost only one bout, a ten-rounder to Risko. Of all his late victories, none pleased him more than that over Sharkey. He just gloried in it.

It wasn't until he beat Ray Impellitiere in a bout that made ring history in New York, because of its double decision, that Loughran really was considered as a possible opponent for Carnera. He gave such a wonderful exhibition of cleverness in that mill against a giant inches taller and outweighing Tommy by many pounds, that the Garden officials decided to give him the chance he most wanted—a crack at the title.

Like Gene Tunney, Tommy is a highly cultured, soft-spoken, gentlemanly fighter—a credit to the sport in which he has engaged for the greater part of his manhood. And, like Gene, he is one of the cleverest fighters since Jim Corbett's days. The proof is his comeback.

His style resembles Tunney's and the late Jim Corbett's and, like those two, Tommy has been set up by critics of the sport as an example for the American youth to follow. His popularity remains despite the defeat by Carnera, who weighed 270 pounds to 184 for Tommy.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Incompetent Officials Often Retard Bright Prospects
Boxing Officials Should Curb the Guarantee Menace
Harvey Sets Mark in Winning Three British Titles

RECENT decisions in important contests in New York indicate that it is time for the Boxing Commission to make a wholesale clean-up of the dead wood on its referees' and judges' staff. Many of those selected, into whose hands the futures of young, bright prospects have been placed, do not know a right cross from a right hook. They render their decision, it seems to me, wholly on a matter of guesswork, with the hopes that they have guessed correctly being uppermost in their minds.

The damage is not so great when ordinary talent is concerned, but to have such incompetent men take charge of bouts in which much is at stake for either of the contestants is nothing short of a crime. I need not elaborate on this topic, for the members of the boxing board know who those incompetents are, and, if they don't, they should harken to the boos and catcalls that Johnny Public lets loose when poor verdicts are rendered.

* * *

SUCH a decision, in my opinion, was given when Charley Massare won from King Levinsky but was deprived of that honor. My score card showed Charley in the lead six rounds to three, with one even. Two of those rounds, it might be argued, were awarded to Massare by the referee, Gunboat Smith, because of Levinsky's low hitting, but Massare didn't require that help for he had won them clearly despite the fouls.

Joe Coster, former fighter, gave the Kingfish three rounds, Massare six, and called one even, while the other judge, Jim Buckley, reversed the order, and Gunboat Smith had a draw in the count-up of the rounds, but awarded the fight to Levinsky for harder hitting and aggressiveness. Where the Kingfish's aggressiveness came in, I cannot see, since Massare chased him all around the ring while landing body punches which made Levinsky hold often.

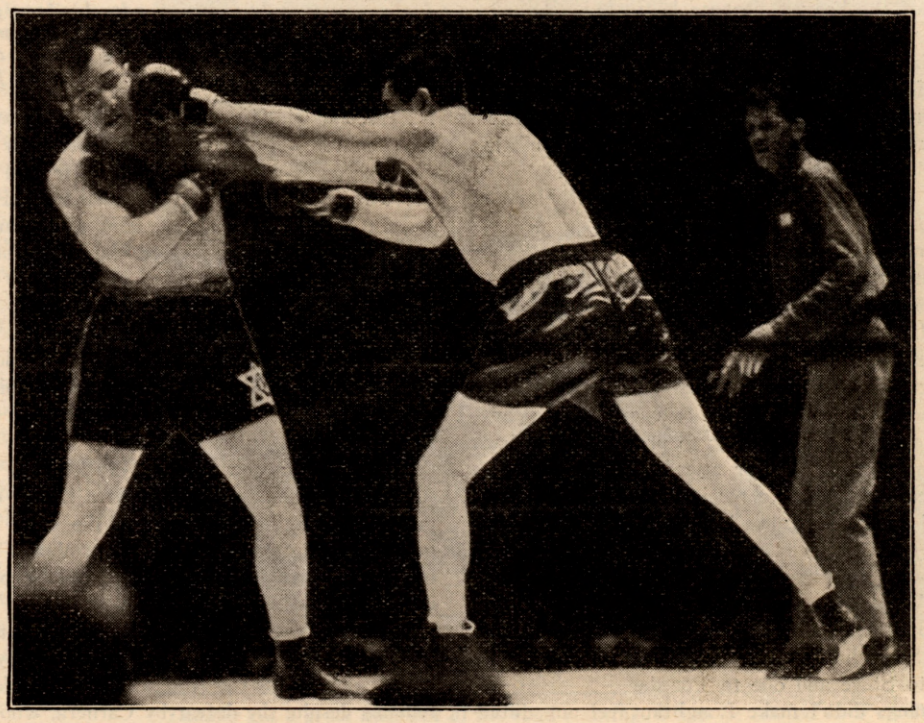
As for the hard hitting, while it is true Levinsky came along like a maddened bull and landed a few wallops in the last three rounds, Massare did considerable damage—almost all, in the first six—and fought the Kingfish to a standstill in the final round.

* * *

AND now for another piece of constructive criticism. The New York Commission has upon its books a rule which prohibits a promoter from giving a guarantee to a fighter, yet permits this rule to be violated by allowing a fighter to guarantee his rival a sum in order to clinch a bout with him. This was the case when Ray Impellitiere was guaranteed a huge amount to agree to fight Walter Neusel in the Garden and again when Massare's managers guaranteed King Levinsky $5,000 to fight Charley in the same arena. Down south, in Florida, the Miami Commission sanctioned the guarantee of $15,000 to Maxie Rosenbloom by Joe Knight, and Joe, when he fought a draw, barely got his expenses.

Such agreements are a detriment to the sport and should be forthwith abolished. The New York boxing board should call an immediate halt on future guarantees, with a heavy suspension to the club that arranges such a bout in order to save its neck at the expense of an honest fighter. There's something radically wrong, Rastus, when such a condition is permitted to exist, and I blame the moguls

Charley Massare, who exploded King Levinsky as a titular threat.



Massare (right) shoots a stiff left jab to Levinsky's face and follows with a right to the ribs as the Kingfish's left falls short. Referee Gunboat Smith seems as bewildered as Levinsky.

for winking at such flagrant violation of their rules.

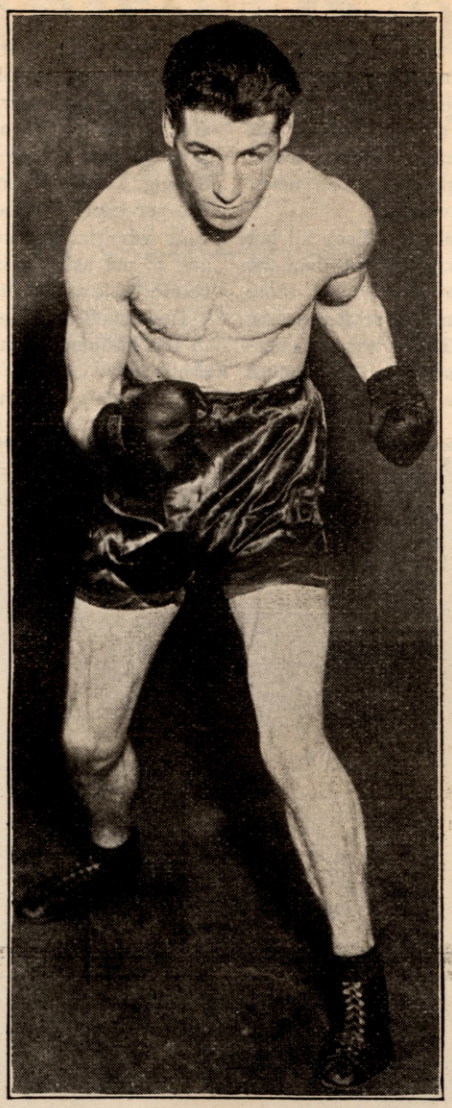
A fighter should be worth only what he can draw in at the gate. He should be willing to work for a percentage, for that is the only fair way to stage a show. In the recent Impellitiere-Neusel bout, the German drew a check for $3.92 but had the satisfaction of winning the fight and adding to his prestige. When Massare fought Levinsky, he didn't get a sou for his trouble, not even his training expenses. In addition, his mentors had to dig into their pockets for close to $2,000 to make good the Kingfish's guarantee as the gate of $8,800 didn't pay expenses.

Fighting for glory may be all well and good, but it is mighty discouraging for a young boy, just striving to keep both feet on solid ground, to train two weeks, pay out heavy expenses, and then find himself fighting for nothing and all because he couldn't obtain a bout with any of the headliners unless he was willing to guarantee them a big return financially. That's what happens when a young, fine prospect like Massare makes rapid headway. Immediately he is shunted to the background and avoided like one with the smallpox. But such wouldn't be the case if our commissioners took the bull by the horns and forced the issue.

* * *

THE recent victory of Len Harvey over Larry Gains, to win the British Empire heavyweight championship, is a feather in the cap of the young man who came to this country two years ago in quest of world middleweight honors but failed. The new English heavyweight king started his first pro fight when only twelve and a half years old and has been fighting ever since. When one considers that Len has engaged in more than 350 fights, he must realize the stamina of this young man who has set up a record that might stand for years—that of winning three British championships in twelve months. During the year he has won the middleweight, light-heavyweight, and heavyweight titles, the last two over a space of less than two months. Len's feat is one of which he may feel extremely proud.

Although we in America do not rate Harvey among the first flight of heavyweights, abroad, especially in England, he is highly regarded and justly so. Probably our reason for somewhat belittling his prowess is that fact that when he came to America and was pitted against our leading middleweights, he failed to click, although he displayed a fine brand of cleverness.



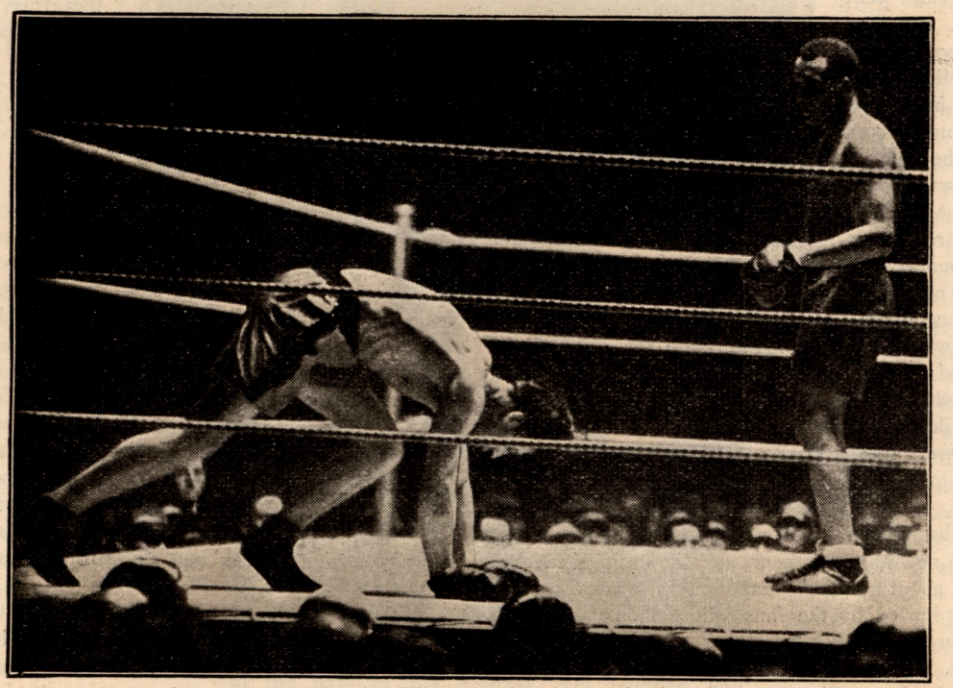
Len Harvey who beat Larry Gains to annex the British Empire Heavyweight title.

Len is a good boxer, but is not a sturdy fellow who can withstand the type of punishment that would be meted out to him were he to engage in a contest with any of our first ten heavies. Harvey, for example, would never have stood through ten rounds of the milling seen when young Charley Massare faced King Levinsky, nor when Don McCorkindale fought the Kingfish. I doubt, unless Len has improved a thousandfold over what he showed here, whether he could take the punches of such hard hitters as Patsy Perroni, Max Baer, Max Schmeling, or Steve Hamas among the heavies, or of Tony Shucco or John Henry Lewis among the light-heavies. Yet that does not signify that Harvey is not a classy performer.

* * *

MY reason for making this distinction is simply to show that in this country our heavyweights and light-heavies, with few exceptions, are heavy hitters and aggressive scrappers who excel the ordinary clever fighter who doesn't possess a sock. The latter is the class to which Harvey belongs.

Len is well liked in England and made many friends here, including yours truly, and his American friends would like to see him matched with Maxie Rosenbloom in a world titular battle. Such a bout would not draw in this country, but would go big in England, considering the fact that Len would have a chance to win a world crown, and it would be well worth a fair-sized guarantee for the British to bring Rosenbloom across the Big Pond. It has been a long time since England has boasted of a world champion, and in Len Harvey the British have a pugilist who has a splendid chance to bring one to his country.



Harvey slips in the ninth round of his winning fight against the veteran, Larry Gains, in Albert Hall, London.

* * *

IT is difficult to understand why an American crowd, a hometown gathering, that naturally would be expected at least to be square-shooting in its attitude towards an American representative in a fistic combat with a foreigner, should hiss, boo, and otherwise make it

uncomfortable for the U. S. standard bearer and give its preference to the invader. I refer to the second fight between Cleto Locatelli, European lightweight champion, and Tony Canzoneri, former holder of two world titles, in Madison Square Garden a few weeks ago. At the end of their first meeting, which was exceedingly close, Tony was awarded the verdict and the crowd hissed him out of the arena, while his opponent, who never before had fought here, received a wild ovation.

Then came their return engagement, and in that, Tony all but knocked his man out. The bout was a far tougher one than the first, but the margin of victory was much greater and there couldn't possibly, in my opinion, be any reason for giving the verdict other than a victory for Canzoneri. There was considerable confusion when Joe Humphreys announced that the judges had disagreed and that Referee Willie Lewis had declared the bout a draw. The galleryites, and those who had bet heavily on Locatelli remaining on his feet for the twelve rounds, cheered the verdict, and when the boys left the arena, again the ovation was for the foreigner and the raspberries were given to Canzoneri.

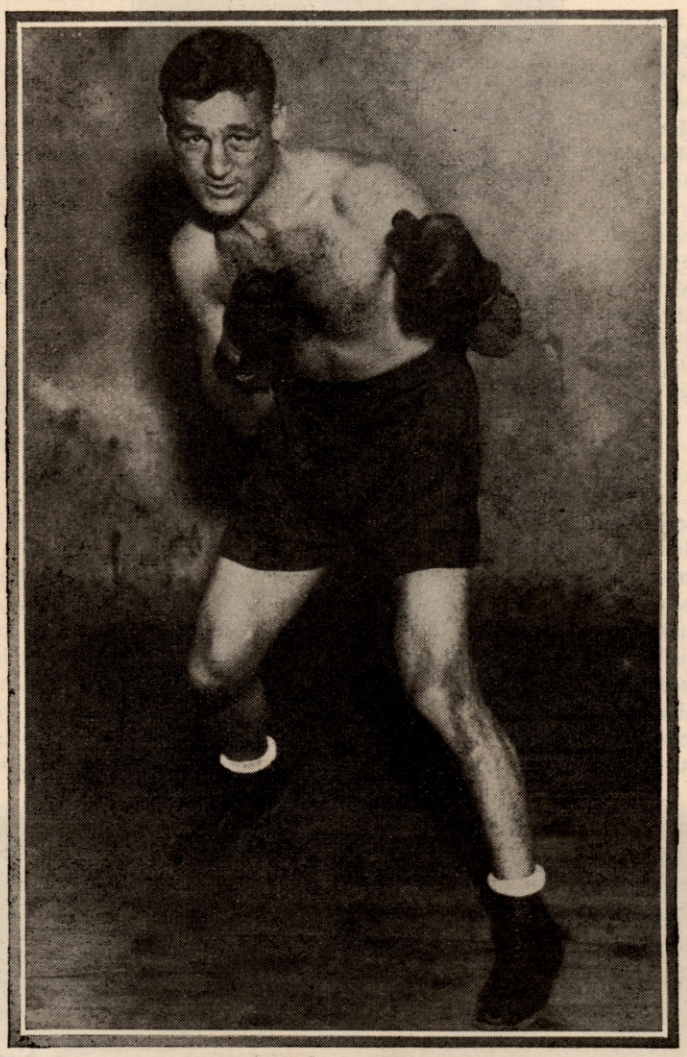
* * *

STRANGE indeed! The scribes, who almost to a man had scored Tony the victor by an average margin of two rounds, looked in amazement at each other for two reasons—first, they couldn't understand why such a decision was rendered after Tony had clearly established his right to the honors and a claim for recognition for a return bout with Barney Ross for the lightweight title; and secondly, because of the utter lack of sportsmanship accorded to a brave, honest, splendid little American fighter.

There was a commotion at the ringside. The scribes went hither and thither, eager to learn from official sources the reason for the verdict. Their interest aroused the interest of the commissioners and upon an examination of the official judges' cards, it was found that one of them, Abe Goldberg, had had his card wrongly read by the announcer, and that, in reality, Tony Canzoneri had won because both of the judges had agreed upon him. Thus an apparent wrong was righted through the alertness of General Phelan, and what might have gone down in New York State boxing records as the rankest, worst decision since the fiasco in which Mike McTigue was declared the winner over the late Tiger Flowers in the Garden was averted.

* * *

BUT back to the original point of this editorial—the fickle fight fan. The new announcement, that the decision favored Canzoneri, brought about another commotion with catcalls, boos, and whatnot being hurled by the fans whose money had been wagered on the European either to win or to be on his feet at the end of the bout. Many of the bets stipulated that if the bout ended in a draw, the Locatelli man would win, hence we can understand why so many fans were disgruntled.



Billy Petrolle, who has hung up his gloves

Consider what Tony Canzoneri has done for the sport and then weigh the abominable lack of sportsmanship of the leeches who boo and catcall a little gentleman for giving his best at all times! The finger of suspicion never has been pointed at Canzoneri. He has always defied the crooked, manipulating, cheapskate gamblers and the petty thieves who often try to rule boxing. He has openly declared his independence and has given 100 per cent of honest effort at all times in the interest of the fans who have made it possible for him to earn a fortune and to put aside a sufficient sum to make his life of retirement comfortable when that day arrives.

Does such a fine gladiator deserve the strings that are carried in the hissing, booing methods of the disgruntled fans? I don't think so.

There's a young man who, after eight years of fighting, during which period he has won two world titles and furnished exciting sport for thousands of fans, should be held up as a model example of the real, honest-to-goodness, American type of sport. He should receive a medal instead of a "stink-bomb." He should be idolized by those who seek the best in sport and keep on harping that the game is controlled by thieving, manipulating managers.

They seek clean sport and, when they get it, they hoot the very persons who are ace high in fighting the crooked element. There is Sammy Goldman, manager of Canzoneri, for example. What finer sport can we find in America than Sammy? Also honest. Always thinking of the sport in the making of his matches, and urging his men at all times to give their best. Does he deserve such unfair treatment as has repeatedly been given to Canzoneri, and, therefore, indirectly to Goldman? Again I reply with an emphatic "no."

* * *

I WAS in Canzoneri's dressing room before he knew of the reversal of the decision in his favor. He sat amidst a gathering of friends who were trying to console him for winning a bout which he didn't get. He smiled, though his smiles penetrated a film of tears.

I like Tony, always have, and always shall be one of his strongest supporters because the type of Tony, Loughran, McLarnin, Petrolle, Ross, and just a few more, is a rarity in boxing nowadays. I greeted Tony and remarked:

"Too bad, Tony, you won that fight. I thought you had it by at least a margin of two rounds, 6 to 4 and two even, in addition to which you had gained considerable points by your harder, more persistent attack and the two knockdowns. "Better luck next time."

Tony looked at me, and then with the tears trickling down his cheeks, something I never before had noticed in this hardened, veteran ring warrior, he drew me close and replied:

"Thanks, I appreciate your sentiments. I don't mind the decision of a draw so much, though I know *(Continued on page 46)*

Opportunity Knocked....

But Tommy West, Game, Hard-Hitting Brooklyn Welterweight, Twice Missed Winning Title by Close Margins

By CHARLEY HARVEY

WHAT a cemetery is to a superstitious colored man, Kid Lavigne, the lightweight champion, and Tommy West, the Brooklyn middleweight, were to "Old Black Joe" Walcott, the fighting demon from Barbados. Even with the right hind foot of a cotton-tailed rabbit, ketched on a cold, dark night, hidden in his glove, the Barbados battler wouldn't have given himself any more show against that pair than Johnny Buff has against Jack Dempsey today.

And largely because West seemed to have the colored welterweight's number in those halcyon days when Walcott was generally considered invincible; except for the "Saginaw Kid," many old-timers thought for a time that Tommy was in line for titular honors.

West came out of the West to make good as the pride and adopted son of Brooklyn. But for that matter the West was only his adopted country, too, for he was born in Cardiff, Wales, May 29, 1870.

He turned up in Portland, Ore., in the early 'nineties and drummed up a good local reputation by an unbroken string of victories, starting his ring work as a welterweight. But not until he fought a slashing ten-round draw in 1892 with "Mysterious Billy" Smith of San Francisco, another youngster at the time, did he really guess how good he was.

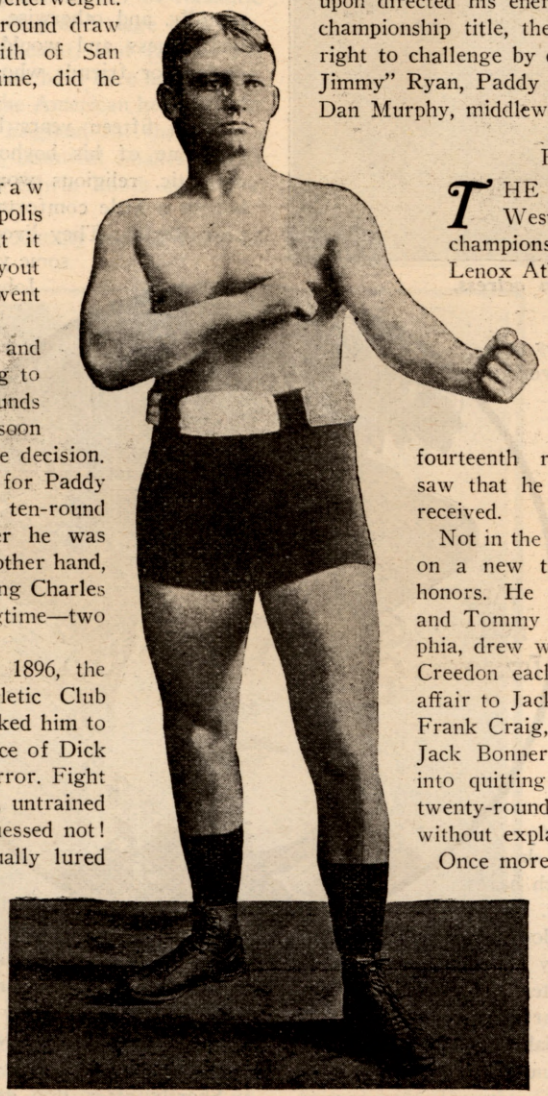
Tommy Invades the East

A HECTIC thirty-two-frame draw with Charles Johnson of Minneapolis the following year convinced him that it might be worth his while to seek a tryout in faster professional circles. So West went East.

For the better part of 1894, 1895, and 1896, he met any and all comers, seeking to build up a reputation. He fought four rounds with Joe Walcott, January 11, 1894, soon after landing in Boston, Joe winning the decision. Subsequently the youngster, substituting for Paddy Purtell on a half-hour's notice, lost a ten-round scrap with "Scaldy Bill" Quinn. Later he was knocked out by Kid McCoy, but on the other hand, boosted his own record a notch by rocking Charles Johnson and Billy Stift to sleep in jigtime—two for one.

On a chilly afternoon in December, 1896, the management of the Marlborough Athletic Club of New York City came to West and asked him to go against Joe Walcott that night in place of Dick O'Brien. Tommy waved his hands in horror. Fight that "Black Demon" for twenty rounds, untrained and out of condition as he was? He guessed not! But an offer of half the purse eventually lured him into the ring—and then winter was coming on, too, and he was going to need that money.

The contest had not proceeded ten rounds before every man in the house was telling his neighbor what a rattling good mill it was and how glad he was to be there. Armed only with bulldog grit and brute strength, West fought the invincible Walcott to a standstill.



Tommy West, who was a great welterweight fighter in the days of Joe Walcott, Kid Lavigne, and other stars of the old school.

PICKING up a little courage, Tommy began the eleventh by handing his opponent an outlay of mean lefts, bewildering the "Invincible One." Soon Joe was doing nothing but guessing and Tommy nothing but hitting. Six cantos later, the Brooklyn youngster scored the only knockdown of the evening, earning the right to a draw.

Not long after that, March 3, 1897, the Broadway Athletic Club of New York City presented the same pair in a headline bout, twenty rounds to a decision. Tommy was no longer afraid of the black man and started off in a way that opened the eyes of the four thousand spectators.

Just before the gong sounded the end of the first round, he unloosed a corking left to the face and crossed with his right, spilling Walcott all over the ropes. In the third he tossed the "Demon" into Queer Street with a crushing right to the jaw.

"Black Joe" was groggy again in the ninth and eighteenth periods, but was far too clever for a youngster like West to put out. Tommy won, however.

That victory gave him a well-deserved reputation. He thereupon directed his energies toward winning the welterweight championship title, then held by Tommy Ryan, earning the right to challenge by defeating Charles Johnson, "Australian Jimmy" Ryan, Paddy Purtell, Jim Watts, George Ryan, and Dan Murphy, middleweight champ of New England.

Fights Ryan for the Title

THE two Tommies, Ryan of Syracuse and West of Brooklyn, met for the welterweight championship of the world, June 13, 1898, at the Lenox Athletic Club of New York City.

The challenger, with his Western slugging style, could not cope with the science of the old Syracuse master. Although he was not knocked off his feet once during the mill, West was called the loser in the fourteenth round when Referee Charley White saw that he was helpless to return the blows he received.

Not in the least discouraged, Tommy West started on a new title hunt—this time for middleweight honors. He engaged "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien and Tommy Ryan in no-decision bouts in Philadelphia, drew with "Mysterious Billy" Smith and Dan Creedon each in twenty rounds, lost a six-round affair to Jack Root, knocked out George Byers and Frank Craig, the "Harlem Coffee Cooler," defeated Jack Bonner four times, and scared Joe Walcott into quitting in the eleventh round of their next twenty-round go. The Barbados man quit cold, without explanation.

Once more it was Tommy Ryan who put a crimp in West's new aspirations. They met and milled in the Southern Athletic Club at Louisville, Ky., March 4, 1901, McKinley's second inauguration day.

Speed, science, and power to punch were matched against brute strength and an ability to take punishment, and skill won. Ryan thought he had his man sized up in the second round and started after him, swinging a right to the jaw that shook *(Continued on page 47)*

The LOVES and ROMANCES

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

The dean of America's sports writers who has just reached his 80th birthday

The third Mrs. Fitzsimmons, also an actress.

"I'VE been very lucky indeed in my second marriage. No man was ever blessed with a more loving, faithful wife than I've been for the past thirty-five years. We've been so happy together in our ideal home all these years without an angry word. That's a pretty good record, is it not?"

Those were the words of Jim Corbett to me in a chat a couple of years before he passed away.

It was a much better love record than most pugilistic champions can show in their matrimonial experiences and adventures. Quite a number of their marriages have been hobgoblin, sensational folderols, winding up with separations and divorces.

For example, take the hocus-pocus, skyrocket marriages of Kid McCoy, which have been so often retold in the public press. He has a championship record of eight wedlocks that didn't stay "locked" very long. They tell us he married his last wife three times after she gave him three "tryouts" to make good. Marriage seems to have been a mania or just a highfaluting habit with the Artful Kid, who spoiled his career by too many romances and adventures.

Glamorous Jack Dempsey has been more conservative and consistent in his nuptial adventures. So far he has been married only three times and is now joyfully expecting to become a happy papa along in April, according to the will-o'-the-wisp gossiping prophets, who seem to keep tabs on the personal and other affairs of all fistic celebrities.

* * *

ONE of John L. Sullivan's first sweethearts was Annie Livingston. She was a big, flashy, burlesque blonde, who led the old champion a gay and festive pace. She really started him on his wild, reckless, deteriorating orgies, which finally broke down his powerful, phenomenal physique and caused him to lose his mighty fistic crown.

Sullivan never realized the harm this woman caused him until after he was defeated by Jim Corbett. However, John L. was never married to Annie Livingston, although many sport scribes (who didn't know the old champion as I did) have frequently declared he was.

Along in the middle 'eighties, Sullivan married a Boston woman, after a spat he had with Annie. In fact, he married the Bostonian to spite Annie, but the marriage soon ended by Sullivan obtaining a divorce a few months after a baby boy arrived. The infant, however, was sickly and lived only a short while.

It was a very unfortunate romance for Sullivan financially, morally, and otherwise. John was very sensitive about the unlucky mess and would scowl and growl at any of his old cronies or friends who attempted to speak about the unhappy affair.

Some fifteen years before John L. passed away, he married one of his boyhood sweethearts, a very worthy, plain, domestic, religious woman of forty-odd years of age. They bought a little comfortable home and farm at North Abington, near Boston. They lived very happily and cheerfully there for some years.

John L., under her kindly, spiritual influence, became quite religious, also, and for fifteen years never drank a drop of any kind of liquor. In fact, he became a temperance advocate and a preacher as well.

But after many moons of comfortable, cheerful life together, the worthy wife was stricken with a deadly cancer on her breast. Sullivan made a desperate effort to save her and spent all he had in the world for nurses, doctors, and costly operations. But the good woman was doomed, and after many months of painful torture she passed away in the old champion's arms. It was a terrible blow to Sullivan who never seemed really to recover from it.

Rose Julian, sister of Fitz's manager, who became Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons the second.

Old Bob Fitzsimmons was another famous champion who had quite a fantastic matrimonial career. He married his first wife in Australia long before he landed in America. They had one son, Charles, who refused to follow the footsteps of his renowned father into the pugilistic ring and became a printer.

Shortly after Bob defeated Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Mrs. Fitz, No. 1, suddenly sidestepped Bob with a divorce and married his manager, Martin Julian.

This rather strange act didn't embarrass the freakish cham-

# of FAMOUS CHAMPIONS

pion to any extent for he was desperately in love with the glamorous Rose Julian (Martin Julian's sister). So after a very brief courtship, Fitz married the beautiful Rose, who bore him three children. One of them, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., became quite a heavyweight professional boxer, but he never reached the skill, the hitting power, speed, or proficiency of his remarkable fighting father and is now living in Nutley, N. J.

After Rose Julian Fitzsimmons passed away, the old champion married two rather flighty theatrical ladies, who led him a merry, bewildering existence and finally broke him financially, mentally, and physically. He died with only a few dollars in his pocket in Chicago in 1918. Think of that—after winning three world's championships! He died at the age of fifty-six years. Four marriages evidently hastened his end as it has with other famous men.

* * *

BUT as Shakespeare says: "Love is blind and lovers cannot see." Brave old Jem Mace, the greatest boxer and fighter I ever saw within the ropes, said to me after he lost his second wife: "Nothing has gone right since she departed this earth. You see, I always needed a master. She was such a good, kindly old soul. Now I'm floundering around like a fish out of water."

Looking back many, many years, I find that great boxers and noted star actresses have had quite a great number of romantic love affairs together, like those of the ring and stage of today.

Probably the most conspicuous, spectacular, and famous romance, that attracted the greatest attention both here and abroad, was the one between John C. Heenan, the American heavyweight champion, who fought Tom Hyer in England for the world's title in 1860, and Adah Isaacs Menken, beautiful Shakespearean actress, who often supported the great Edwin Booth and other illustrious theatrical stars.

Heenan and the charming Adah accidentally met in front of a Cincinnati theater. It was a case of love at first sight for both of them. The popular actress was quite a genius. She wrote many poetic effusions about her romance with the big champion which were published both here and in England. So after a whirlwind courtship, they were married, but like many flashy, sensational unions between famous fighters and movie stars of today the marriage did not last long, and they were divorced.

When the bewitching Adah was asked why she chose a prize fighter for a husband, she said: "Every man is a hero in the eyes of his sweetheart. There's nothing in the world that women so love as bravery in a man, whether it be shown amid the carnage of a battlefield or in a contest with nature's weapons.

"Nature delights in contraries and I'm her child. He has the heart of a hero and the stature, the physique, the brawn, the thews and the sinews of a demigod. They say I'm refined and beautiful. There's where the unity of opposition comes in. But there's also the doctrine of affinity. But when I realized his bravery was so rough and violent, of course I revolted and sought a divorce." So there came to an end this marriage which began with love at first sight.

The second Mrs. James J. Corbett with whom the former champion lived until his death last year. She was Vera Taylor before she married "Gentleman Jim."

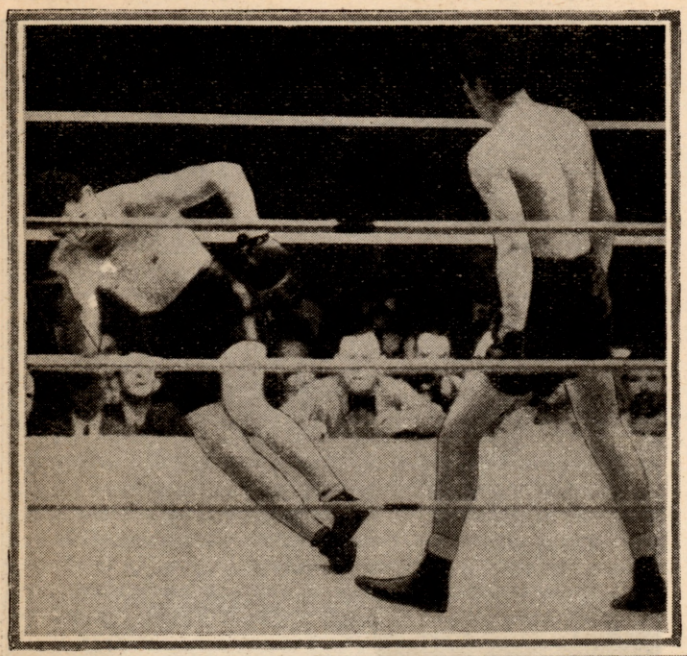
John L. Sullivan and his second wife.

HEENAN with his genial manners and magnificent appearance had women admirers galore. He was popularly called the "Benecia Boy." After his battle with Tom Sayers in England, he became infatuated with Sara Stevens, another stage star, whom he married and seemed to be quite devoted to for many years.

But the great majority of boxers who have married worthy mates make good, liberal, domestic, home-loving husbands. Such men as Johnny Dundee, Mike and Tom Gibbons, Gene Tunney, Jack (Kid) Berg, Jack Sharkey, Mike McTigue, Jim Jeffries, Billy Papke, Jeff Smith, Tommy Ryan, Lew Tendler, Packey McFarland, Joe Glick, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Max Schmeling, and hundreds of others, who have ideal happy homes. The children of several of them are beautiful physical specimens.

Now the busy gossipers are wondering who the flashy, frolicking Max Baer will choose for his second spouse. There have been many rumors about his remarrying his former wife, Dorothy Dunbar, the pretty film actress. But Dot absolutely declares, "There's not a chance." However, if Maxey should happen to win the world's heavyweight championship, the lady might change her mind as has often been the case.

But the PUNCH



Angel Firpo, shaggy Wild Bull of the Pampas, that sent Dempsey hurtling through the ropes that ne'er-to-be-forgotten night at the Polo Grounds in New York in September, 1923.

* * *

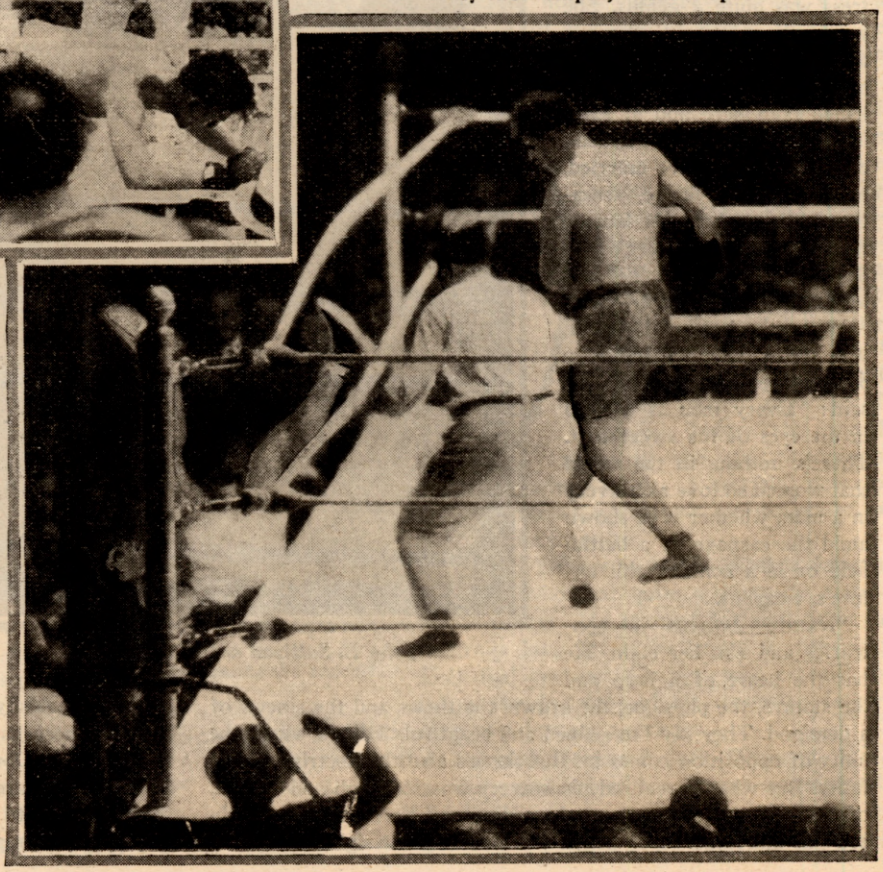
FIGHT fans, both old and young, are almost unanimous in agreement that never before, nor since, has there been a ring engagement in which so much knockdown-punching was crowded into so brief a space. Firpo was counted out after fifty-seven seconds of the second round. In that three minutes and fifty-seven seconds there was such a storm of punching that even the most hardened of fistic observers went mad with excitement. We recall that a newspaper man, detailed to send a blow-by-blow account over the wire, so far forgot himself that he did not send a single word of description, nor did his telegraph operator prompt him.

Of the eleven or twelve knockdowns scored in that brief space, Firpo was the recipient of all but two. Yet it was when Firpo, shaken by seven trips to the canvas, drove Dempsey through the ropes and out of the ring onto the heads of occupants of the press row late in the first frame that the sharpest image was inscribed on the memories of those fortunate enough to be present. The picture of Dempsey hurtling through the ropes fortunately was caught by the camera. We venture to assert it has been reproduced more often than any other single fight picture.

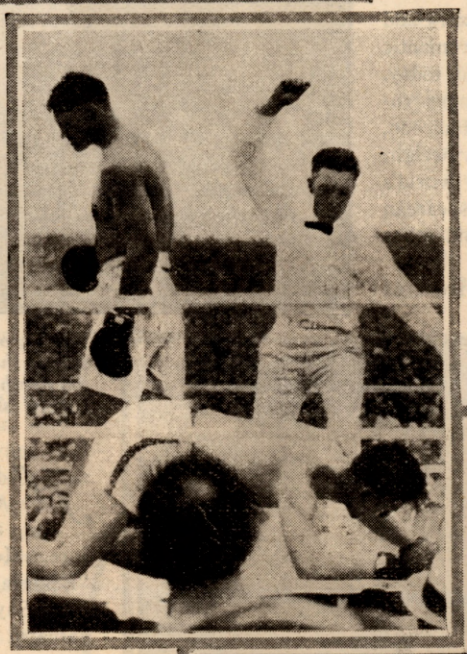
Did Firpo really win the fight by a knock-out with that punch? Did Dempsey require more than the allotted ten seconds to scramble back into the ring, muttering the famous phrase, "Allez-Oop"? Those

Left—When the Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey, kayoed Georges Carpentier in the first of the million-dollar gates.

Below—Here we see the great Tiger-Man, Dempsey, knocked through the ropes by the "Wild Bull of the Pampas," Luis Firpo.



Max Schmeling tumbling to the canvas after Baer landed the lethal punch.



WHEN the mists of passing time have dimmed the details of some famous fight, what lingers on in memory in addition to the final and unalterable result, as set down in the record? Most often in the experience of this writer, and most likely in yours, too, there remains the indelible picture of some particular punch. As Shakespeare might have said, had he been a fistic fan, the punch is the thing.

So let us stroll down memory's lane, more or less at random, harking back to a famous fight here and there along the Queensberry trail, and see what punch or punches, perhaps, to this day are etched clearly on memory's scroll. Naturally, in this scouring of the memory, we will run across chiefly the battles of men who were famous as punchers. When the latter day fan thinks of punchers, the image of Jack Dempsey, the great Manassa Mauler, pops into his mind. Older devotees of the so-called noble art will find their memories focused on men like Bob Fitzsimmons, the freckled Cornishman, and Jim Jeffries, the California grizzly.

Punch was Jack Dempsey's middle name. In almost all of his outstanding brawls some punch was the outstanding feature. Yet, as we concentrate on the Manassa Mauler, it is not one of the punches he landed but rather one he took that flashes first into mind—the right-hand drive by Luis

LINGERS ON

By WILBUR WOOD

questions still are argued. Yet that is not the subject of this article. It is the punch itself with which we are concerned, and we think, if you happened to be there, that one punch is still as sharply pictured in your mind as if it were being repeated as you read these lines.

* * *

AND now for Fitzsimmons, that incomparable master of the shift, the end of which usually was a sickening left to the pit of the stomach. What punches stand out above all others in the career of "Ruby Robert"? The choice of one particular blow is so difficult that we will mention two—the famous solar plexus blow, which finished Jim Corbett at Carson City, and the left which sank so far into the midriff of Ed Dunkhorst, the Human Freight Car, that it seemed Fitz's hand actually disappeared from sight.

Who that saw it will ever forget the punch that sent Corbett to the canvas, writhing in agony, protesting that the blow was low, as he crawled about the ring on hands and knees. To his dying day Gentleman Jim maintained it was a foul blow. The evidence does not bear him out.

Then there was that left to the stomach that knocked out Dunkhorst, a man as big as Carnera. At the time Fitz met Dunkhorst some boxing writers had been kidding the Cornishman that he had lost his punch. At the start of the fight Fitz backed up as the huge Dunkhorst rushed him. But in the second round Fitz halted and, executing his famous shift, drove his left deep into the big fellow's mid-section. It was all over.

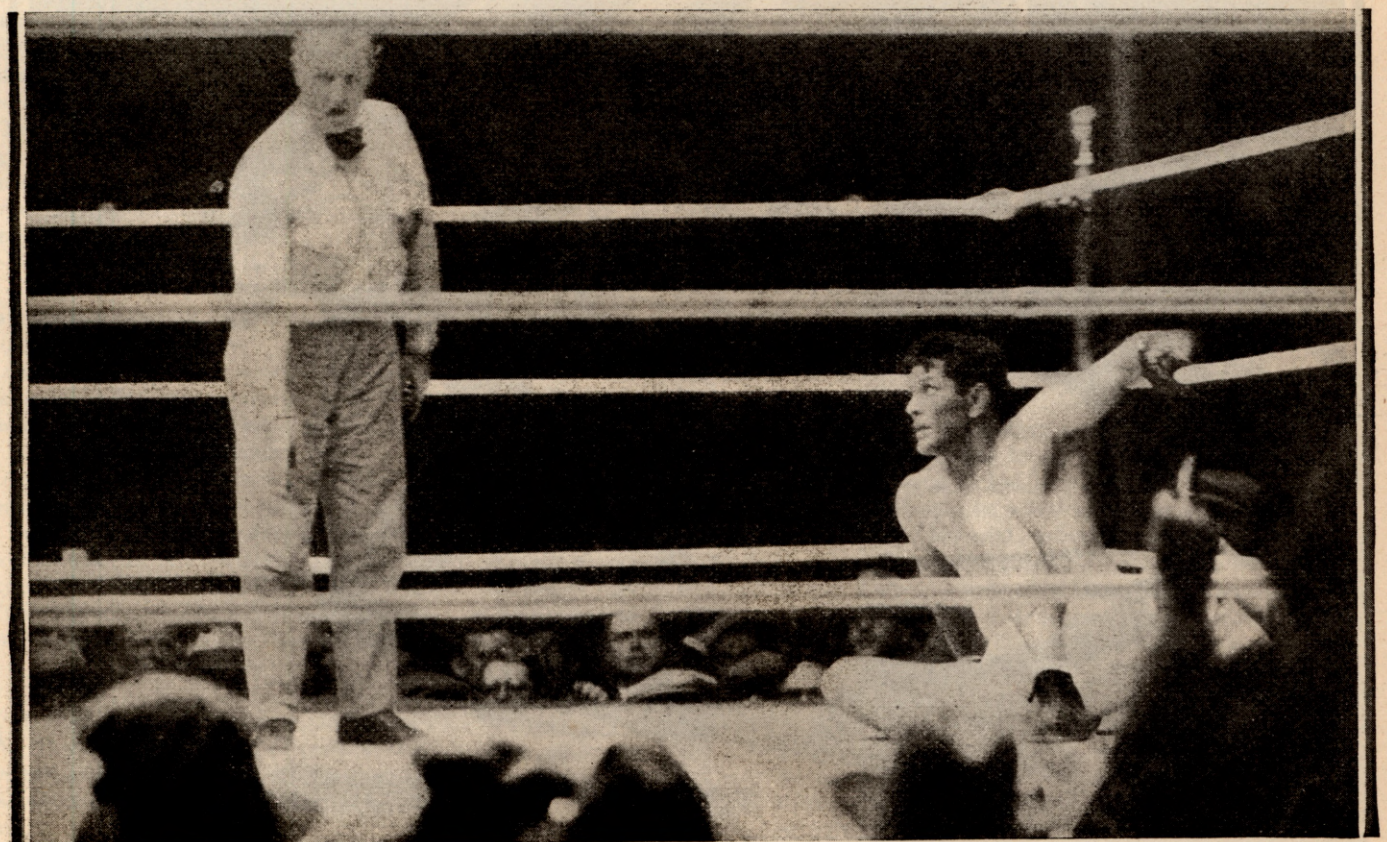
When he was revived in his corner, Dunkhorst asked his handlers what had happened. "You ran into a fast express," was the answer. It was a good enough reply, for the Human Freight Car was telescoped when that famous punch hit him.

Probably the one blow of all those delivered by Jeffries that made a greater impression on those who saw it than any of the others was that which knocked out Jim Corbett in the twenty-third round at Coney Island in 1900. The knock-out had a dramatic setting. Corbett, seeking to regain the title, had outpointed Jeff for twenty-two rounds by a dazzling exhibition of footwork, defensive skill, and jabbing. Jeff's famed left hook was not reaching its mark. A ringside statistician made it his business to keep count of the number of times Jeff threw his left hook. Up to the time of the knock-out in the twenty-third round, the boilermaker had tried with the left 156 times without connecting. Then, on the 157th attempt, he hit Corbett on the chin and it was all over. Which reminds us of the old saying around the dice tables that "one good one makes up for a lot of bad ones." In this case it required only "one good one" to end it all.

* * *

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, himself a light hitter, comes into this review of famous punches more than once—because of punches he took on the chin. Perhaps the outstanding one was the long, overhand right with which Jack Sharkey stopped Tommy in Loughran's first major bid for heavyweight recognition. It stands out all the more because Sharkey never was rated a terrific hitter.

It happened in the third round of their battle in a New York ball park. Loughran, a sentimental favorite, was doing well enough up to the moment Sharkey loosed that long, curling right in the third round. It seemed that everyone in the park except Loughran saw the punch coming. It appeared to float lazily through the air, finally to explode full in Loughran's face. The fans held their breath while the punch was on its way. When it landed Loughran went down, then arose and groped his way along the ropes toward his corner. "Let me sit down a minute until I find out where I am at," he mumbled. The punch even jarred Tommy loose from his grammar. He refuses, to this day, to believe that he made such an ungrammatical remark, but there are those who heard it. The referee, sensing that Tommy was helpless, stepped between the fighters and awarded the bout to



When the "long count" saved Gene Tunney and prevented Jack Dempsey from regaining world's heavyweight title

Sharkey on a technical knock-out, Tommy's first kayo loss.

Loughran, a master boxer, always has maintained it is impossible for a good boxer to be tagged by a long right. Yet Sharkey tagged him with one, and so did Steve Hamas, recent conqueror of Max Schmeling. So did that weird Chicagoan, Kingfish Levinsky. Hamas knocked out Tommy with a long right, and Levinsky spilled him three times.

Loughran also was the recipient of another right-hand punch that stirred up no end of controversy and almost halted his march to a fight for the title. This one was a right uppercut, delivered by Ray Impellitiere, a young giant, in their battle in the New York Coliseum earlier this winter. The punch drove several of Tommy's lower teeth through his lip and led the referee to award the fight to Impellitiere on a technical knock-out. Loughran, however, refused to abide by the third man's ruling and, after a couple of minutes, his judgment was confirmed by the Boxing Commissioners, who ordered the referee to let the bout continue. Loughran then rallied magnificently to win the verdict on points. That punch will not soon be forgotten. It caused no end of argument. Some Queensberry lawyers blame Impellitiere's manager for letting his fighter continue after having once been awarded the fight. One wag maintains there really were two fights; that Impellitiere won the first by a technical knock-out and Loughran took the second on points.

* * *

WHEN a fight fan thinks of famous right-hand punches he cannot but recall some of the hitting feats of Jack Delaney and Jimmy McLarnin. Delaney, the shining Rapier of the North, flattened many a man with his soporific right. Two outstanding victims were Paul Berlenbach and Tiger Flowers.

It was on March 14, 1924, that Delaney drove a fight crowd delirious by flattening Berlenbach in the old Madison Square Garden. It was Oom Paul's first defeat. Berlenbach had come out of the armories with an impressive series of knock-outs and had continued his march through the professional ranks. He was a sensation. Paul was a heavy choice over Delaney, and for the better part of three rounds it seemed Delaney was doomed.

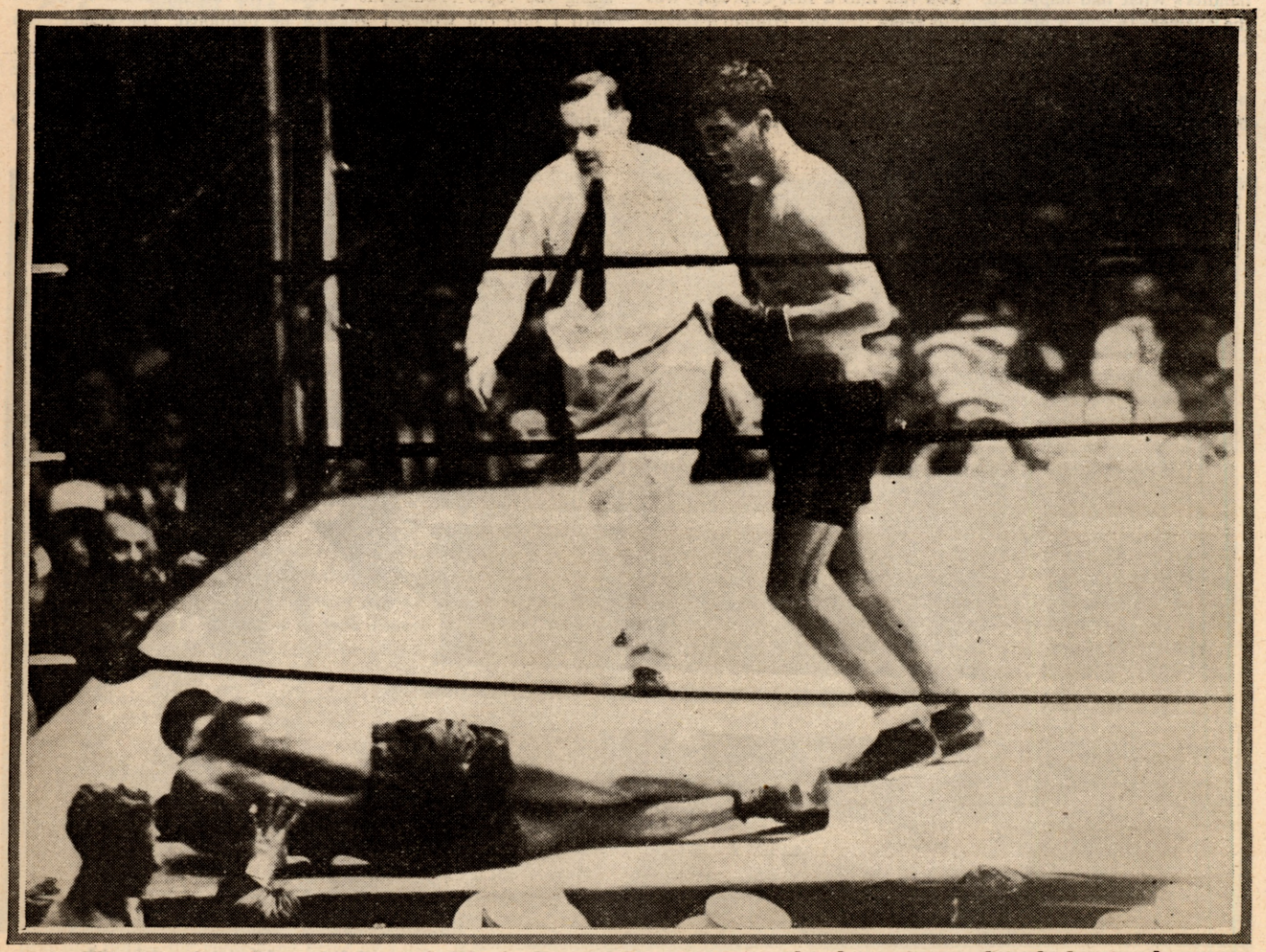
Late in the third round the dour-visaged Berlenbach drove Delaney into a corner. As Berlenbach moved in, the desperate French-Canadian lashed out with a right-hand shot to the chin that was in the nature of a dying punch. It landed squarely on the button. Down went Berlenbach and up came the fans on their feet, wild with excitement. Oom Paul arose at three and finished the round, only to be stopped in the fourth after two more knockdowns as a result of right crosses. But it is that desperate punch in the third round by Delaney that sticks in the memory of those who were in the old Garden that memorable night.

Delaney's famous right twice flattened the late Theodore (Tiger) Flowers, the deacon of a colored church in Georgia, who made his living with his flying fists.

Their first meeting took place in the Garden on January 16, 1925. In the second round Delaney drove a right uppercut to the colored man's jaw. Flowers went down on his back, twice tried to get up only to fall back, and was counted out before he could make a third attempt to rise.

* * *

A FEW weeks later, on February 27, they met again in the same ring. It was in this fight that Delaney's right brought about one of the queerest happenings in the long and colorful history of the sport. About the middle of the fourth round, Delaney exploded a straight right on Flowers' chin and the Tiger went down. He got up and then, as Delaney rushed him, dropped to his knees without being hit, Delaney's right just grazing his cheek. The referee, Patsy Haley, thereupon disqualified Delaney for striking Flowers *(Continued on page 40)*



When Max Schmeling ended Young Stribling's championship aspirations with a devastating punch in the last round.

He Wouldn't Go Hollywood!

Art Lasky, Minnesota Farm Boy, Makes Good as a Heavyweight in Coast Rings

By ED. W. SMITH

HE had the chance to "go Hollywood" — but it didn't take.

So Hollywood, turning the other cheek, went Lasky in a big way—went Lasky for the whole works! It appears that this young Art Lasky chap, a pretty fair sort of a heavyweight fighter, must have a pretty thick skin, a crust, in fact, that is impervious to the Hollywood lure—be it the lure of the platinum or of the silky black curls or the baby-blue eyes or those of the passionate tropical brand of midnight darkness, the voluptuousness of the Mae Westian figure, or the sensuousness of the tall, slender, drapey, droopy type.

None of 'em "took" with Art Lasky, he of the "Schnozzle" Durante brand of manly pulchritude. The Lasky shell was immune, and after his lone Hollywood experience with that Baer-Carnera picture, "The Prizefighter and The Lady," in which he doubled for the champion, he decided it was fighting for his and the dear ladies could go hang—to a limited degree.

Will he be the third? Here is Art Lasky, Jewish heavyweight, who is cutting quite a figure out on the Coast. He is posing with two former world champions, Jim Jeffries (left) and Jess Willard.

This gangling, ungainly looking young chap, totally unknown on the Pacific Coast at the time, was placed in the picture through the efforts of Jack Perry, once one of our best welterweight fighting men and then a sort of booking agent for the M-G-M studios. He was the biggest thing Perry could find and as he already had boxed a ten-round no-decision contest with Carnera and wouldn't have much to do but some heavy standing around, the rest was easy.

Art stood around and watched the innumerable flirtations and the heavy ogling of the stars of the troupe with the good-looking femmes and made up his mind at once. He couldn't be that way at all, so he'd stick to fighting.

And this son of a Minnesota truck farmer, now just 25, made good in a large, important manner in the ring. He had a couple of minor engagements at the big Olympic arena in Los Angeles and then Charley MacDonald of the Legion Stadium in the picture city claimed him for his own. He had whipped the Negro Jack Willis in three rounds and then Tony Souza, a Portuguese of some promise, fell before him in four rounds.

* * *

WHEN Lasky went in at Hollywood against the hardy Tom Patrick and at the end of ten rounds the referee, apparently not believing his own eyes, called it a draw, almost everybody else thought it was a clean-cut victory for the gangling one. Immediately he was acclaimed as a great prospect and he became the toast of Hollywood's fight fans. The critics, however, unfeelingly cold, weren't so generous. Most of them are from Missouri, you know, and demand the showdown.

So, until Patrick got over his hurts and could be fixed up for a rematch, they fed this strange young man of undetermined ability but undoubted courage, three of the toughest they could find. He slew them all—Fred Lenhart in three, Andy Mitchell in one, and Jack Van Noys in five rounds. Wow, was he hot! And was Hollywood going for him! Every house at the Legion Stadium was bigger than the last.

Then came a complete sell-out for the Patrick return match, and hundreds turned away unable to even get near the doors. Tom made a gallant stand but a few sizzling lefts and a final crashing right full on the point sent him down and out in the third round.

That was a staggering surprise and it was voted that the farmer kid must have plenty though he did his ring chores in such a nonchalant manner as to be quite disconcerting. He was like a sleek college hurdler going over the stick in perfect rhythm, everything just so, no mistakes, no bobbles—just great workmanship jobs. The kid must be good, they said.

* * *

BILLY DONOHUE, a really great journeyman of the fisticuffing sport, was next. His speed and dazzling delivery bothered Art for a few rounds but in the fifth he was flattened like all of the others—and wasn't himself for two hours after he had landed back in his hotel.

"I never thought a human being could hit like that!" was all the hapless Billy could find to say the next day, still dizzy from the complete socking he had been compelled to take.

Back into the big Olympic he was dragged for a meeting with Johnny Freeman, a good boy who has been doing a lot of fighting in Australia. Only Freeman's gameness permitted him to last into the fifth round when he succumbed after a heavy cannonading and a rest in the third round of three minutes after he had gone down from a body punch and claimed foul. The referee admitted it wasn't a low punch but gave him the rest just the same. It merely prolonged Freeman's agony a round or so.

Here's a chap who goes about this business of licking men like a fellow tacking up signs!

That's the happiest simile I can find for him. He's six feet 2 inches in height and weighs 192 pounds. Strangely enough, he had his first fight in Waterloo, Ia., in *(Continued on page 47)*

The SINGULAR

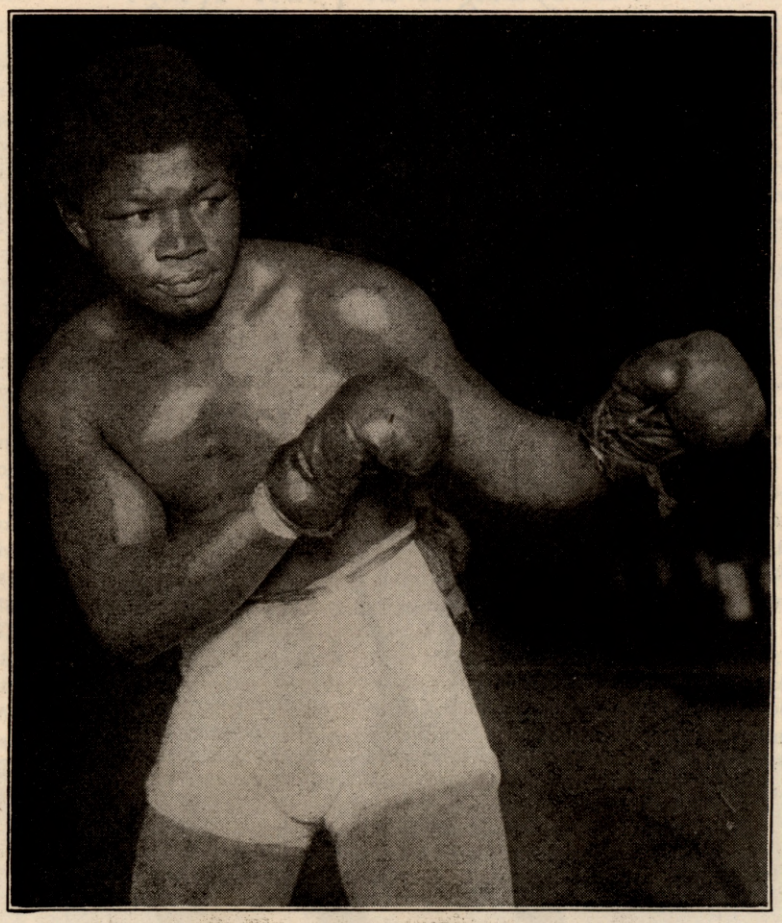
By EDWARD LAWSON

THIRTY-seven years ago a German woman, a noted actress, was visiting in Senegal, on the west coast of Africa. For the play in which she was soon to be starred, she needed a small black page boy. Seeking out one of the old men of the village, she inquired if there was anyone that she could use. The grizzled native surveyed the field. After a moment's hesitation, he pointed to a roly-poly youngster playing just outside his dwelling. The little black boy looked up at the elderly man and grinned—a foolish, child-like grin. He made funny faces and rolled over delightedly on the leafy carpet of the jungle clearing.

"Him Siki," said the old man. "Him good."

The plump-faced little savage looked up, his face spreading slowly into a grin. "Me Siki," he chanted. "Me good."

"He's cute," said the woman. "I think I can use him."



Battling Siki, the boy who came out of the African jungles to win a world fistic title.

The chief outdoor sport of the boy and his companions was diving for coins thrown into the transparent waters of the harbor of St. Louis by tourists on the ships which touched there, and Siki, to show the woman how skillful he was, ran down to the water front and, much to her amusement, dived repeatedly into the shark-infested harbor. That settled it as far as the actress was concerned.

* * *

WHEN the woman made the return trip to her home at Marseilles, she carried as a passenger the little black boy. When Marseilles was reached, the dancer made known to the authorities her wish to adopt the child, but permission to do so was refused until she could obtain the consent of his parents. She cabled to them and, after a month's delay, came the reply. She could adopt the boy if she would promise to bring him up in France.

As the girl had engagements to keep at Berlin theaters, she left Siki in charge of a hotel proprietor in Marseilles, and with him a fund of thirty thousand marks for his support and education. Within a month after the girl's departure the hotel man appropriated the money for himself and put the boy to work as a dishwasher, threatening him with a speedy return to Senegal if he complained to the police.

For two years Siki washed dishes at Marseilles and then, having reached the age of ten, and having put aside a few francs of his own, he struck out on the broad highway that led to Nice. He had the physique of a boy of sixteen and at Nice experienced no difficulty in obtaining a job as a dishwasher in one of the hotels.

There he remained for a year, and he might have remained indefinitely but for the introduction of boxing in southern France just about that time. Siki never had seen a boxing contest, but his curiosity was aroused by what he heard of the glove game, and one night he decided to investigate. That night marked another turning point in his career. Having seen a bout, he made up his mind that he would become a boxer and, as Marseilles was the center of fistic activity in that part of France, he quit his job and drifted back to that city.

The woman who brought him to France gave him the name of Louis Phal because, she thought, it sounded a bit more civilized than "Siki." But to his own simple mind, even after he had won the middleweight and heavyweight championships of Europe and the light-heavyweight championship of the world, and had had the *Croix de Guerre* and the *Medaille Militaire* pinned upon his breast, he was always "Me Siki." The world in general knew him as Battling Siki, at once the best and worst black fighter of his time.

* * *

AT the age of eighteen Siki joined the French Colonial troops and found himself plunged into the maelstrom of war. The French had a way of using their Colonials for the most desperate missions, where the chance of death was greatest. Siki was allowed more than one chance to get into the thick of battle. He liked to plunge far ahead of his fellow troopers, fighting hand to hand with the enemies of his country, howling with rage and glee as shrapnel burst overhead. For outstanding deeds of courage he was awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor, the *Croix de Guerre,* and the rare *Medaille Militaire.* Also, as indelible marks of honor, he bore from the field of battle deep scars of bayonet wounds and yawning craters in his legs left by exploding shrapnel.

When the Armistice was signed, Siki drifted back to minor bouts about the French capital. Quite naturally, he found himself at that Mecca of continental fighters, the *Cirque de Paris,* which nightly resounded to the pounding of padded leather glove on muscular ribs and unguarded chins. He showed himself quick as a leopard in the ring, able to hit hard, and willing to take a terrific beating. In all his ring career, no man's fist ever knocked him out.

In Paris, at that time, there was one fighter who stood head and shoulders above all the rest, even in spite of a defeat at the hands of Jack Dempsey only a few months before. His name

SENEGALESE

was Georges Carpentier. What Georges wanted at that time was an opponent whom he could beat to a pulp before motion picture cameras and before a Parisian mob which had not had a chance to cheer him for three years. A decisive victory, he thought, would lead to a return engagement with Dempsey and another chance at the world's heavyweight crown.

Siki, untrained, inexperienced, had managed to pick up a few European titles by this time. He had a killer reputation and a moderate following. Georges chose him for the slaughter.

* * *

IT was Greek statue against black panther. Carpentier, springing confidently into the ring, grinned at his horde of followers and then into the camera. Fifty thousand Parisians madly roared, "Georges!"

Siki, climbing through the ropes, looked about him like a trapped beast. Instead of amusement there was panic in his eyes. For him there seemed no slightest chance of victory, nor even of escape.

The bell rang. The fight was on.

Ugly and awkward, the black man jumped and dodged around the ring. He seemed to be running away, frightened by that murderous right for which Carpentier had become so justly famous. Georges bided his time for two rounds, smiling confidently at the cameras. There was no need to make this look too easy.

"I can finish him off whenever I wish," he told his seconds as the bell rang for the third canto.

"Go ahead and do it, then," his manager grinned. "You've played with him long enough."

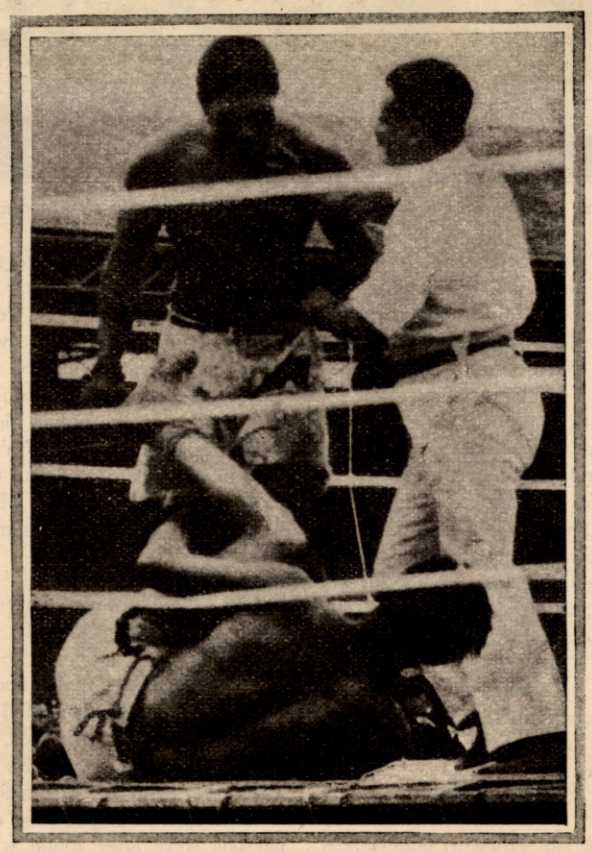
Carpentier did go ahead. He wove in swiftly, leading with that terrible right. Siki dropped to the resined canvas. He looked bewildered.

Slowly, shaking his head, he staggered to his feet as the referee counted over him. To his surprise, he found that the champion's right had not hurt him so much after all.

Savagery of the jungles welled up in him. He clenched his fists, pickled hard as paving stones by the dregs of countless bottles he had washed, and waded into the white man, flailing out with every ounce of strength in his body. Carpentier retreated for a second, much surprised, but then stepped in again. The terrible right found its mark once more.

This time the Senegalese did not go down. The only effect of that crashing blow was to make his blood rise. Boiling with rage, Siki forgot his training for the ring and fought with fury that was primitive.

Walking into Carpentier's blows, he delivered his own like a windmill. By the end of the fifth round he had the Greek god completely at his mercy and was battering away like a wild beast in the heat of his excitement. His mind reverted to the jungle, to the days on the Argonne front, and he slashed away as though it were an enemy he faced.



Battling Siki winning the world's light-heavyweight title by knocking out Georges Carpentier in the sixth round.

IN the sixth round, the idol of all France went down in ignominious defeat. The crowd roared. In spite of all his crudity, or perhaps because of it, they liked the swarthy African. Siki grinned back happily, glowing all over with pleasure. Even then he did not realize, until someone explained the matter to him, that he was light-heavyweight champion of the world!

France never saw a more picturesque character than its new title-bearer. For the first time in his life, Siki had more money than he could hope to spend. He invaded Parisian bars and those who declined to drink with him felt the power of his grisly fist. He ordered clothes of such vivid hue and startling cut as to amaze even the sartorially elegant French.

On his shoulder, as he strolled daily through the streets, rode a shrilly chattering monkey, relic of his early childhood in the jungles. By a leash he dragged a howling lion cub. Whenever he went in a café, he bought drinks first for the lion and the monkey, then for the house.

* * *

AT the same time he developed a fondness for fighting outside the squared arena. One day, so the story goes, he went to see a fashionable foot doctor in the Rue de la Paix. Hoisting a leg over the doctor's desk, he said with a commanding gesture, "Fix Siki."

The doctor disdainfully replied that he did not tend black feet. Wrathfully Siki sprang to his feet and, seizing the doctor, locked him in the reception room and then started to remove the doctor's lavish furniture into the street. When this was completed, he pulled down the corrugated iron shutters which close all French shops at night and marched away, chuckling loudly, "Place closed by Siki."

Soon after his bout with Carpentier, Siki, unusually expansive one evening under the influence of liquor, boasted that his bout with Carpentier had been a frame, claiming that he had gotten mad when Carpentier had hit too hard and had decided to upset the dope.

"Georges say 'lie down'," he told his friends. "Siki say 'wait, you lie down'."

The story, as may be imagined, created a genuine sensation throughout the world. The case was tried by several courts, and lip readers were eventually called in to interpret the words of the fighters as recorded on the film. At last, it was decided that Siki's story could not possibly be true.

From that time on, the Senegalese devoted himself to being a public nuisance. Street battles were for him almost an everyday occurrence, and, at last, after an uncalled-for fight, in which he struck another fighter's manager after an unfavorable decision not involving him at all, he was barred from the French ring.

Great Britain promptly put up the bars against his fighting there. The reason given was that Siki was a colored man, and that it was not desirable to excite the passions of Englishmen by interracial combats.

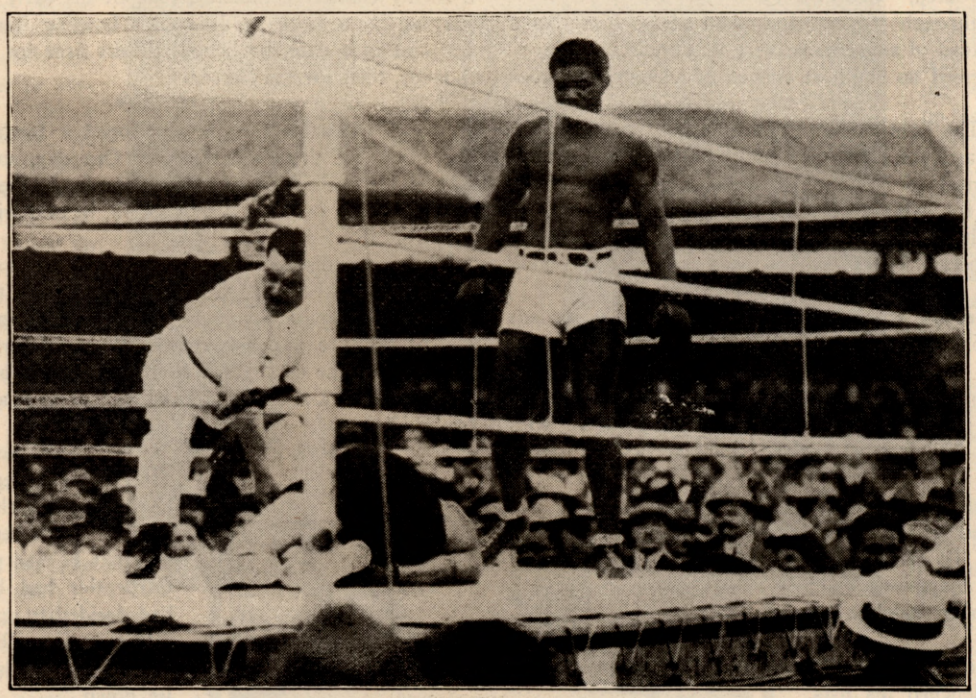
Looking about him for new

worlds to conquer, Siki at last decided to go to Ireland. On that emerald isle he had the temerity to defend his title against an Irishman, the stupidity to fight him in Dublin, and the impudence to enter the squared ring on St. Patrick's Day.

* * *

MOST of what can be imagined in such a case happened. The Irish were in the midst of internal troubles of their own. A bomb was set off around the corner from the arena, and two children were killed in the explosion. In the ring, a white man, Mike McTigue, and the Negro pummeled at each other and, at the end of twenty rounds, both were out on their feet. The decision was inevitable. The Irishman was declared new champion of the world.

This episode was more than sportsmen of France could bear. Parisians could be appreciative of the bizarre when necessary. They did not mind the peculiarities of one so peculiar as Siki. But they could hardly bring themselves to tolerate the incredible stupidity of which the black man had shown himself capable. Through action of the Chamber of Deputies, Siki was banned permanently from further encounters in his adopted country.



Siki scoring a knock-out over Marcel Nilles in France in the second round.

Bitter resentment of this action arose at once on the part of the deputies from Senegal, who declared that "had Carpentier not been beaten, there are many who would have demanded the cross of the Legion of Honor for him." But the decision of the deputies was incontestable. France no longer cared to harbor her former favorite, England had already barred him, and Ireland was openly hostile. To recoup his dissipated fortunes, he had to look about for new, more fertile pastures. After months of indecision, he chose America as the scene of his further pugilistic endeavors.

His motive in coming to this country was, of course, to seek a return bout with McTigue as soon as possible, in the hope that he might regain the crown that he had lost in Dublin. While waiting for that bout, which never came, Siki took on all comers. Money came to him easily from his frequent bouts, piles of it, more than he could stuff into the pockets of his gaudy suits. He had, literally, money to throw away. Walking through the streets of Harlem, he would do exactly that, to the intense delight of young black urchins, who learned to follow closely in his footsteps.

He spent his money just as fast as he could earn it. He was fond of strolling through Hell's Kitchen attired in dress suit, opera cape, tall hat, cane, gloves, and patent-leather shoes. And always behind him was a mob of Negro urchins.

* * *

AS the title battle with McTigue had failed to materialize, Siki began to lose interest in his chosen profession. He found that he could pick far more exciting fights each day in Hell's Kitchen than in the resined ring. For his scheduled bouts he trained on wine, women, and song, and boasted of the fact. He was known in every dive in the Kitchen and in Harlem, and tales of his wild exploits soon began to spread across the country.

His last ring battle of importance was against Paul Berlenbach. Throughout the fray he withstood terrific punches, despite the fact that on the day of the fight he had been found in a stupor from drink. He was out on his feet when the referee stopped the fight.

From that time on, Siki was no serious contender for any further boxing crown. He was seldom sober, and when matched with a second-rater in some tank town, would please himself about keeping the engagement. Finally, unable to maintain his pace in the ring, he redoubled his battles in the streets.

The police warned him several times about his conduct. He only laughed at them. He thumped his barrel chest with a blow that would have knocked out an opponent and bellowed loudly, "Nobody hurt Siki. All like Siki. Him good heart."

One day he was picked up, almost at the point of death, in the streets of New York. Carried to the French Hospital, he recovered from his fist-inflicted injuries in record time and left next morning, carrying a reporter under one arm and clad only in pajamas. He tossed the reporter unceremoniously into the gutter and took a taxi home.

A barnstorming tour of the country occupied a few months of his time. Back in New York, when this was done, he promptly got into trouble once again. This time he was stabbed in the chest early one morning by an assailant, who used an ice pick as his weapon. The cause of the attack was never known, although it was said that Siki had just finished wrecking a night club not many blocks away.

"They got me from behind," the Senegalese wailed, crying like a baby as the police picked him from the street. "They got me from behind. I wouldn't care if they fight fair."

A man was arrested and charged with the attack. Siki refused to press charges aganist him. "I don't want send him to jail," he said. "I take care him myself."

* * *

SIKI did not live long enough to carry out the revenge he planned. He himself was murdered—shot down in cold blood.

It was a winter night, and gales of icy wind whipped through the narrow canyon of Hell's Kitchen streets. It was late; still in the shadows men lurked, sinister and foreboding. Death, too, lurked there in the shadows for the untamed African. A horrible, miserable death for one who had risen to such heights.

How Siki had spent the early evening is not known. Several persons were later found who had seen him rolling uncertainly down Ninth Avenue, heading for his favorite speak-easy. One had seen him trying to hire a taxicab and remonstrating angrily with its driver, who refused to (*Continued on page* 44)

CUTLER, the Fighter

Famous Wrestler, Once Heavyweight Champion, Started Career as "Pug" in Sullivan-Kilrain Show

By THE CHICAGO REFEREE

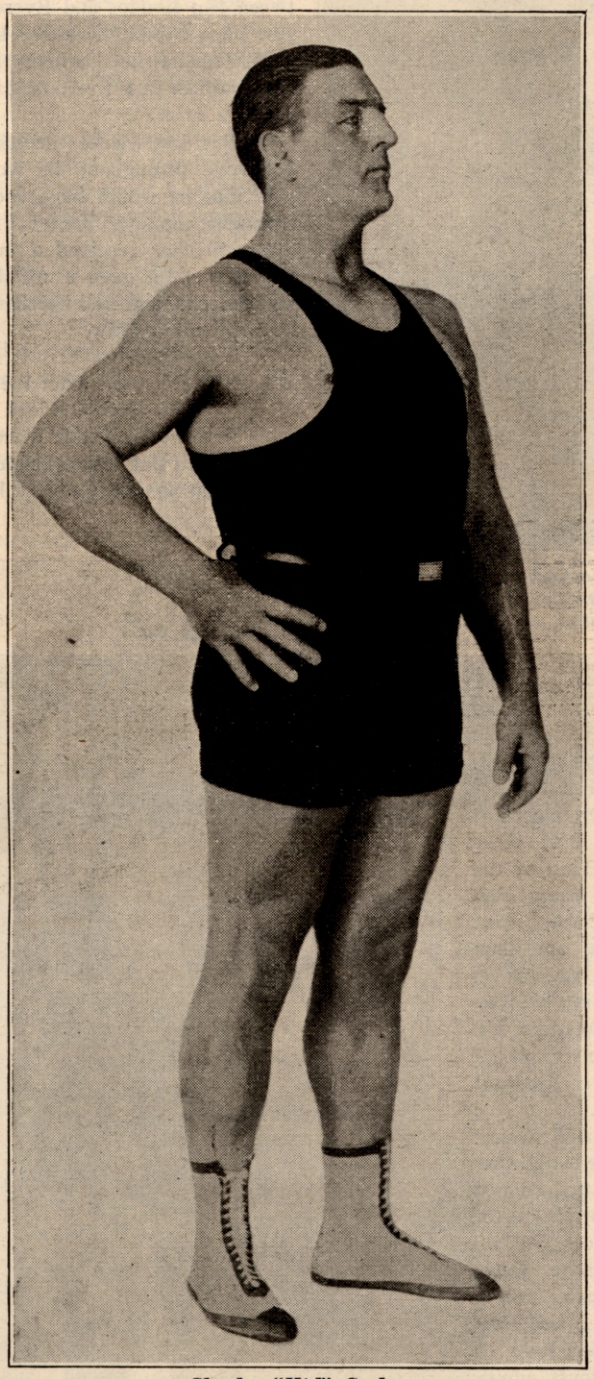
IN a recent issue of THE RING, the story of the wrestling career of Charley Cutler referred only to his prowess as a mat artist, and, take it from me, he was a mighty good one. But few who follow the wrestling news know that Cutler was also a mighty good fighter, even though he found that he was better fitted for the mat game than he was for fisticuffs.

The mighty Charles started out as a pugilist. It was Frank Hall, a gentleman who has been mixed up in a multitude of sporting adventures and promotorial schemes of many sorts, who dug up Cutler out of the thin air and gave him his start as a boxer. And here is how it all happened:

Hall had a show on the road in which he was featuring a boxing skit between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain. Of course John L. was too stout to do anything worth while and Jake was too old to mix matters with the young bucks who were part of the company. So, to make the show more attractive, Hall dug up several huskies to meet all comers in the various cities and towns where the troupe stopped, and among those who were accepted was Cutler, then a 200-pound husky lad with a fair knowledge of how to hook and swing a blow. And who do you think his partner was? None other than Jim Barry, that wild man of the plains of Montana, a 195-pounder who could handle his dukes with more than ordinary skill.

Already having spoken of the once powerful Dr. Benjamin Franklin Roller in connection with the Hackenschmidt training camp before the second match with Gotch, wasn't the excellent *Herr Doktor,* who recently died, the first out-and-out college graduate to take up the wrestling game as a profession? After skimming casually over all the familiar names of the great wrestlers up to the time of Gus Sonnenberg, I fail to find a single one that could be placed in such a category. But now look at the list of the college men of this latter day who emulated the example set by the squatty Gustav! Surely a highbrow game as far as that's concerned.

When remembering those sterling days around Chicago when all of us, in and out of the game, were struggling our little or big mightiest to get along, it is always a pleasant memory to think of one huge hulk of a chap who generally was a big factor in wrestling in the Windy City—Charley Cutler.



Charles "Kid" Cutler

Some day when a capable editor like our own Nat Fleischer wants an interesting series of reminiscent stories about a willing young athlete trying to get along and finally making good in a large and handsome way, let him delegate someone—I would dearly love to get THAT assignment—to get Charley to tell of his early days.

There was a considerable membership in the Cutler family, as I remember it, though Charley and his inimitable brother Marty were the only ones I knew well. Perhaps Charley might tell of that tremendously interesting story of the human side of life—when his mother walked all the way from Minnesota to Chicago with a most unique purpose in view.

Mrs. Cutler, a most hardy woman with tremendous determination, was anxious to hear from one of her sons who went to the Klondike and hadn't communicated with his mother for years. She knew that if she advertised her long walk in the newspapers of the various towns through which she passed it might somewhere meet the eyes of her boy. The newspapers, sure enough, took up the walking feat and printed much about it, and, sure enough, one of these clippings did meet the eye of her wandering boy and he did communicate with his mother.

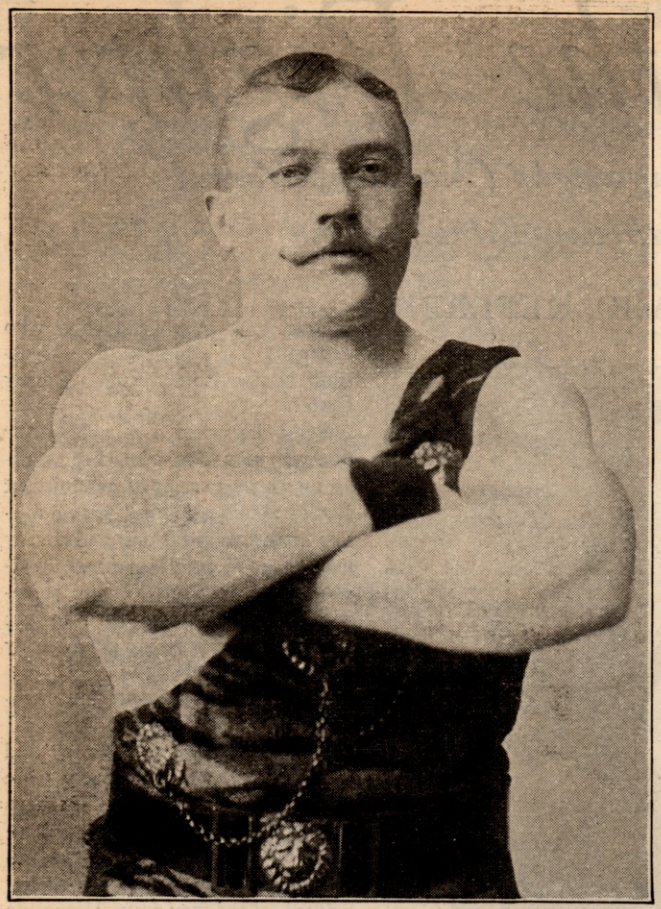
Charley got himself a backer with a big bank roll, made the match, and settled down to get himself into shape. He did all of these things with meticulous care and attention. But, alas, that Stecher chap, then the pest of the world outside of the state of Nebraska, proved far too tough a proposition for the mighty Charley, who returned to Chicago quite dizzy and with a much deflated cranium and bank roll.

His backer was a well-known cleaner and dyer on the North Side of Chicago who, three days after the match, made a strenuous attempt to recoup the family fortunes by cutting the price on men's suits to seventy-five cents, called for and delivered, which was 'way below scale and almost precipitated a riot in the business.

It is said that, whenever a particularly tough-looking mug would offer his services to try and earn the few dollars that were offered to any one who could stay (*Continued on page* 44)

From MILO

CHAPTER XVIII



Hjalmar Lundin, above, and John Olin, right, two of the men who lost to Stecher when the latter was champion for the first time.

UNLIKE champions in boxing, who usually like to place their title in moth balls for protection, Joe Stecher, soon after winning the heavyweight wrestling crown from Charles Cutler, placed it in immediate competition. In less than three months after he had been crowned king of the heavyweights, Joe had taken into camp Bob Managoff, Mort Henderson, Gustenson, Paul Rass, Carl Schultz and Govedorica, and then found a challenger in a young, rising, aggressive, clever Kentuckian who was then forging his way into the front ranks of America's wrestlers. He was Ed Lewis, who later succeeded on several occasions to the title which once rested on the head of Frank Gotch and other celebrities.

It was on October 20, 1915, that he and Stecher clashed at Evanston, Ill., in a thrilling match that lasted fifty-five minutes. Then, with that contest under his belt and his title retained, Stecher went through the field and whipped Pete Koch, Soldah, Lundin, Clements, Bransfield, Martinson, Johnson, Berner, Doctor Roller, Ordeman, Asbell, Americus, Eustace, Jordan, Julius Rief, Leo Pardello, and Youseff, the Terrible Turk. Quite an impressive string of victories, we must admit.

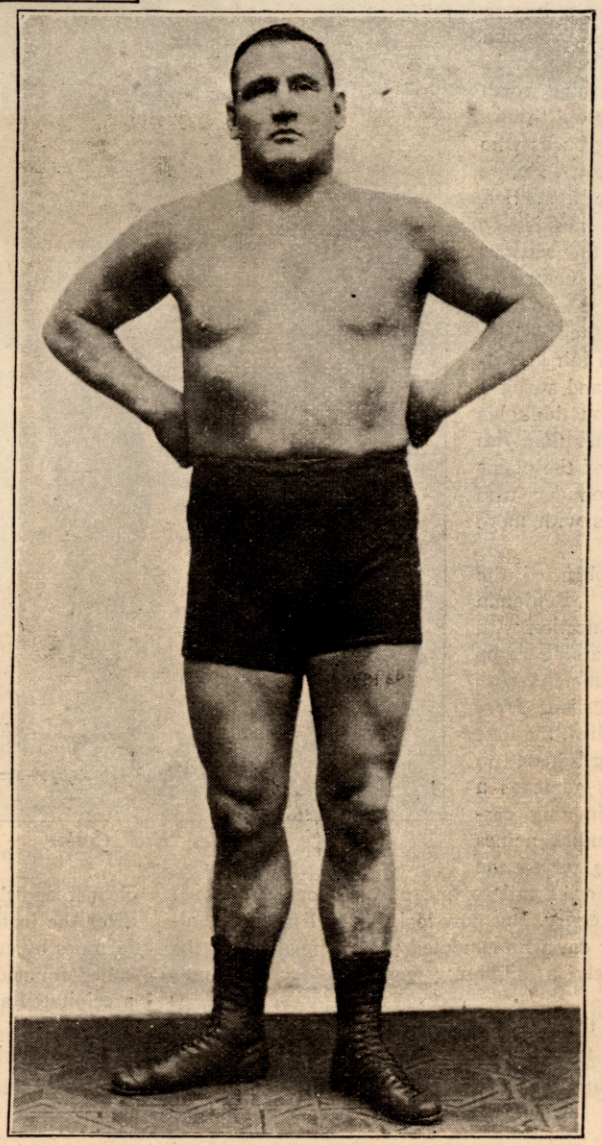
But that was not all. Considering that in those days the matches were not prearranged as most of them are today, and that a challenger did his utmost to win the title regardless of affiliations, Stecher's record was a most noteworthy one. Continuing his policy of meeting all challengers because he had explicit faith in his ability to whip any man in the world, the Scissors King tackled ten more rivals over a stretch of four months and again emerged the victor in each.

Then came his two toughest battles—a return engagement with Strangler Lewis followed by a bout with John Olin. Wrestling in those days meant wrestling, and not a performance of acrobatics. A few weeks ago, the Philadelphia fans were amazed at viewing a three-hour-and-five-minute match between Jim Londos and Everett Marshall, which ended in a draw. But when Stecher wrestled Lewis for the second time, on July 5, 1916, Omaha fans, where the bout took place, witnessed these two matmen in a five-hour-and-ten-minute titular bout which was called a draw.

To this day, Stecher insists that if Lewis had not fought on the defensive throughout, he would have been beaten. In fact, Joe says that he would have ended the match hours before had the Strangler employed different tactics. In the bout with Olin, another draw, Stecher received a huge surprise in the strength of his opponent. Olin gave a wonderful exhibition, both on the attack and defense, and had Stecher at times considerably worried. The bout ended in a draw.

* * *

NINE months after the second Lewis match, Stecher clashed with Earl Caddock at Omaha and there lost his crown. The bout took place on April 9, 1917. Up to that affair, Stecher had not lost a single fall since winning the crown from Cutler, but against Caddock he went into the ring a sick man and couldn't cope with his stronger adversary. Caddock refused to give the Scissors King a return match, so Stecher, following the footsteps of his Annapolis brother, enlisted in the Navy for service during the war, and when mustered out of service, he started on Caddock's trail and wouldn't let up until he was rewarded with a return engagement. Of that bout we will write more later. It is the mill in which Joe lost the crown that interests us now.



Caddock's victory, while it sufficed to prove his superiority over Stecher, was not convincing because of the unsatisfactory ending of the bout. Joe refused to come out of his dressing room for the third fall. After a lapse of twenty-five minutes, Joe's manager informed the referee that the Scissors King could not resume activities, and the official awarded the third fall and championship to Earl.

to LONDOS

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

Stecher at first offered one excuse to the scribes, namely, that he did not know that the time limit had expired, but later he altered that to explain that he was not physically fit, owing to illness, to continue and was forced to quit. Stecher had won the first fall in thirty minutes and Caddock took the second after an hour and twenty minutes of cruel wrestling. He so exhausted Joe that the champion was ready to cave in. The Scissors King also was badly bruised.

Time and again Caddock tried the ankle hold and the double neck hold on Joe and invariably he succeeded. In the first half-hour, Stecher several times entwined his legs about Earl's body, but Caddock squirmed out of it. Joe was persistent, however, and finally got his man down.

During the hour and twenty minutes of the second part of the match, Caddock was the aggressor most of the time. He got the ankle hold seven times on Joe and at one time had the champion in agony as he threatened to break the bones unless Joe gave in. But Stecher was game to the core and took his medicine.

Stecher's body scissors almost had Caddock after fifty-four minutes of grappling, but Earl broke loose. Both men attacked severely throughout the mill. There was little stalling, each being bent on gaining the victory.

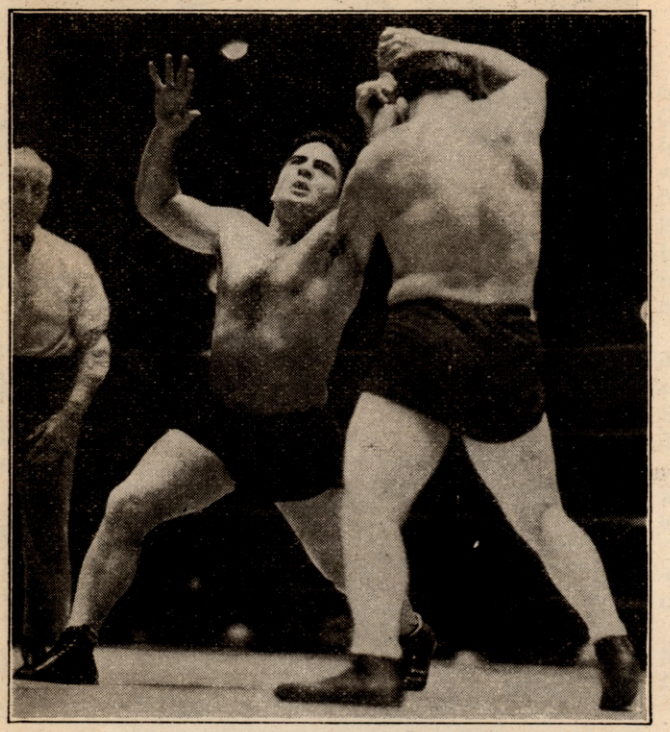
The match was recorded as the greatest in Stecher's career, because of the keenness of the struggle. Joe took his defeat to heart. He liked that title too much to give in so quickly, and set about to regain it. He went after Earl, *(Continued on page 40)*

Earl Caddock as he appeared in Army uniform during the World War. Caddock took the title from Stecher, and then, in a return match, lost it to the Nebraska Scissors King.

Joe Stecher pictured with Govedorica and referee and seconds before their match at Pierce, Nebr., on May 31, 1915, which Stecher won.

GRUNTS, GROANS

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Ever the actor! No matter how often Jim Londos wrestles, he never forgets to combine dramatics with his tugging and tossing. Take a squint at the above photo and see for yourself how good Jeemy is in his version of the dying gladiator, as Ernie Dusek fastens on an armlock. The referee is George Bothner.

THE tremendous turnout of 20,200 persons for the recent Londos-Savoldi bout in the Chicago Stadium, and the fair-sized gathering that saw the Greek Idol and Ernie Dusek wrestle in the Madison Square Garden of New York, are ample proof that showmanship is what the fans want and, when they are served with a card on which colorful wrestlers make their appearance, they will flock to the arena in large numbers. Not in two years has wrestling had such large crowds as since the peace pact was signed between the Curley-Bowser-Fabian-Mondt group and the White-Packs combination that controlled the Londos troupe.

When Londos clashes with Jim Browning, a match that has been completed for Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund, but which for obvious reasons has not yet been announced, it will not be surprising to see a record outdoor attendance for recent years with gate receipts running close to $50,000. That bout is a natural, and the promoters are building up the principals by pitting them against the cream of the talent, with victories, of course, going to Londos and Browning.

* * *

JIM LONDOS emerged the victor in Philadelphia after more than three hours of jolting and jarring by Everett Marshall of La Junta, Col.

Londos, using a crotch hold and a body slam to finish off his opponent after dazing him with a previous slam, won the match in 3:04:45. It was the longest match ever contested in that city.

Weighing 219 pounds, twenty-five more than the Greek, Marshall had the upper hand throughout the first two hours. After that Londos was chasing the blond wrestler all over the canvas.

Sixteen thousand fans, oblivious to subzero weather, sat through five preliminary bouts and on into the early hours of the morning to see first one and then the other contestant grimace and groan. At times the bout was slow, but few left before the finish. It was 2 A. M. when the match ended.

The longest bout in the history of the sport was five hours. That was between Strangler Lewis and Joe Stecher in Omaha several years ago. They have wrestled other lengthy matches, too.

It was announced that Billy Sandow, Marshall's manager, had sold his interest in Marshall to John B. Ellis of Oklahoma City.

* * *

A CIGAR stub ruined Duke Ruppenthal's chance of winning the welterweight wrestling championship in Cincinnati.

The Milwaukee grappler, hurled from the ring by Jack Reynolds of Cincinnati, the title-holder, landed on the lighted cigar of a spectator. Angered by what he thought was a deliberate attempt to burn him, Ruppenthal swung at the fan.

Several ringsiders piled into Ruppenthal and when the *mêlée* was over he was unconscious and minus two teeth.

Referee George Gable, unaware of the cigar angle, disqualified Ruppenthal for striking at a spectator, and awarded the decision to Reynolds.

* * *

EDDON GEORGE, Buffalo, threw Frank Coleman, Chicago, in 1:09:52 in Worcester, Mass. George won with a backfall from a double nelson.

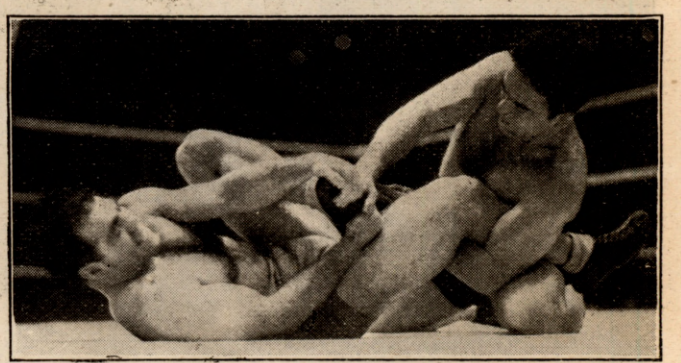
Feeling became so tense during the bout that the promoter switched referees at the thirty-minute mark after the vastly partisan crowd, its sympathies with the challenger, had stormed the ring protesting the referee's decisions.

* * *

AFTER losing twice to Charley Strack, Al Mercier of Springfield, who is a well-liked performer, settled his foe two falls out of three at the Boston Arena. With the decision went the New England heavyweight title which Strack had held for several months. In the first round Mercier hitch-kicked Strack to the carpet in 24:29, and used the same tactics to gain the third and deciding fall in 5:7. The middle round went to Strack in 13.36 when Mercier, after nailing Charley with a flying body scissors, tipped over backward and had his own shoulders pinned to the mat.

Ted Tonneman of Chicago, generally reliable as a third man, was in such a hurry to go places, or something of the sort, that he gave a fall to Jack Washburn over Boris Demetroff at the Boston Arena on February 15, which the "Gentleman" had failed to earn. Then, when Washburn took the second fall, winning the match, and kicked the prostrate Boris just for good measure, the fans sailed into both the referee and the wrestler. It required a squad of police to get them from the ring to safety. Washburn won the match, two straight, in 18:9 and 15:48.

When Jim Londos decided to join forces with Jack Curley again, the St. Nicholas Rink, which had been billing Londos and his troupe while the Greek was on the outs with Curley, had to



Who's who, and what's what? That seems an appropriate title for this photo showing Joe Savoldi and Jim Londos in their return match in Chicago, which Londos won. Savoldi seems to be twisting his own tootsies, but he's only doing that to prevent Londos from completing the tortuous leg lock which he's begun.

AND GRAPPLERS

look around for other grapplers to present to its steady clientele. It finally fell to the light-heavyweight grapplers who had been showing in the Mid-West up to that time, and who had been clamoring in vain for a chance to show around New York after a preview in Boston. The mat addicts who prefer speed to bulk have been treated to some fine exhibitions by Maurice La Chappelle, handsome French youngster; Mephisto, the German Ace; Steve Passas, claimant of the light-heavy title; Ted Flowers, Cuban star; Carl Van Wurden, sturdy Hollander; John Kilonis, veteran Greek roughneck; Cowboy Hughes of Texas; and Jack Bloomfield, among others.

* * *

JOE SAVOLDI, famed Notre Dame grid star, celebrated his third anniversary as a wrestler. It was in February, 1931, a few months after a marital mixup caused his somewhat embarrassed retreat from the campus at South Bend, that he turned grappler and he has been at it ever since.

Jumping Joe's ears are still small and flat, unlike the average matman's. The left one has just the suggestion of a cauliflower, a thickness around the outer rim. Oddly enough, it is a souvenir of the football field and not the wrestling mat. Savoldi is proud about his ears and uses olive oil, not to make himself slippery, so he would ooze out of holds designed to crush him, but to preserve his body from just such scrapes, rope burns and abrasions as are the wrestler's nightly lot. In addition to oil smeared over his face and neck, he put lots of vaseline on his ears.

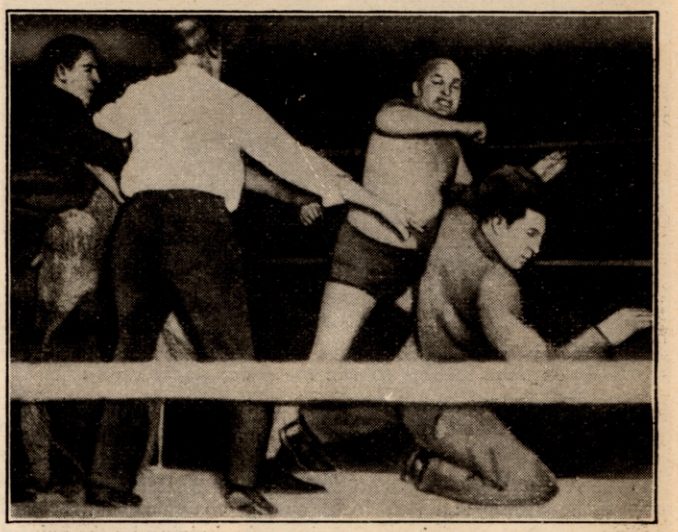
In three years he has suffered no serious injuries. Around his left knee he wears an elastic bandage to support it. That, too, is a gridiron souvenir. Otherwise, he is unmarked, a picture of strength and power. Thick through the body, with a bull neck, thick arms and thick legs, a picture of strength and physical beauty.

Wrestling, he admits, is a tough grind. He is signed up to wrestle for two years more, but is thinking of getting out before that time and settling down in a house he is building on the shores of a lake near his old home in Three Oaks, Mich. He might get back into football, too, coaching the high school team out there.

"Not much dough in it, maybe," he says, "about fifteen or sixteen hundred a year. But I got some money put away and I can get by." He hasn't any illusions about getting a college coaching job.

He doesn't see many of his old teammates. Doesn't get around to many games, either. "This business keeps you jumping around a lot," he explains.

Joe is a big favorite all over the country and keeps on the go.



When a bad man of the mat went on a rampage. Here we see rough Charlie Strack knocking his chief second, Earl Tompkins, to the canvas after being disqualified in his New England heavyweight title match with Al Mercier at the Boston Garden. Police finally quieted things.

With the Behemoths

WHEN Dr. Ralph Wilson attended Indiana University, he dropped only one Big Conference match. That was to Dr. Karl Sarpolis, who at the time was a dental student at Chicago University.

When Stanislaus Zbyszko went to India to grapple, he took Frank Judson with him. Judson caught the fever and was so ill that he retired from the mat for two years.

When asked whom he considered the gamest man he ever faced, Strangler Lewis replied, "Joe Stecher. I once put a strangle hold on him so hard that Joe's teeth were forced through his cheek. With the pain intense, and blood gushing from the wound, Joe continued to grapple for an hour before he succumbed."

Wrestlers, that is the better ones, seem to like good clothes. Some excellent examples are Jim Londos, Sandor Szabo, Sammy Stein, Joe Savoldi, and Jim McMillen.

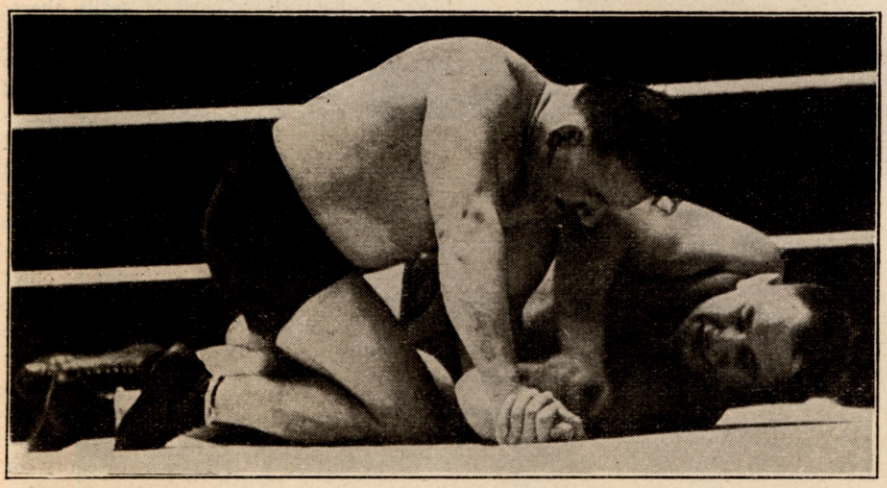
It is only natural that farms and small towns produce so many good matmen. Competitive sports are always part of the country fairs and the scarcity of boxing gloves, plus the irresistible lure to try one's ability in strength tests, makes grappling the natural answer.

Yvon Robert of Montreal is probably unknown to most wrestling followers, yet he held Ed Don George even for an hour and a half and more recently tossed Count Zarynoff. It shouldn't be long before he becomes a password to mat fans all over the country. He has the stuff to send his name a-rising.

The menace of Jagat Singh is no more. Ray Steele flopped the game Indian, who until then was unbeaten in America. Rudy Dusek, Joe Savoldi, and Dick Shikat duplicated Steele's performance.

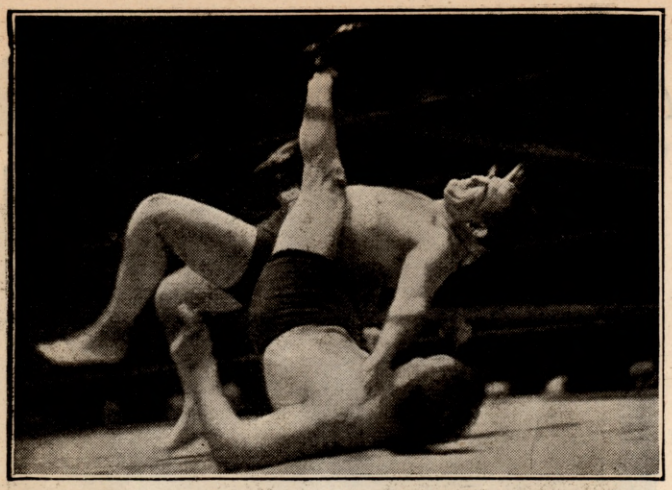
An attempt is being made to procure the services of Jim Browning in South Africa.

When Bob Myers, a great middleweight wrestler, learned that Gus Kallio was on his way to South Africa, he immediately caught the next boat. Bob, who has beaten Kallio, is recognized in South Africa as middleweight champion, and has chased Kallio for over two years to obtain a title match. Gus must beat Myers to retain recognition.



A scene in the match between Billy Bartush (right) and Estelle of Switzerland. No, Estelle isn't a girl, but a pretty fair wrestler on the other side of the ocean. Bartush won the match which was staged by the National Sporting Club of London.

TORTUROUS



Jim Browning whirling Strangler Lewis through the air with his airplane scissors to win the heavyweight crown

IN the recent wrestling bout between Ray Steele and Jim Browning in Madison Square Garden, there were times during which, for several minutes at a stretch, Steele had leg locks and arm locks on the champion that seemed to carry with them such excruciating pain, judging by the painful expression on Browning's face, that George Bothner, the referee, stooped and asked "Gentleman Jim" if he wanted to quit. But on each occasion, twice after a torturous hold had been applied for five and a half minutes, Browning broke loose from the grip of his opponent and then, by degrees, proceeded to wear his man down, until, with the aid of his painful airplane scissors, he won the match and retained the title.

It was after the bout that I stood in the Garden entrance and listened to a discussion in which several keen mat enthusiasts were involved, in which the fans were trying to decide which of the torture holds—the Japanese arm and leg lock, Browning's airplane scissors, Strangler Lewis' headlock, Stecher's body scissors, or Gotch's toe hold was the most painful. Of course, it is most difficult to decide such a question because of the varying opinions the wrestlers have on that subject, and unless a wrestler is a matman of the first order and has been through the mill with a thorough test of each of the above, it wouldn't be practicable to make a satisfactory decision.

It was with the torturous headlock that Lewis won the title, and with the equally torturous airplane scissors that Browning won the crown from the "Strangler." No matter what hold, it is torturous if properly applied. There isn't a hold in the mat game that cannot be made most painful, and it all depends upon the wrestler. All the locks that have been applied in any match, whether years ago or in the present era, were used and still are used in a manner to inflict punishment. The more severe the physical pain and serious the injury, the better the chances of victory for the one inflicting the damage.

* * *

FROM the strangle hold of Evan Lewis, the original Strangler, which finally was barred, to the head lock of the present-day Strangler, the Japanese arm lock of Jim Londos, and so down the line, the successful wrestlers throughout the last thirty years are those who mastered the dangerous and painful locks.

Following the abolition of the strangle hold, the effects of which were similar to those of the garrote, Frank Gotch perfected the toe lock, the application of which, while not fatal to the victims, resulted in many broken ankles.

The hammer lock, which caused many broken and dislocated arms, also came into use, but owing to the difficulty of adjusting it, the hold is seldom seen nowadays.

The double nelson, with which a wrestler's neck may be broken, is used at rare intervals, due to the fact that it is not easily applied.

The modern crop of wrestlers have become so expert in defense against nearly all the ancient locks that few contests under the conditions of best two in three falls could be settled within a limit of two or more hours.

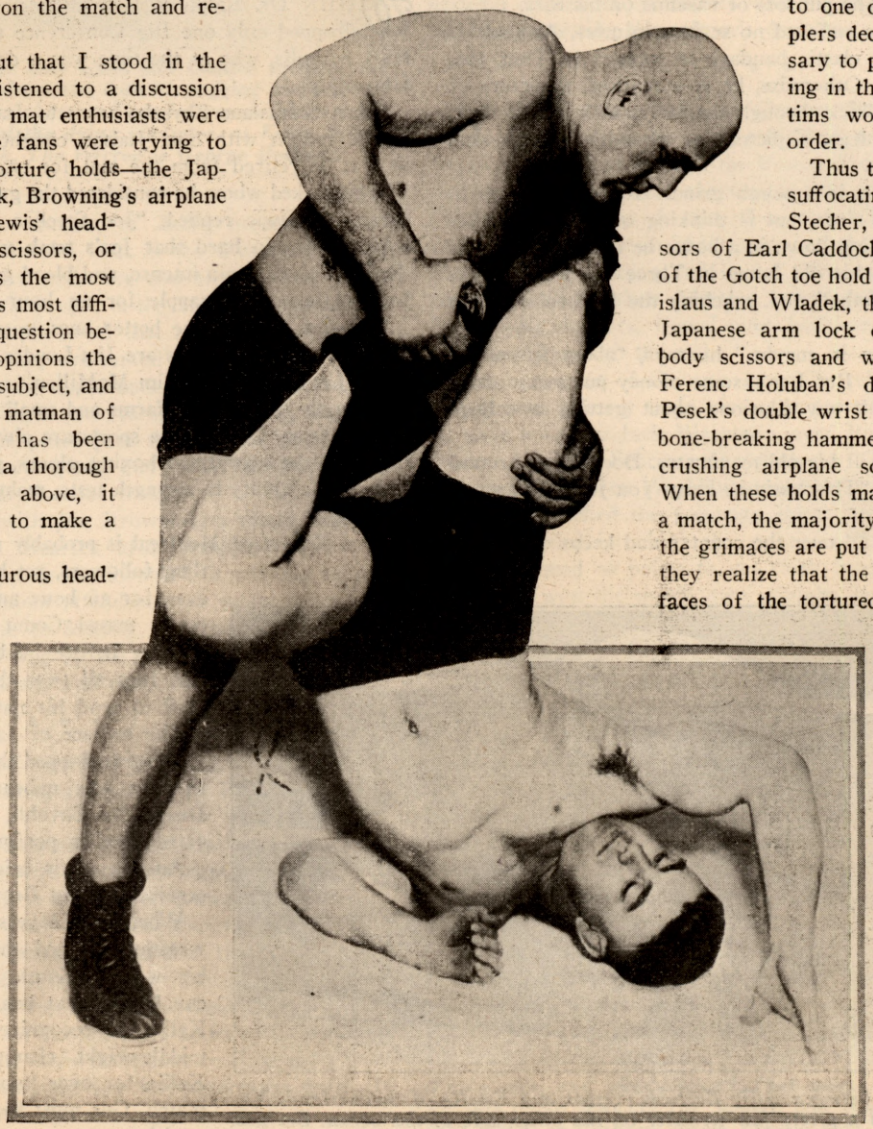
With the shortening of bouts to one decisive fall, the grapplers decided that it was necessary to perfect holds so punishing in their effects that the victims would succumb in short order.

Thus there came into play the suffocating body scissors of Joe Stecher, the crushing head scissors of Earl Caddock, the cruel elaboration of the Gotch toe hold by the Zbyszkos, Stanislaus and Wladek, the excruciating, painful Japanese arm lock of Londos, Garibaldi's body scissors and wrist lock combination, Ferenc Holuban's double arm lock, John Pesek's double wrist lock, Ed Don George's bone-breaking hammer lock and Browning's crushing airplane scissors, among others. When these holds make their appearance in a match, the majority of the fans think that the grimaces are put on for effect. Little do they realize that the pain expressed on the faces of the tortured men is really there.

* * *

NEXT to the Lewis head lock, the body scissors, as exemplified by former champion Joe Stecher, has been more effective in subduing opponents than any other lock now in use other than the flying tackle which should never have been allowed in wrestling and does not deserve a place in the category of mat holds.

As in the case of the head lock, the



Stanislaus Zbyszko who was very adept in the use of the punishing toe hold

MAT HOLDS

By GEORGE BOTHNER

Former World's Champion, Now New York's Leading Mat Referee

body scissors is purely punishing in its effects. As applied by Stecher, it produces partial suffocation, the victim's breath being shut off by the terrific pressure of Stecher's legs on the diaphragm. Likewise Browning's airplane scissors, which is nothing more than an application of Stecher's body scissors combined with a whirl of the body through the air.

The reason that Stecher was able to defeat his opponents so easily with the body scissors is that his legs are peculiarly adapted to the application of the lock. Stecher is more than six feet tall, with long arms and legs, but a rather small trunk. His legs are muscled like a ballet dancer's and are the most flexible lower limbs known to the wrestling pad.

It is evident that, in order to obtain the hold, Stecher and his opponent first had to go to the floor. It made no difference to Stecher if he was underneath or on top, for he quickly maneuvered for an opportunity to wind his legs about the body of his opponent.

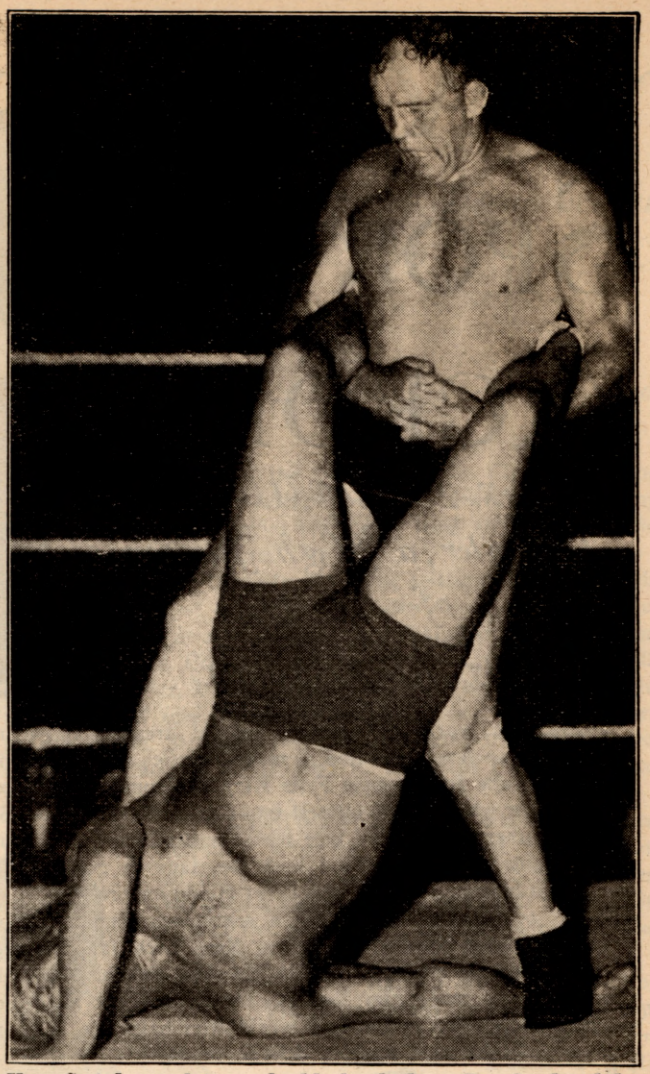
Stecher eagerly welcomed attempts by his adversary to affix a hold, for in a majority of cases, it was when scrambling about on the canvas that the body scissors expert slipped his supple legs about the waist of the victim.

When the body scissors was adjusted by Stecher, when he was in his prime, it was but a matter of a few minutes when the unfortunate subject of the hold collapsed and fell on his back. As it is but necessary for the winner of a wrestling bout to pin both shoulders of his opponent to the canvas for only three seconds in order to win, the Stecher lock accomplished its purpose very thoroughly.

In the illustration that goes with this article, Stecher rests on his right side and the opposing wrestler is on his back, making a gallant attempt to bridge and thus keep his shoulders off the canvas. Stecher's left leg lies across the diaphragm and the conqueror's right leg is under the small of the back of the victim. Stecher's feet are locked together, which enables him to put on terrific pressure front and back.

Having once wound his legs about his opponent and locked his feet, Stecher's next move is to seize the wrists of the victim, stretch the arms out on the floor and hold them so the unfortunate wrestler cannot move them for defense or offense.

Once having adjusted all his holds, Stecher is compelled to do nothing but lie quietly on his side and, with a look of serene contentment, await the collapse of his victim.



Hans Steinke applying a double leg lock on Ray Steele while resting one foot on Ray's wrist and the other on his ear

Stecher, in his prime, conquered nearly all of the crop of star wrestlers, including Zbyszko, Caddock, and Lewis, with his body scissors, but fell a victim to the head lock of Lewis.

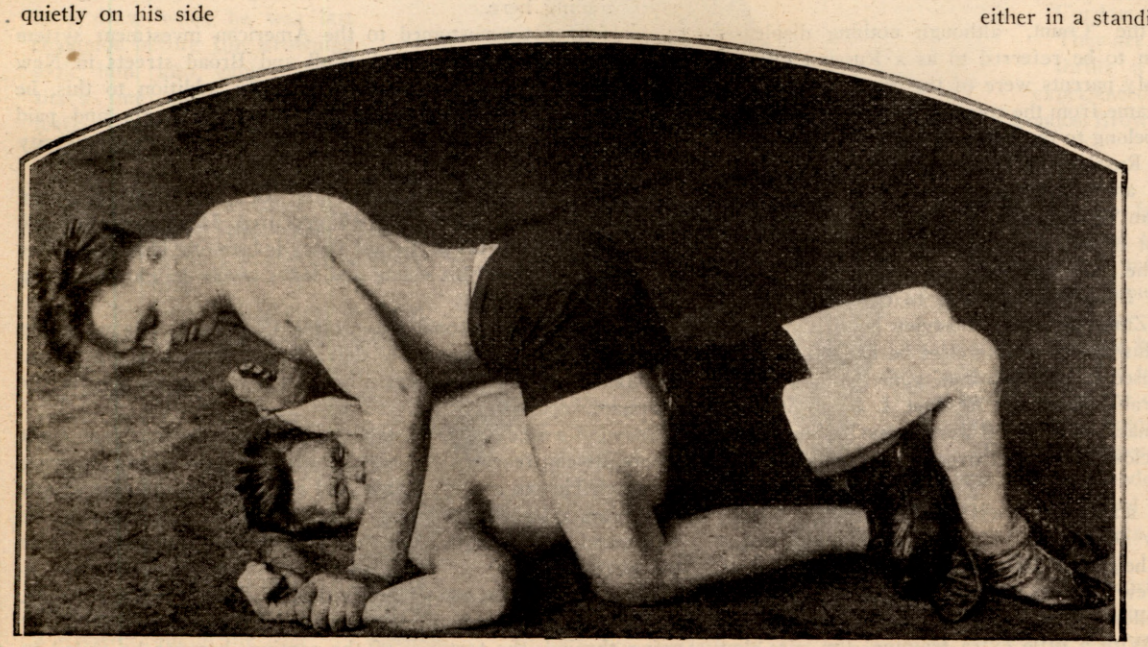
The advantage of the head lock over the body scissors of Stecher or the head scissors of Caddock, is that the Lewis hold can be taken when both men are either in a standing position or on the floor. Neither of the scissors holds can be adjusted when the contestants are erect, which is a disadvantage.

* * *

THE body scissors checks the abdominal breathing of the victim, compelling him to yield rather than suffocate. In several instances, the subject of the hold has resisted to an unwise extent and has paid the penalty with a period of unconsciousness.

The effect of the head scissors, which

(Cont'd on page 41)

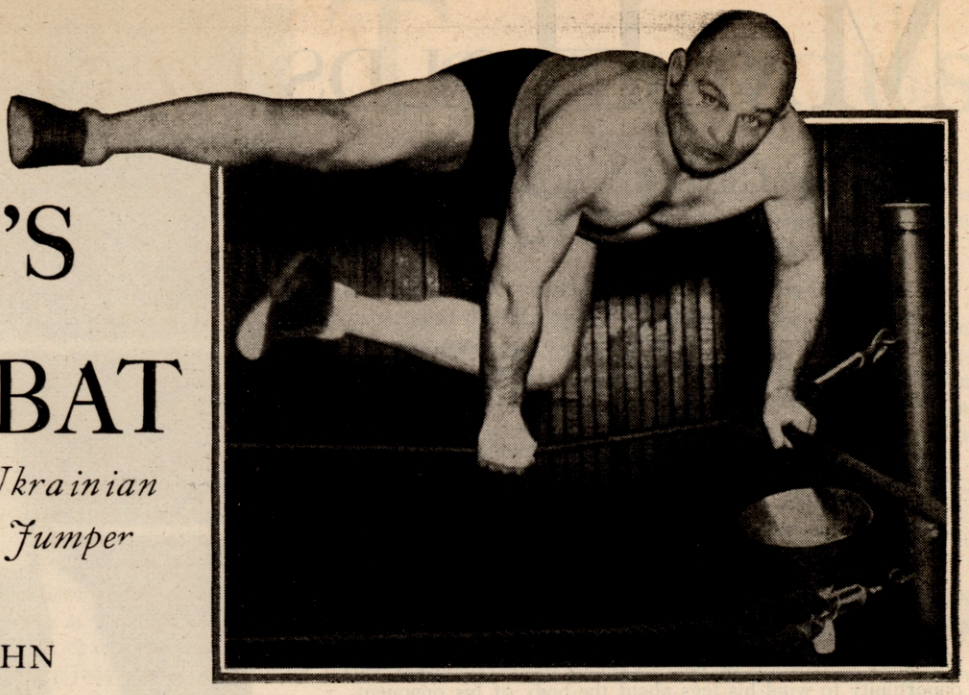


Joe Stecher, the master of the body scissors, goes about his punishing business.

MAT SPORT'S ACROBAT

"Count" Zarynoff, Ukrainian Grappler, a High Jumper of Ability

By MIKE COHN



THE world of sport is full of freaks, but in no branch will you find so many varieties as in wrestling. Take for example Fritz Kley, the human contortionist who can fold himself into a pretzel appearance; Sol Slagle, another of the Kley type whose antics in the ring bring forth rounds of laughter and keep the fans in good humor throughout his match; Singh, the latest Hindu importation whose offerings of prayers followed by a continuous slapping of his right thigh have become familiar to New York fans; Matros Kirilenko, whose stately, soldierly carriage and his leopard's skin robe have made him famous. Those are only a few of the many specimens in the mat world who have one or more peculiarities that have made a definite impression on the mat followers.

But of all the wrestling stars now before the public, there is none who is so acrobatically inclined as George Zarynoff, the short, stubbily built, bald-headed Ukrainian George, at one time a circus follower with an acrobatic troupe, who can do stunts that few of America's foremost gymnasts can perform. When it comes to leaping over ropes, balancing on the ring strands, playing leap frog with an opponent, and squirming out of holds, there is no one in the sport who is George's equal.

* * *

HE is dubbed the "Count," although nothing displeases him more than to be referred to as a Russian member of nobility. "My parents were of the common herd, and their parents likewise came from the common Ukrainian stock and I'm proud that I also belong to the ordinary class. We Ukrainians have no love for the Russians. We were oppressed by the late Czar and his cohorts, and a Ukrainian regards it as an insult to be called a Russian Count. That's why I have repeatedly asked Jack Curley not to bill me as a 'Count' because it gets under my skin, but the fans have already become accustomed to that nickname and I suppose I'll have to carry it with me into retirement," said Zarynoff in my interview with him.

Zarynoff attributes his agility to exercises he had taken when a youth abroad. "We used to have peasants' games in our village that required considerable jumping. At first I found it most difficult to get the knack, but there were some of my playmates who could leap close to six feet over a rope without much trouble.

"I recently watched an athletic meet in the Madison Square Garden on one of my few nights off and saw a high jumper leap over the bar at a height of six feet seven inches. Of course, that's great—a feat few persons can accomplish, but I know quite a few of my fellow countrymen who could come within a few inches of that. With a little extra training, I'm sure that I could leap over the bar in a high jump at five feet eight inches.

"When you consider that I often have leaped straight into the air from the ring over the ropes to the platform at a height of more than four feet, just imagine what I could do were I to learn the art of swinging my body sideways and leaping over the ropes at such an angle as do your high jumpers. I am an expert at what you term the Russian dances which require quick movement of the feet and often wind up in a leap into the air and that's how I first learned to do the jumps I now perform in my wrestling matches."

* * *

ZARYNOFF, is one of the best defensive wrestlers in the mat sport. He also is one of the most spectacular. He has a variety of offensive weapons that, according to such a fine judge as George Bothner, make him one of the outstanding grappling stars of today. It took Zarynoff years of experience and hard struggling to get where he is, but now that he has arrived, he hopes soon to reach the position where he can command a title shot.

He has been competing in this country for a little more than three years. He came to America from Australia where he spent considerable time and brought back with him close to a quarter of a million dollars which he amassed by meeting all comers both in the Antipodes and in Europe. George has lost most of that since coming here.

Zarynoff got accustomed to the American investment system as practiced at the corner of Wall and Broad streets in New York City, and that cost him heavily. In addition to this, he married a Jewish belle of Boston, two years ago, and paid $80,000 for a large and beautiful estate in a suburb of the city of culture.

Of course one can get plenty of land for that amount of money and this is exactly what Zarynoff procured. He makes good use of it too, for while his particular fancy is breeding beagles, he has a complete farm on his estate and takes much delight in raising products of the soil.

All this is the personal side of the Ukrainian. His wrestling prowess is too well known to delve into at length. His principal ambition is the same as any other grappler, that is, to win the championship.

Zarynoff's size is no obstacle. Standing only five feet eight inches, he can reach any of his opponents because of his bouncing faculties. He can apply a flying head scissors with the ease of any hold from a standing position. Weighing close to 200 pounds, he will match his strength with that of any man and doesn't know the word fear.

He got his biggest test of facing danger during the World War. Cooped up in a German prison camp, he lost his hair overnight going through the tortures of the captives because he failed to divulge valuable secrets he possessed.

Young Coast Star

Vic Christy, Product of Los Angeles A. C., former Coast Light-Heavyweight Amateur Champ, Making Rapid Progress as Pro

By ALEX SULLIVAN

IF there is anything in environment, then Vic Christy, young sensation from the Coast, should go far in the wrestling world. Vic's home is but a stone's throw from the domiciles of two such mat celebrities as Ed Strangler Lewis, four times world's champion, and Ray Steele, who started out in life with the moniker, Peter Sauer. Vic hails from Glendale, Calif., which seems to be a great stamping ground for star grapplers, and he hopes to go as far, if not farther, than either of his more illustrious townsmen.

As a matter of fact, at a corresponding period in the careers of either, the Strangler and Steele, neither of the two famous pachyderms was anywhere as near as far advanced as is Vic. Few wrestlers ever came to the front as rapidly as he. Already he is causing heaps of talk everywhere because of the surprising ability he has shown for one so new at the grappling industry.

It was only a comparatively short time ago that Vic was finishing his course up at the Glendale High School. He is only twenty-one now, and has not yet cast his first ballot. He says he will return home for the next elections, no matter where he is or what matches he has to cancel in order to get in his first vote. Vic takes keen interest in political doings and hopes some day, after he has retired from wrestling (providing he doesn't wait as long as the fifty-three-year-old Stanislaus Zbyszko is doing) to enter politics. He won first prize in political economy at high school.

* * *

ALTHOUGH he has just reached his majority, Christy probably has had more experience on the mat than anyone has ever had at his age. Imagine a lad of his age having held the mighty Strangler Lewis to a draw when he was last champion before Jim Browning took him into camp! Well, that's one among the many feats accomplished by the "baby face" from the Coast. He also held Sammy Stein to an hour's draw, which is no mean stunt considering the remarkable record the clever Jewish performer has had in the three years he has wrestled.

Old Bill Shakespeare tried to claim there was nothing in a name, giving the old sales talk that a rose with any other name would smell as sweet, but Christy thinks the fact that his first name is Victor augurs well for his success in Matdom.

Vic stands six feet two inches and weighs 208 pounds. He'd be the last person one would take for a wrestler, but in the ring he is a lion when once he sweeps into action, as Stein, Lewis, and a host of other stars will attest.

* * *

WHEN a member of the Los Angeles A. C., Vic won the southern light-heavyweight amateur crown. He had many an offer to enter the movies but passed them all up so he could pursue his mat inclinations.

Vic specializes in the body and flying scissors, which are holds that only the most experienced wrestlers dare try to execute.

Take a glance at a bit of his record. Thus far, at this writing, he has defeated Carl Davis, Tiny Roebuck, Floyd Marshall, Frank Brunowicz, Doctor Sarpolis, whom he beat in two straight falls inside of seven minutes; and has drawn with such stars as Ray Steele, Strangler Lewis, Gino Garibaldi, Hans Steinke, and Pat O'Shocker. Great, isn't it, for a lad not in the game more than a year?

Vic played basketball at high school and started wrestling when he was eighteen. He did most of his training outdoors, which fact, he thinks, has been a big help in his fast climb to the front ranks. He is fond of boating, swimming, and fishing.

One of the training stunts hit upon by Vic to strengthen his legs is the wrapping of them around a medicine ball.

"On to victory with Vic" should be his mat slogan.

Christy is one of a nucleus of speedy young fellows, which includes Cliff Olson, Sammy Stein, Sandor Szabo, Jim McMillen, Gino Garibaldi, Joe Savoldi, Sam Cordovano and Paul Boesch. They are the boys who supply the thrills when in there with the experienced veterans like Lewis, Londos, Browning, Steinke and Shikat.

* * *

VIC has no false illusions about the tugging and tossing racket. He fully realizes that it takes hours and hours of hard and strenuous training each day to put him in shape for the arduous task of tackling the big bruisers. He knows that he has to suffer torturous headlocks, toeholds, and all the other bone-breaking and breath-taking holds.

But, nevertheless, young Vic seems to stand up well under this vigorous routine. He likes to travel and meet people, and he certainly gets a good chance to satisfy this trait.

A big favorite wherever he wrestles, young Christy has many feminine fans among his rooters. And, why not? He's young, handsome and popular.

Vic Christy, sensational California youngster, who has met the best.

"And Strong Men Wept!"

By ED. W. SMITH

UNDER what stress of tremendous emotional or nervous tension can a great athlete be moved to tears—a great, big, fine, healthy outburst of the real salty stuff!

Perhaps this may never have occurred to you, but tears often come in most unexpected spots. This idea is suggested by a little yarn that Ned Russell, one of the greatest of the country's junior tennis stars, told me the other day. And I'll tell you others.

While playing in the Canadian doubles with his partner, Charley Hunt of San Francisco, against a crack team from over the northern border, with a packed gallery in attendance, Ned said a strange and utterly incomprehensible feeling of absolute dejection came over him. He couldn't shake it off.

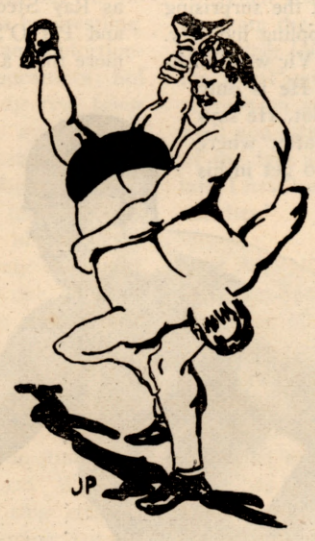
It was right at the end of a set which he and his pal had won and everything looked—and was—rosy but he suddenly gave way to an uncontrollable burst of weeping during which he turned and threw his racquet at his partner, then hastily left the court!

"And I'll never be able to tell you how that came about," he finished with a big laugh. "I knew we could win easily, so wasn't worried. Just the end of a long, nerve-racking trip, I guess."

Ned is only a slip of a kid of seventeen, so perhaps the incident of the tears was just natural.

* * *

THEN I told him that I once saw Frank Gotch, doubtless one of the greatest wrestlers of all time, sitting by the side of an Iowa road blubbering like a baby in distress. Tears the size of crab apples were streaming down his bronzed cheeks, and his big body was shaken with sobs and moans. He had just started training for his second match with George Hackenschmidt, famed "Russian Lion," after a lay-off of several months.



His trainer, Emil Klank, who likewise acted as his business agent, being about all he ever had in the line of a manager after Horace Lerch of Buffalo, N. Y., passed out of the picture, had asked me into the car that was to follow Gotch. I had gone to Humboldt to get a story on Frank for my Chicago paper.

As we overtook Gotch and saw his predicament, Klank's face went ashen.

"Maybe he's broken his leg or something!" he gasped, leaping out and rushing to the gladiator's side. Gotch's face went as red as Klank's was white when he saw us.

"Nothing wrong at all," the big fellow said feebly, "except that at times I just can't stand this thing of roadwork. I'd sooner wrestle twenty tough guys than put in five more miles on this dusty road. It seems like I just can't go through with it," and the conqueror of the world's greatest grapplers stood up unsteadily, wiped those tears away and looked thoroughly ashamed.

Then he had to join in the relieved laughs that both Klank and I gave him.

* * *

GOTCH was only around thirty-two then and little more than a kid as wrestlers go. But those first days of road work, the most dreaded—and the most necessary—in the whole curriculum of training, especially after several months of idleness, actually reduced him to tears, courageous as he otherwise was.

Just the other morning, the writer chanced upon Ed Lewis, the "Strangler," coming down the slope of one of the Acacia Hills in the old home town of Glendale, Calif. He was in full training attire, ablaze with activity and leaking like an old hose at every pore—a picture of a great athlete taking his profession seriously.

He wanted to get his title back—sick and tired of having husky young blades tossing him around promiscuously. At least that was his feeling at that time.

Lewis, near the end of his morning's journey, was willing to halt for a few moments, and I took the occasion to tell him the incident about Gotch, a champion who was just passing over the championship peak as Lewis was coming up the other side—over twenty years ago.

"Nope, I never cried on the road that I remember," he told me, "but this I can assure you—there have been times when I could outcuss any sailor that ever lived and felt like going berserk, I've been that sore and disgusted with the whole thing. I know how Gotch felt but he just had a different way of showing it. Yes, I've seen 'em cry all right but it was because of hatred and general resentment at the situation."

* * *

THIS present day "Strangler" says he can easily take off from ten to fourteen pounds in the three hours that he puts in on the road when he is at home, getting up at six o'clock for his long gallops. Strange, too, the big man likes his eats and has a native fondness for good old Teutonic lager but, despite his forty-odd years, can put the brakes on as easily as any young chap just coming up with plenty of ambition. He can be as abstemious as anybody when he needs to be.

That's tough at times, too, because, when Ed is at home, he is active in the management of two prosperous restaurants he owns, one in Glendale and the other in near-by Alhambra and daily watches his many customers consume vast quantities of tasty food—a most trying operation for a man of hearty tastes and the possessor of a huge engine.

It takes plenty of fortitude and will power. Training at that age is a tough racket.

You've seen lots of men weep after a contest is over—weep with sheer joy at a great victory or groan and moan in abandoned grief after a crushing defeat. That's not an uncommon sight at all but the strange thing is to see tears BEFORE THE BATTLE.

* * *

GEORGES CARPENTIER wept three days before his battle with Jack Dempsey for the championship and it wasn't through any feeling of fright or despair or anything of that sort. It was merely an emotional outburst more common among foreign athletes than it is with the matter-of-fact and thoroughly toughened American brand.

It must be remembered that Georges was making his big bid for the title in a foreign land, was totally among strangers excepting for the little coterie that gathered about him out there at his Long Island training quarters—Manhasset, wasn't it?—and the exotic one's thoughts went back constantly to that dear ol' Paree.

Yet when the Frenchman got into that ring at Boyle's Acres in Jersey City, that tremendous day back in 1921, before the biggest crowd that ever had gathered to see a battle, he was as steady as a rock, as steady as any man in the house, and was thoroughly reassured by the unbelievable ovation given him upon his introduction.

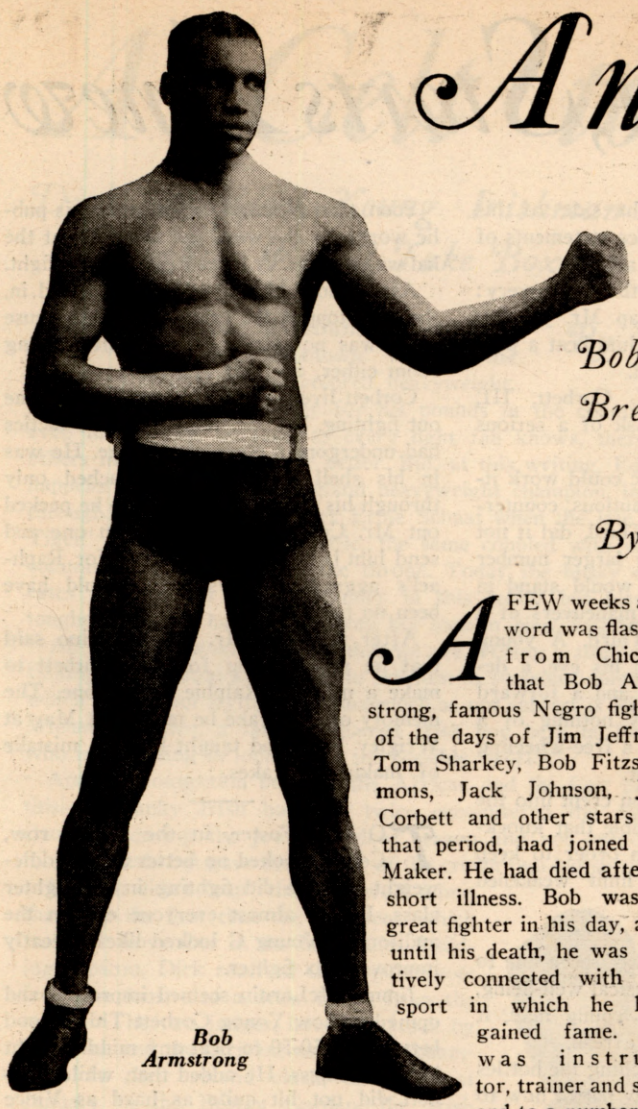
There were tears in his eyes when he stood in his corner and listened to what was by all odds the finest tribute ever paid a foreign athlete. Strange under the circumstances, too, because it was figured that Carpentier, an

(Continued on page 47)

An Impressive Punch

Bob Armstrong's Blow to Tom Sharkey's Bread-Basket, Caused Sailor to Perfect Defense for Jeffries' Crouch

By HARVEY CUNNINGHAM



Bob Armstrong

A FEW weeks ago word was flashed from Chicago that Bob Armstrong, famous Negro fighter of the days of Jim Jeffries, Tom Sharkey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Jim Corbett and other stars of that period, had joined his Maker. He had died after a short illness. Bob was a great fighter in his day, and until his death, he was actively connected with the sport in which he had gained fame. He was instructor, trainer and second to a number of Chicago boys, including Battling Levinsky. Recently, when the Battler appeared in Madison Square Garden for an engagement, Armstrong accompanied him as trainer and chief second.

While in New York Bob told many interesting stories about his ring career, including that of his fight with Jim Jeffries on the night when Jim ran out of his fight with Steve O'Donnell. Bob was an excellent fighter, one who carried a terrific wallop in either hand, especially his left, and who also was quite clever. He fought every man of note in the period between 1893 and 1903 and was much sought after by managers as a training partner.

Tim McGrath, famous Coast referee and handler of fighters who, with Tom O'Rourke, managed Tom Sharkey when the sailor was in his prime, tells a story of Armstrong which illustrates the power behind Bob's fists. The story centers around the Jeffries-Sharkey fight at Coney Island on November 3, 1898. Two months previously, Armstrong had met Jeffries in New York in a ten-round mill and it was in that battle that Jeff claimed he had broken his hand and couldn't go on with O'Donnell.

McGrath, eager to teach Sharkey some pointers about the Jeffries' crouch which he had employed in his battle with Armstrong, hired Bob to train Tom. The Jeffries' crouch was an invention of Billy Delaney, Jim's manager, and McGrath made up his mind that he would have Sharkey coached so that he would know exactly how to handle the Boilermaker. And that's where Armstrong came in.

We will let Tim tell the story from here.

* * *

"I CALLED Armstrong into my room one day and I said to him:

"'Now, Bob, you know why I hired you, don't you?'

"'Yas, sah, foh to train Tom.'

"'Exactly, but that's not all. I want you to make him accustomed to the Jeffries' crouch. I want you to work it so often on him that he'll know exactly what to do when Jim crouches.'

"'Now,' I said, 'I want you to go in the ring with Tom tomorrow and box him just the way that Jeffries is likely to fight him. You know how Jeff fought you. Now do the same with Tom.'

"'Yas, sah, Mistah McGrath,' he said, 'yas, sah.'

"'I want you to crouch down low,' I said, 'and when he comes at you, I want you to stay in the crouch and hit him on the ribs just as hard as you can.'

"Bob seemed a bit dubious. He looked at me to see if he understood.

"'You mean, Mistah McGrath,' he asked, 'that Ah am to knock him dead if Ah can?'

"'That is just exactly what I mean,' I said. 'You are to hit him with everything you can put in your punches.'

"Bob started to argue.

"'Ah don't know whether Ah want that kind of job,' he protested. 'Supposing that Ah don't knock him dead. Then what's goin' to happen to me?'

"'That's your lookout,' I said, 'but you do what I tell you.'

"That afternoon when Bob boxed with Sharkey, he deliberately disobeyed orders. He crouched, all right, just as Jeffries was supposed to be doing, but he held back his punches.

* * *

"I HAD a talk with Bob after the workout was over and saw that, though he might promise, he had no idea of hitting with all his might. So I phoned to Tom O'Rourke. explained the situation, and told him that we must have a man who would do as I wanted.

"'All right,' said O'Rourke, 'you send Armstrong to me and see what I can do with him.'

"The conversation between the two was right to the point. O'Rourke had managed colored fighters so long that he knew just how to deal with them.

"'You do as they want you to,' he said decisively.

"'But,' protested Armstrong, 'what if Ah get killed?'

"'In that case,' said O'Rourke, 'I will see that you get a good funeral with flowers and everything.'

"So Armstrong returned to camp feeling very downcast. 'Mistah McGrath,' he said, 'Ah goin' do just as you and Mistah O'Rourke say; but Ah ain't doin' right by my family; no sah, Ah ain't doin' right.'

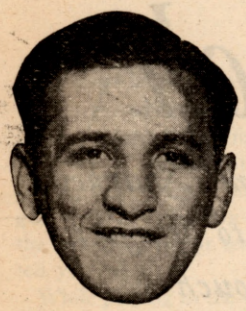
"Next day we all gathered around the ring to see how the experiment worked out.

"Pretty soon, in came Armstrong with the air of a man going to be executed, but, apparently, determined to obey orders at all costs.

"Sharkey, understand, was not in on the play, for we wanted him to learn how to look for the unexpected.

"Armstrong crouched over, sped up, *(Continued on page 46)*

Young Corbett, III, Starts Anew



Young Corbett, III, former World's welterweight champion.

YOUNG Ralph Corbett, III, has moved up nearer the head of the class. He has discarded the primer and is busily engaged in pursuit of advanced fistic knowledge and, incidentally, quantities of handsomely engraved treasury notes. For years Mr. Corbett's ring work was tinted with what, for want of a better term, we will call a collegiate complex. What we mean to say is that young Ralph Three was content to get in there and battle for the honor and glory of dear old Rutgers or Fresno or Sunny California—and for little else.

In years gone by, he liked nothing better than to hop into the ring with the recognized champion of his division and cautiously, carefully, but inevitably, outpoint that gentleman. That the match was an overweight one and that the party of first part, viz., the champion, took the bulk of the gate mattered not at all to Young Third.

Then came his big day when Jackie Fields posted as a prize the glittering crown worn to signify the champion of all men of 147 pounds.

And Ralphie won it. And a few months later, while busily engaged in exchanging punches with his chief contender, James McLarnin of the Vancouver McLarnins, he forgot to duck.

Now it was along shortly after this that Mr. Corbett began to review his lessons. Here he was an ex-uncrowned champion and an uncrowned ex-champion, veteran of about 150 gos and very seldom had it been necessary to spend a great deal of time in counting his end of the take.

IT might have been that ad of the correspondence school that states: "Often the best man but groom for only a short time." At any rate the Corbett eyes were open to the fact that glory can not be eaten by Mr. and Mrs. Young Corbett Three nor fed to Young Corbetts four and five (if any).

"Money is made in the fight game," Corbett reflected with some surprise. And he thereupon set out to plumb the depth of the wherefor.

He had, he knew, drawn the bucks through the gate in steady if not exciting number. He had a quantity of "color." He had won his fights with regularity. He was earnest, hard working, and was always out to win.

Why then did the right side of his ledger lag behind the balance statements of many with far less native ability.

And then came the startling discovery: build the sort of mousetrap Mr. John J. Fightfan wants and watch him beat a path toward your jousting field.

And so Mr. Ralph Y. Corbett, III, poured himself into the task of a serious rebuilding.

If a portion of the public could work itself into a lather over a cautious, counter-punching Young Corbett, Third, did it not follow that a considerably larger number of the sport-buying folks would stand in line to palpitate over the maneuvers of a slashing Young Corbett Third. A young Corbett Third with fire in his eye, a determination in his innards and a forward spring in his step. To say nothing of a Young Corbett Third with a free-wheeling left and a pathfinding right.

And then a little suspicion crept into the Corbett mind. Was it possible that knocking off all those pounds in order to keep within the welterweight limit weakened him?

NOW Ralph had always been one to look after his physical well-being, and being still a young man, it was no trick at all to start afresh.

He got himself a job teaching the bottles and stoppers of the highway patrol how to handle their dukes. And filled in his odd moments hunting and fishing and beating down trees with an ax. This last bit of business put the old steel in his grip.

He found his best fighting weight to be around 154 pounds. It was in keeping with the new deal to make the most of this knowledge. He renounced the welter class and declared himself in on the middleweight fuss.

Along about the time Mr. Corbett is ready to display the 1934 model, Mr. John Sylvester is anxiously dashing hither and thither in search of a shot to inaugurate his newly acquired Civic Auditorium in San Francisco.

He talks the matter over with Young Corbett and points out that Mr. Babe Marino of the Mission is in high favor at the moment and that if Mr. Corbett and Mr. Marino were to sign for a match the public might take more than a passing interest in the incident.

"I'll play a stack," replied Mr. Corbett, in effect.

Now on paper this looked like a helluva fight. Babe Marino is known around San Francisco as a guy who is rough and tough and likes to fight. He has always been one to come charging in with both hands flaying and let the chaps fall where they may.

Further, the Babe has exhibited a willingness to take a punch in order to get in where he can score on his own account.

Soon after Young Corbett began his public workouts, the word got around that the lad was serious. It looked like a great fight.

After about $13,000 had been packed in, the law stopped the sale of tickets because there was no standing room left. Sitting room either, for that matter.

Corbett lived up to his promise. He came out fighting, but Mr. Babe Marino's tactics had undergone a complete change. He was in his shell and could be reached only through his attorney. Every time he peeked out Mr. Corbett would bop him one and send him back. Had it not been for Raphael's aggressive ways there would have been no fight.

After the bout Mr. Babe Marino said that he was waiting for Mr. Corbett to make a mistake. Ralphie made none. The memory of a mistake he made last May at Wrigley Field had taught him the mistake of making mistakes.

TO Pop Foster, in the fourth row, Corbett looked no better as a middleweight than he did fighting in the lighter class. But to almost everyone else in the auditorium Young C looked like a greatly improved box fighter.

Jimmy McLarnin seemed impressed and opined as how Young Corbett Third stood better than 50-50 to beat any middleweight in the business. He added that, while Corbett did not hit quite as hard as Vince Dundee, he was fast and smart.

Concerning a return go with McLarnin, Corbett says he will gladly fight providing he gets a fair share of the gate. And as long as Jimmy holds a crown, you can be sure that Pop will demand a champion's end. Furthermore, Corbett insists he will do all his fighting in the future at whichever weight he finds himself the strongest. From present indications, he will scale in the neighborhood of 154-158 pounds.

Mr. Ralph Young Corbett realizes he has a superior article to sell now and will hold out for the full market value. That does not mean that he will insist on unreasonable guarantees. The young Fresnan has confidence enough in himself to gamble on the figures he can draw through the customers' gate.

A title would be nice, he admits, but a good sincere fighter out there throwing 'em and levelling all the time, Corbett believes, will do right well by himself. Especially when the fighter in question has as much to offer as Raphael.

And neither you nor I would be surprised to see Corbett and Dundee matched. And we would both survive the news of a win by Mr. Ralph Young Corbett, Third.

Coast critics have watched Young Corbett's comeback with keen interest because of the methods he has adopted in getting back into the fistic spotlight. He has regained confidence in himself.

A Celt to the Rescue

Dick Madden, Young Irishman from "John L.'s" District, May be the Fighter Who'll Take Boxing Out of the Doldrums in New England

By DOC ALMY

THIS is not to inform RING readers that Edward "Unknown" Winston, the Hartford, Conn., colored heavyweight, is the best ringster for his pounds in the country, or even in the city, because, as every fight fan knows, there are others in the game who are better. But, at this writing, Edward happens to be the New England heavyweight champion, largely through a victory scored over Ernie Schaaf when the late "Sea Tiger" was in pretty fair fettle, the same coupled with official commission appointment to the throne. Today the husky darky rates not only as the title-holder in this sector but also the toughest, fastest, hardest-punching big man in New England.

All of which would indicate that we are writing a story about Champion Winston and trying to sell him to someone, something which we are not trying to do, inasmuch as our subject is Richard Michael Madden, a tall, tow-haired Irish boy here in Boston, who is beginning to loom up as the possible "works."

And the connection between the African and the Celt is just this—the lanky Irish boy has twice encountered the colored champion during the present indoor season and not only lives to tell the tale but gave the wearer of the crown two big surprises.

Madden didn't "cop" the title, we'll admit that, but the first time the pair met, which was last November in the Mechanics Building, Boston, Dick received the popular vote from the fans, also a draw ballot from the referee. The two judges, however, stuck by Winston, and the decision went to the champion. In their second clash, an affair of January in the Boston Garden, the Irish boy again received the popular verdict from the spectators, but more important, the official award of a draw.

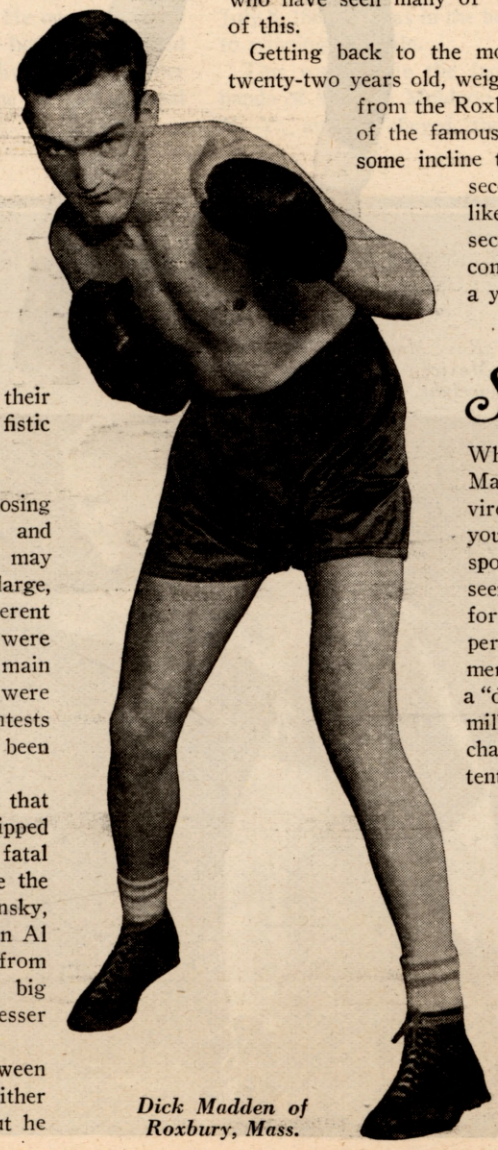
Today the score stands about fifty-fifty between the formidable colored Hartford veteran and the big kid, whose father and mother came from County Galway and raised their boy in South Boston—some background for a fistic hope in these parts.

* * *

NOW, while it may be admitted that losing an official decision in one fight, and merely getting a draw in another, may not sound particularly hot to the world at large, a number of the facts involved cast a different light on the picture. Both of these bouts were twelve-rounders—both were Madden's initial main bout appearances in a Boston ring—and they were only the thirteenth and fourteenth "pro" contests fought by the youngster. Never before had he been asked to travel more than eight rounds.

Furthermore, it should be remembered that Champion Winston, in addition to having whipped Schaaf back in 1932, some time prior to the fatal affair with Carnera in New York, had gone the route and made plenty of bother for King Levinsky, also knocked out Billy Jones in a round, when Al Lippe's protégé was at his peak. And, aside from these affairs, Winston also had massacred big Walter Cobb, to say nothing of numerous lesser lights.

In neither case in the two Boston fights between Winston and Madden was the champion either fooling, under wraps, or out of condition, but he was in there, coached by Denny MacMahon, a skilled veteran, defending his title. A defeat in either case would have served to tumble Winston off of his throne.



Dick Madden of Roxbury, Mass.

So, considering this and that, we feel perfectly justified in today's big cheer for Madden as the outstanding white hope here in New England—the boy who seems destined to step into the popularity shoes once worn by Jimmy Maloney. Nor are we traveling the single track, for our views are shared by Alex MacLean, once manager of Jack Johnson, Sandy Ferguson, Matty Baldwin, Gilbert Gallant, and other real fighting men of the past who knew what it was all about, also by Billy Ames, matchmaker for the Boston Garden, who admits to thirty years in boxing.

Both see in Madden the coming Irish heavyweight which boxing, particularly here in New England, demands as the leader to help get it back onto its feet, yet both pass this word of caution to the Celt's mentor, Barney Fox: "Don't rush this big boy too fast. He gave Winston two corking fights, but let the boy put on a bit more weight and gain in experience. Forget the money part of it for 1934—that can be talked about in 1935." We who have seen many of 'em come and go, say "Amen" to all of this.

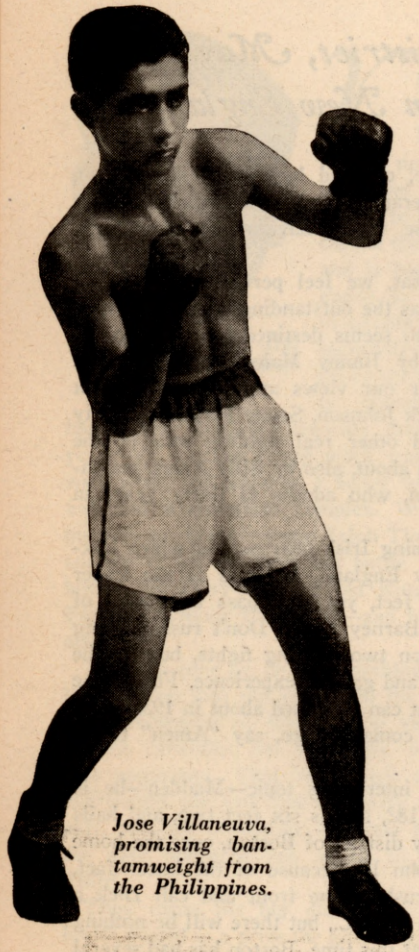
Getting back to the more interesting topic—Madden—he is twenty-two years old, weighs 182, stands six feet two, and hails from the Roxbury district of Boston, once the home of the famous John L. Because of the latter fact, some incline to rush to the front and call Dick a second John L., but there will be nothing like that this time. Boston has had several second John L.'s who failed to click—the comparison is regarded as bad "dope" for a youngster to get into his head.

* * *

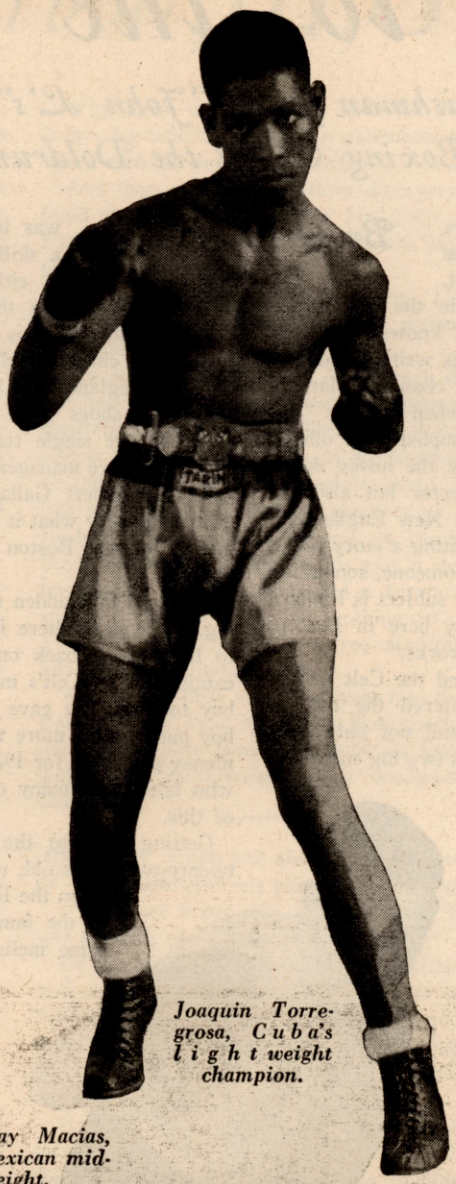
SO today Dick is merely known as the "Fighting Bartender," the same in recognition of his regular job. When not fighting or training for a bout, Madden is tending bar, all of which environment might seem a bit bad for a youngster of twenty-two years who has sporty notions. But, strange as it may seem, though Dick draws plenty of suds for thirsty customers in a one hundred per cent legalized barroom, also is a member of the Bartenders' Union, he is a "dry" and confines his drinking to coffee, milk, and water. His job and personal characteristics remind one to some extent of Max Baer in the earlier scenes of the *Prize Fighter and the Lady.*

Madden first donned the gloves as a novice when seventeen, and boxed as a welter in amateur affairs. With added weight, he invaded the middleweight division, again making good. In 1931, he won his way through the light-heavies to win top junior national championship honors. Then, frozen out as a "pure" for lack of opponents, he turned to the money-chasers, his first contest being with Gus Carlson (*Continued on page* 44)

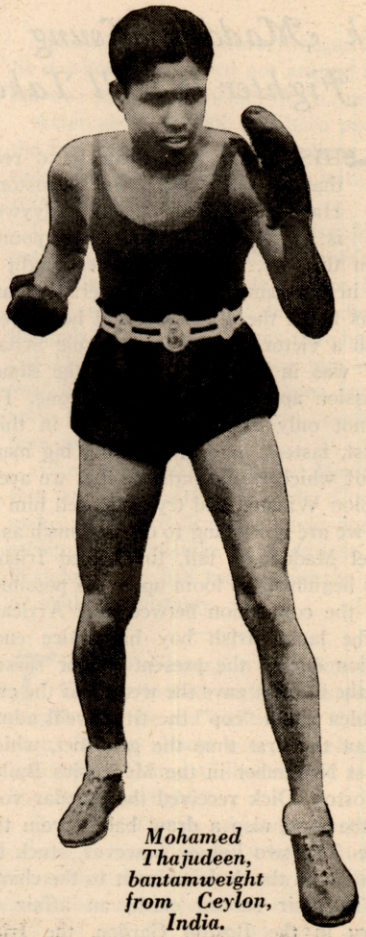
Foreigners Who Are Making the Grade



Jose Villaneuva, promising bantamweight from the Philippines.

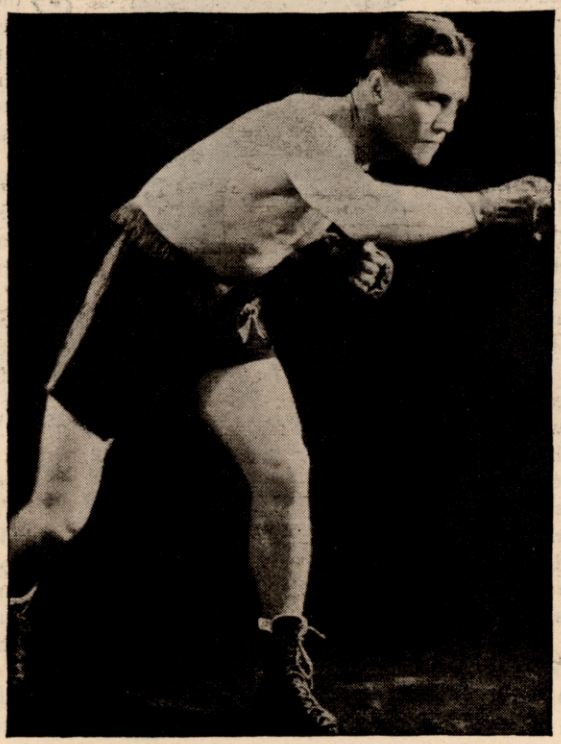


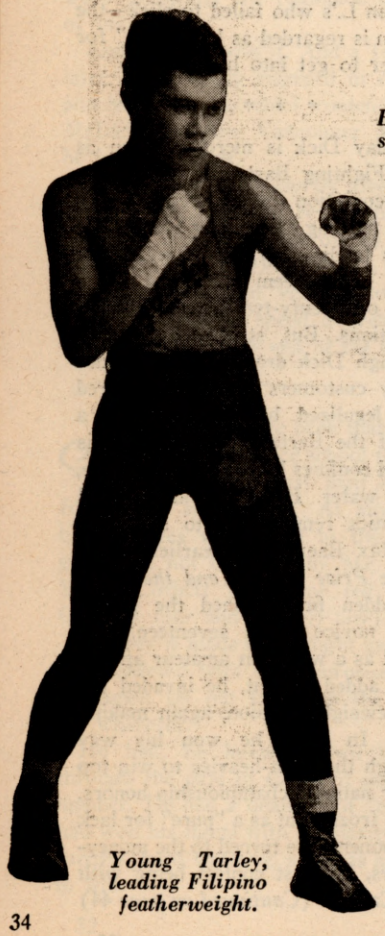
Joaquin Torregrosa, Cuba's lightweight champion.



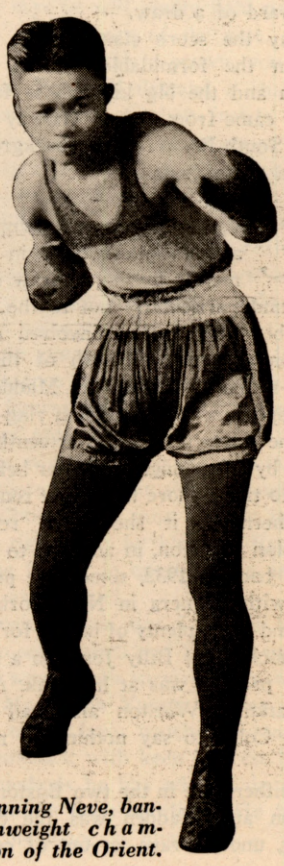
Mohamed Thajudeen, bantamweight from Ceylon, India.

Below — Ray Macias, slashing Mexican middleweight.





Young Tarley, leading Filipino featherweight.



Cunning Neve, bantamweight champion of the Orient.

PUGILISM'S PROGRESS

(This is the fifth of a series by Charles F. Mathison, noted authority on boxing, written for THE RING *a few weeks before his death. In the articles, he traces the various blows used from the bare-knuckle period to the present time.—Editor's Note.)*

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

I OFTEN was asked by correspondents to describe the kind of an attack used by John L. Sullivan. I saw the Boston Strong Boy in almost every one of his battles from the time when he won the American title until he retired and I studied him closely and found that he employed only two modes of attack throughout his career. He was a man of extraordinary strength, a modern Hercules in strength, and, as a result, he didn't think it necessary to learn the various punches that a good fighter would have in his repertoire.

His lead was a straight left for the body and a partly hooked right for the face. Sullivan was an expert in counter-hitting and a left lead by an opponent was invariably met by a right cross to the face. If his opponent was bold enough to risk a right lead, Sullivan almost invariably crossed him with a left to the body.

Sullivan made up for lack of variety in his punches by the force behind his blows. His attack was one of sheer, brute strength. He knew how to toss a punch, for he used every ounce of his shoulders behind the blow and, when he landed, there was a crash that could not be mistaken so far as the power behind it was concerned.

When Sullivan started a punch, every pound in the big frame lunged forward behind the attack and, when he was in his prime, he was fast enough to insure hitting his man. He once hit Dominick McCaffrey on the shoulder with a right hook and toppled the Pittsburgher to the ground. Although Sullivan fought under both the London and Queensberry rules, he never changed his style.

John L. Sullivan was the only heavyweight in the world who won his title under London rules and lost it according to the Marquis of Queensberry code. Sullivan won the heavyweight championship of America from Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, February 7, 1882, in a bare-knuckle battle that lasted nine rounds. He lost the title to Jim Corbett at New Orleans, September 7, 1892, in a bout that lasted twenty-one rounds. Five-ounce gloves were worn by the fighters.

The nine rounds contested with Ryan occupied but eleven minutes. Each round under the London code ended when a boxer went to earth and, as Sullivan knocked Ryan flat in nearly every round, the encounter was a short one.

The twenty-one-round battle with Corbett, which was fought under the Queensberry rules, required an hour and twenty-two minutes, including the one-minute rest between rounds and the two minutes of the twenty-first round preceding the knock-out of the champion.

* * *

SULLIVAN was in the best physical condition of his life when he met Ryan, but after the victory, the new champion set a merry pace and deteriorated rapidly. In fact, Sullivan's fight with Ryan, and his battle with Kilrain, for which the Boston Strong Boy was trained by William Muldoon, were the best contests Sullivan took part in during his career. When Sullivan met Ryan, the challenger weighed 193 pounds and was in top form physically. When Sullivan faced Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889, he was in the best condition he had shown subsequent to winning the title.

This was due to the fact that he had placed himself in the hands of William Muldoon at the latter's health farm at Belfast, N. Y., and he obeyed, though (*Continued on page* 44)

John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan in their famous bare-knuckle fight at Mississippi City on February 7, 1882, which Sullivan won.

Comic Capers of Celebrities

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

"I'LL give you a couple of hundred bucks if you land on me three times in this round," said Ike O'Neil Weir, the masterly featherweight world's champion, in his gallant, glorious days, to the clever colored "Kentucky Rosebud," his dangerous antagonist, many years ago in Philadelphia.

"Dat sounds like chicken pie to me, Ike. You're on, boy!"

The proposition seemed to electrify the "Rosebud," who rushed at Weir like a whirlwind, hammer and tongs in a desperate effort to win the extra prize, but the "Belfast Spider," the nickname by which Weir was known, hopped, skipped, and danced around the ring so artfully and swiftly that the dusky lad was nonplussed.

"Hey dar, white boy, how de devil can I hit you when you won't stand and fight?" bleated the Rosebud, considerably confused.

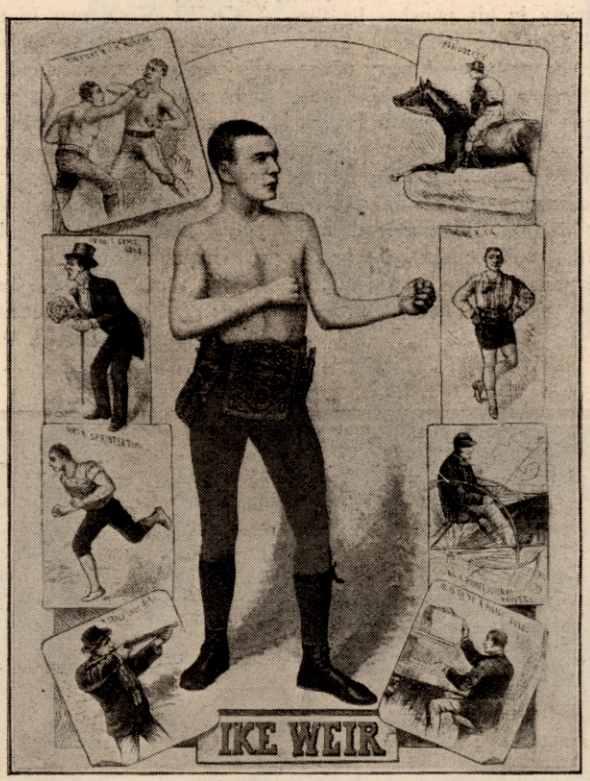
"Here I am," answered Weir as he posed in the center of the ring. "Come on and get me."

The Rosebud made a wild rush and the Spider very cleverly sidestepped, and then, like a flash of lightning, Weir drove his right to the jaw of his opponent who went down and was counted out.

Shortly after the fracas, they met in a friendly chat, as fighters often do. "You see I was trying to figure out how much money there was in the house when, bango, you knocked me cold," explained the Rosebud. "Never again will I count my chickens before they are hatched."

* * *

IKE O'NEIL WEIR was certainly a very comic and erratic personality in and out of the ring. He was an all-around rollicking playboy, very versatile under all conditions. He could sing, dance, play the piano and other musical instruments; he was a crack shot with any kind of a gun or pistol and could ride a horse like a professional jockey. His Boston friends and admirers who wanted to enjoy a good hearty laugh seldom missed one of his ring combats. What a contortionist he was within ropes when his humorous spirit was working! He could twist his body into all kinds of queer and comical shapes, more than any professional belly dancer I ever saw. He frequently burlesqued his opponent to get his goat and give the fans a laugh.



Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, who was one of the most talented of all fighters.

Quite often he was apt to dance a jig in any round of a hard grueling fight. My, what dangerous thrilling chances he took of being knocked cold with his buffoonery. Many of Weir's most strenuous, desperate finish skin-glove battles were fought in private—some of which went sixty or eighty bloody rounds to a bitter finish.

Often the spectators were packed up close to the ropes. Ike, however, never seemed to lose his humorous playfulness and frequently grabbed a cigar out of the mouth of some ringsider and kept puffing away, daring his opponent to knock it out, until finally the referee would order him to throw the cigar away and stop his monkeyshines.

The eccentric Spider was very proud of his gorgeous diamond championship belt, which he often wore in public or had conspicuously displayed in some prominent show window. I remember when he had it on exhibition in the window of a big saloon in South Boston. Weir would wait until the crowd of factory workers in the neighborhood were on their way home in the evening. Then he would hop into the window and, in the most grotesque manner, start polishing up his glittering emblem. That, of course, attracted quite a mob and brought considerable trade to the saloon. In fact, so much so that the boss of the café paid the nimble Spider quite a weekly salary for clownish performances.

Probably the profound boxing commissioners of this era wouldn't stand for Weir's many frolicking, humpty-dumpty burlesques, but among the old-time ring goers, he was a great favorite and gave us many a hearty laugh.

* * *

IN 1888, Jake Hyams came from England to New York to try to win the lightweight championship from Jack McAuliffe, who was then in his pugilistic prime. Hyams claimed to be at the time the recognized British title-holder of his weight, but I'm quite sure that Jem Carney was the legitimate English lightweight champion at that period. However, Hyams challenged McAuliffe and raised quite a hullabaloo among the hot fight fans.

They finally met in the old skating rink on Grand Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, on December 26, 1888, before a packed house. For nine rounds it was a fine scientific exhibition of the manly art with McAuliffe displaying the most flashy and effective fireworks. In the ninth session, Jack suddenly landed his corking right on the Britisher's chin and the show was over. Poor Hyams was absolutely out.

Just as McAuliffe delivered his knock-out shot, part of the gallery gave way and about a hundred of the spectators went sprawling upon those on the main floor. It was certainly a most dramatic finish and exciting accident for the old enthusiastic fans to witness. Luckily, however, none of the crowd were seriously injured, but some of them were more badly damaged than the fighters at that.

Some few days after the bout, Hyams met McAuliffe in a hotel café. "Oh, me bloomin' 'ead, Jack. Hit hakes me so," said the Englishman as he rubbed his brow. "You 'it me so 'ard Hi can feel the blawsted blow yet."

"Why don't you consult a bone specialist, old top?" suggested McAuliffe with half a smile.

"Bone doctor—me bones his hall right. Hits me 'ead, Hi tells yer, Jack," moaned Hyams, failing to get McAuliffe's joke.

"No wonder yer knocked the bleedin' gallery down when you 'it me so bloody 'ard. I'd better 'ave another gargle, old pal, to take the pain away, eh?"

After he had pounded over McAuliffe's suggestion to consult a bone specialist for his headache for a couple of weeks, I asked Mr. Hyams his opinion of our lightweight champion.

"Confidentially between hus, Hi thinks 'e's a bloomin' fine fighter," declared the Britisher in a stage whisper, "but 'ow hawfully stupid of 'im to tell me to consult a bone doctor for a pain in me noodle. Bless me 'eart what ridiculous hadvice."

* * *

ALONG in the middle of the 'eighties, another noted English lightweight landed in New York, who wasn't very particular whom he fought as long as he could gather in a few Yankee dollars day by day. He was Stanton Abbott and had a far better ring record than Hyams and more class and education. Johnny Dunn, the popular announcer and manager of boxers, took quite a fancy to Stanton and soon became his close friend and impresario. Dunn believed in keeping a fighter in fistic action as often as possible and soon had the game, clever Englishman booked for a dozen or more combats. This plan was quite agreeable to Stanton, who was always willing and anxious to keep the pot aboiling.

One salubrious evening, I happened to be behind the scenes in Miner's old Bowery Theater, of New York, where Abbott was meeting all comers for a week. The latter was waiting in the wings with his busy manager for his turn to do his pugilistic act, "Stanton, I've got you booked up for ten fights," said Dunn in great glee. "None of them against very hard mugs. You can lick them all in three or four rounds each if you're in good shape."

"You know, Johnny, I'm always in good shape, ready to fight at the drop of the hat," declared Abbott with great confidence and pep. "I'm very willing indeed to fight every night in the week. You know that, Johnny, but on Sundays I must have my day off. No boxing for me on the Sabbath day."

This is the gospel truth about brave Stanton Abbott, ye once-a-month-fighters. Of course it is not only foolish, but very injudicious and injurious for a boxer to keep battering away in the ring as frequently as plucky Abbott did, night after night, but it surely showed what a remarkable fighting spirit and great courage he had. In fact, it was typical of the men of his period.

There is no record of Abbott's battling career within the ropes. If there was, hardly any fan would believe he fought so many mills both here and in England. Yes, he was defeated a few times, but his host of victories greatly overshadowed the bouts he lost by an immense percentage. How soon these old-time pugilistic heroes are lost in the shuffle and are soon forgotten!

* * *

CHUCK CONNORS, who became quite a famous character on the Bowery, especially as the "Mayor of Chinatown," first came into public notice as an amateur boxer under the management of Johnny White, the noted referee, and Jim Levelle, who started Joe Humphries on his oratorical career.

Chuck was a very witty, comical chap, who loved to indulge in all sorts of fun and folly, even when he was banging away furiously in a ring combat.

In the late 'nineties, one merry fistic evening at the old Madison Square Garden, Chuck and another amateur, known as "Young John L.," appeared in a preliminary burlesque bout which gave the jolly crowd a big laugh, but rather embarrassed Police Captain Miles O'Reilly, who had orders to stop the show if the contests became too rough and unruly.

The two clown boxers went at each other in the most furious and ludicrous slam-bang manner and soon had the crowd up on their feet laughing and cheering wildly. It was a big hit and the gallery gods almost went mad over the frisky farce.

Along about the third round, "Young John L." kicked, or pretended to kick, Chuck in the stomach. Connors ran quickly into his corner and grabbed a small hatchet and sunk it into his opponent's padded wig. It was an old stage act but new to stern Captain O'Reilly.

He and some ten other cops jumped into the ring and placed the two comic boxers under arrest, and were going to stop the show until some of the sportswriters laughed them out of the farce.

"I've a good mind to chase ye all out of here anyway," loudly declared the enraged police captain, swinging his club. "You made a fine damned fool of me before a lot of crazy boobs. What a rotten joke to play upon a man in my big position, eh?"

Chuck Connors, "The Bowery Boy." Here is the king of New York's Bowery shown in his characteristic pose.

* * *

MANY interesting stories can be told of the famous Chuck, with whom I was very friendly. Of him I will tell in a subsequent issue. There is one story, "One Way to Train," which I published for Connors in my old *Illustrated News*, that is worth repeating here, just by way of presenting his peculiar lingo. Here it is, just as it appeared in book form:

Some of dese blokes w'at wants ter be fiters gives me a pane in me slats, an' I t'ink dey ought ter be in de surkus, or else wearin' blue and pink wrappers, wid lace around de neck.

If dere's any fite in a guy it's goin' ter cum out just like de measles, or any old t'ing he has in his system.

Look 'em over an' see w'at you t'ink of dem.

An' anudder t'ing. As soon as dey wins a cupple of fites an' gits dere mug in de papers, dey wants ter go on de stage an' look pritty, an' be among de actorines all de time.

How kin a knuckle-pusher be an actor?

Nix, cul, nothin' doin'.

He's either goin' ter be a good actor an' a bum fiter, or a good fiter an' a bum Willie boy w'ere de footlites grow.

I say, if yer got a good graft, stick to it, an' don't try an' butt in on sumbody else's puddin'.

But I wuz talkin' about trainin'.

I ain't never told how we used ter train, an' we didn't wear no fancy bat' robes in de ring in doze days, an' we didn't have no trainin' quarters either, unless yer kin call de back room of a mixed-ale joint trainin' quarters, an' w'en we wanted ter take on weight we got two beef stews, an' w'en we wanted ter take it off we had a t'ree-cent Turkish bat'.

But I'll tell you w'at happened (*Continued on page* 45)

Bets That Couldn't be Cashed

By EDMUND SCHUELER

"LOOK hyah, boy—you's jes' rotten; 'at's whut you is—plum rotten. You kain't knock a burd down wif' either fis'."

Having delivered himself of this encouragement, Judson Jones, small and very black box-fight trainer, manager, and promoter *de luxe,* removed his cigar and proceeded to miss not only the spittoon but also the rubber mat beneath it. The scene was Judson's gymnasium located in the *élite* darktown of southern Richmond.

"Boy, I'se so disgusted, I kain't even spit, nohow," he continued to his star heavyweight *protégé,* Midnight Summers.

Maybe you know Midnight as the Tampa Terror, or Two-Punch Calhoun. He's used more names than could be found in a village directory—that is, if you could find a village directory. Just where the Shakespearean twist in his current *nom de* cauliflower came from is a bit vague. Possibly it was accidental. He used to get a new name after every fight he lost, but had kept the same one for some months now, by which it can be deduced that he was on the road to improvement.

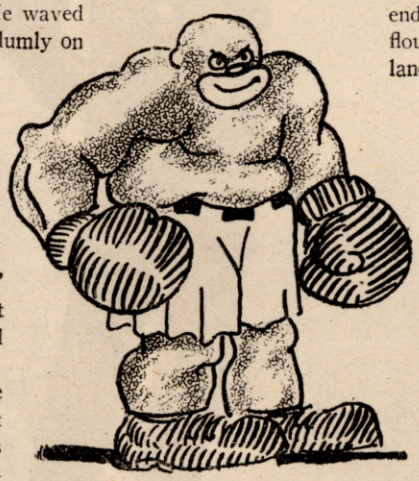
Judson rambled on: "We's got a match wid Bad Boy Lee nex' week an' you's so stiff you squeaks. Bad Boy is gwine bus' you out f'um under yo' teef." He waved away the sparring partners, and sat down glumly on a ring stool.

* * *

MIDNIGHT leaned wearily on the ropes and let the words filter in as fast as possible. It took time, but they got there eventually.

"I'se jus' a little stale, Judson," he demurred. "By nex' week I'll be able to choke off Bad Boy's wind wif' one han'."

"You's in fo' one big foolin', boy. Git yo'se'f dressed. We's gwine do some road work."



Judson's idea of road work was to take Midnight out to the nearest park and sit under a tree counting the number of times his willing slave passed by. Such was Midnight's simple nature that he did not have to be watched. He was like a boy still fresh from the one-mule cotton country, where a man had to work hard to earn the right to make fast talk with the dusky belles, and work came easy to him.

The little manager had never put his faith in the principle of allowing his boys to get lazy. When they were stale, he worked it out of them or else. Incidentally he lost practically all of them via this route. It didn't matter; he could get plenty more. He had a waiting list of candidates, because it must be said to his credit that he knew many tricks of the trade and could train his charges to be winners—as long as they could stand up under his rigorous programs.

This afternoon Midnight turned three laps—about the equivalent of three miles—around the park at a good stiff pace. Wind was one thing he had plenty of, and Judson would have called for another time around, but he was getting restless at sitting still so long. The blistering August heat, too, was playing its part in making him more than usually irritable.

* * *

"YO' laigs is workin' but yo' haid's daid," Judson remarked as he wrapped Midnight's sweater around him. "Trot 'long back to de gym, an' git yo'se'f a baff. Yo' sho' needs it." He sauntered back slowly, all the while bemoaning this latest trick of fate in making his best boy fall off so at the last minute.

Midnight had certainly shown promise, and had won three of his last four fights. He was strong and willing, and so far had not fallen heir to any of the evils of soft living and easy money. Judson had taken care of these by the simple expedient of working him all the time and pocketing most of what they made for expenses.

But Midnight was satisfied; after a succession of incapable and even dishonest managers he had realized one dream recently when he had actually succeeded in putting forty dollars in a bank. He'd always wanted to be a man of affairs, and this was his greatest financial achievement to date.

Judson paused to light a cigar. "Lemme think, now—lemme think," he mumbled to himself. "Ef I could git dis fight pos'poned a week er so, maybe Midnight 'ud be more like hisse'f ag'in. But dey ain' no use tellin' 'em yo' boy's bad off. Ah reckon he'll jes' have take it dis time."

In the meanwhile, affairs were not all flowing with milk and honey in the rival camp. Oddly enough, Bad Boy was suffering from a malady not unlike the one which had so sorely sapped the boxing ability of Midnight. Bad Boy's manager and trainer, the celebrated Boo-Boo Jefferson, was at his wits' ends this very afternoon as his heavyweight hope floundered around, letting his sparring partners land on him almost as they wished.

* * *

BAD BOY outside the ring was anything but that. He was a big, mild-mannered ebon creature, whose mind had not kept pace with the growth of his muscles. The "Bad Boy" was doubtless an attempt made by somebody to instill something of a killer's nature in him. In many respects he was a counterpart of Midnight. So it is conceivable that the cure for the troubles of one would have been effective in treating both cases.

"You's in fo' a beatin', Bad Boy," moaned Boo-Boo. Bad Boy made no comment. He, too, was extremely unhopeful of a pleasing outcome of his impending match with Midnight.

Reaching the ultimate end of his rope, Boo-Boo decided to take the bull by the horns, so to speak, and try to talk Judson into a postponement of the fight. He realized that showing his hand in that manner was very unwise policy, but under the circumstances, he considered Bad Boy's defeat inevitable, anyhow.

He sought next for a plausible excuse. It was hard to fake an injury, he knew; the dusky sporting world was getting fed up on deals like that. And Bad Boy's excellent health and general good condition were legend in that neighborhood. Boo-Boo's hopes, never bright, sank lower and lower as he contemplated the state of affairs. He resolved to seek out Judson on the morrow and dicker for any kind of terms with that notoriously hard bargainer. Needless to say, he did not relish the thought of the meeting.

* * *

THE next afternoon found Judson giving Midnight the works again, and still without notable improvement. The big boy was being battered and slugged around by third-rate pugs in a most distressing manner.

In the gymnasium, Judson carried a whistle for use when he wished to freeze all proceedings instantly and correct some salient fault in one of the boys. He had to have a means of working fast on those occasions, for the boys' minds were all very short indeed—and to reconstruct a past scene for one of them was an

afternoon's work. It was easier to train them to stop where they were.

Suddenly the whistle's shrill toot rang out, and the current partner halted with a glove jabbed in Midnight's steaming middle. They held everything but the resounding grunt that had followed it. But this was for no mere corrective measure. It was a complete stop order, for Judson had espied Boo-Boo entering the sacred precincts. It would never do to let him see any of Midnight's present exhibition.

"Whut kin Ah do fo' you, Mistuh Jefferson?" Judson inquired with practiced dignity, as befitting a host to a rival. Boo-Boo shifted about uneasily.

"Brudder Judson, kin we make talk somewheres not so public?" he began with as much nonchalance as he could command. The friendly gesture was lost on Judson. His experiences in the past led him to suspect ulterior motives. He led the way to his little office at one end of the room and closed the door behind them.

"Now we's very private, Mistuh Jefferson. Whut's on yo' mind?" asked the wary Judson.

"It's thissaway, Judson," the humbled one began. "Me an' Bad Boy is very desirous of havin' de fight put off fo' a week er so. We 'uz thinkin' by then mo' folks 'ud be back from they vacations, an' de gate would be bigger."

* * *

HERE was the very opportunity Judson had been seeking —thrown right into his hands. But, shrewdly enough, he knew there was something back of it. This phase of the gate situation was still the same as when the match had been arranged.

"Whaffore's de real reason fo' wantin' a change now, Boo-Boo?" he inquired sharply. "Has yo' boy gone stale?"

Boo-Boo feared that Judson might have heard something. He had a habit of doing just that. Probably the best way would be to come right out with it.

"You's a smart man, Judson," he said by way of answer. "Bad Boy's been kinder off his feed de las' few days. So we 'uz wonderin' if de meetin' could be put off."

Judson thought fast. As things stood now, the match was about even. Postponing it might give Bad Boy the advantage. Of course it was possible that Midnight would improve more than his opponent—but Judson was never a man to sacrifice a present advantage for possibilities in the future. More than that, he had learned that his training methods were almost never beneficial in cases of this kind.

"I'se sorry, Boo-Boo, but we's made all de 'rangements. De hall an' tickets is all engaged, so Ah doan see how we kin 'blige y'all nohow." He let fly at his office spittoon—a smaller model than the one outside—and scored a direct hit. Confidence had returned to him now. He continued:

"To tell de truf, Midnight ain't in such tiptop shape neither, but Ah'd never think ob makin' a reques' like you's done made." It was certainly an ultimatum, and admitted of no dickering.

* * *

CRESTFALLEN, Boo-Boo arose. He had expected as much. "All right, Judson, if you feels such a way," he said. "But Ah'd like ax you one favor; jus' doan go roun' tellin' whut I'se tole you. It'd make de gate eben worse."

"Natchly not, Boo-Boo. Depen' on me fo' dat." They shook hands with affected cordiality, and Boo-Boo wended his way back sadly.

Judson allowed that it would do Midnight no good to learn of his opponent's plight. In the ring, perhaps he would be able to sense it in time to recover some of his usual aplomb. But he was firm on one resolve, namely, to place none of his accumulated moneys on Midnight's chances of winning. This fight was mighty far from being in the bag, and looked like too much of a gamble for the little manager.

It was not merely by coincidence that Boo-Boo reached the same decision. He was convinced of Bad Boy's total inability to produce, and wanted no part of gambling on the result.

But not so with Midnight. As far as he was concerned, the fight was duly lost. Always with an eye toward becoming a master mind, despite his meager mental endowment, he did his particular piece of speculation in reverse. From the bank, unknown to Judson, he withdrew his entire forty dollars and, through a dusky pal, bet it on Bad Boy.

It must be noted, however, that his simple mind was not clouded by dishonesty; he would still try his best, for the winner's share would be larger. To his way of thinking, the bet was in the nature of insurance.

The pal returned with the news that the best he could get was even money, and that he had had to use salesmanship to do even that well. He reported Midnight a slight favorite in the local sporting circles.

"Boy, dey's gwine be some s'prised customers nex' Sat'day night," Midnight commented.

Saturday was now only three days distant, and Midnight was still enmeshed in his present slump. If anything, he had become worse. From the camp of the opposition no word was forthcoming, and both principals now worked in secrecy. Judson began to fear that he had slammed the door in Opportunity's face, and again was missing the spittoon regularly.

* * *

THE great night arrived on scheduled time. Customers packed the seats of the vacant theater, reserved for the occasion, for these were no mere lodge-hall fisticuffs. The balcony was reserved for white spectators, and had been fitted with an improvised press box.

To Judson, in a dressing room with Midnight, the faint sound of each bell in the prelims was as a knell sapping the lifeblood of his managerial prestige. In all his knowledge, his boxing stable had never been represented by such a weak sister.

News reached him that his newest lightweight battler had handily won the evening's most recent fight, but the good tidings failed to lift the pall of melancholy that was his. He hadn't bothered to watch the fight, although it was his usual custom to be present whenever one of his boys fought. An assistant had taken charge of it, and apparently quite satisfactorily.

The caller knocked on their door, and stuck his head in. "You's next, Mist' Jones. Five minutes," he announced, and proceeded on his way.

Judson waited the customary fifteen minutes, then he and Midnight prepared to sally forth.

"We might's well git goin', Midnight," he wailed. "No matter whut shape Bad Boy's in you's worse."

* * *

THE crowd gave Midnight a resounding ovation. Boo-Boo outguessed Judson this time, and waited an extra ten minutes. Fortunately, Midnight's feelings at the time were such that waiting did not disturb him; he was too preoccupied with his own troubles. And anyhow, his skill and ability were at their very lowest ebb. Any influence exerted on them short of breaking an arm would have been for the better.

But the fans were not so complacent—they didn't go for these coy tricks of managers. They whistled and stamped for action. Bad Boy, when he finally appeared, was greeted with a salvo of boos and catcalls. Like Midnight, he appeared to be dazed. The hooting kept up during the introductions. But it didn't matter—everybody knew the boys.

At the bell, they stepped over to each other and touched gloves warily, then danced away without a poke or a swing. The crowd booed again.

As if each realized the other's vulnerability at once, both rushed in, this time raining blows, mostly ineffectual. They stood together and slugged—mightily it seemed, but in reality far below the normal ability of either.

Their capacity to take it seemed to be more nearly up to par, and neither was hurt noticeably. Midnight whistled a fast left past Bad Boy, and left himself wide open. It should have been easy, and Bad Boy put the works back of a long one. Ordinarily, it would have transported Midnight to the fifth row of seats. This time he took it and just grunted. (*Continued on page* 45)

From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 23)

but without success, and he therefore decided to try out other wrestlers to keep in trim.

He first took on the huge Pole, Wladek Zbyszko, the "Human Box Car" as he was known. The bout, the first of three, took place at Omaha, where Stecher was extremely popular, and ended in a draw. Joe met Wladek twice more, both times in New York, and when their series was over, the score stood one for Joe, and two even.

Of all the men whom Stecher met, none gave him more interesting tussles than did Strangler Lewis. On April 18, 1918, they faced each other for the third time, and before a critical gathering in Madison Square Garden, they drew in an hour and thirty minutes. Both were exhausted when time was called.

Then followed the usual score of unimportant victories, many with the usual setups to build a man for a championship, and Stecher, by these bouts, kept his name in the spotlight, his aim being to force Caddock into a return mill.

On March 3, 1918, Lewis and Joe clashed again, this time in Omaha, and Stecher carried off the honors for the fourth time. In November of the same year, they met again in the Garden and in a thrilling duel, Joe again won. Lewis seemed to be jinxed so far as his bouts with Stecher were concerned.

With the war on, Caddock, one of the first to enlist, went overseas where he showed the same mettle as a warrior that he did as an athlete. And when the Army returned, Caddock came back, sound, hale, and hearty. When mustered out of service, he went back to his ranch in Wyoming and from there announced his retirement.

* * *

THIS led to a three-cornered argument between Stecher, Lewis, and Zbyszko for the championship, so early in 1920 Caddock, to end the dispute, came to New York for a match with Stecher.

Stecher won the championship back with a body scissors and arm lock after two hours and five minutes of wrestling in Madison Square Garden.

While Caddock was serving in the Army Stecher was doing his part in the Navy, and the old rivalry between these branches of the service swiftly showed itself at the Garden. The sailors had bunched themselves in one section of the packed Garden, while the doughboys held forth near by. The mill had hardly started when these groups began hurling derision at each other and the police had all they could do to prevent a clash.

Caddock conceded twenty pounds to the Nebraskan, but he put up a wonderful fight and it was not until within five minutes of the end that his opponent gained a decided advantage.

Just before the end of the second hour, Stecher obtained a body scissors and wrist lock after Caddock had made a supreme but futile effort to put on a half nelson. Caddock brought the spectators to their feet when he broke the double hold, while his shoulders were within an inch of the mat. The effort, however, had nearly exhausted him, and within a few minutes he was again held in a body scissors and this time both shoulders went down.

* * *

THE struggle had gone about ninety minutes when Stecher, in getting out of a head lock, nearly sprang through the ropes. Dashing back to the fray he obtained a body hold, but this Caddock promptly broke. Caddock showed marvelous defensive ingenuity throughout the match and by clever tactics he repeatedly frustrated Stecher's attempts to clamp on his savage scissors.

In a try for a leg hold Stecher clearly showed his superior strength when he lifted Caddock bodily while himself in a kneeling position. The match had gone one hour and forty-five minutes, and a moment later Stecher was brought down, but Caddock could not keep him there. Stecher then got Caddock underneath, but he, likewise, was unable to gain any advantage.

At the end of the first hour both men were on their feet and dripping with perspiration, but neither showed any signs of weakening.

Beginning the second hour, Caddock stooped for an ankle hold and sent Stecher to the mat, but this gained him no material advantage. Then he pulled Stecher down with an ineffective double neck hold. They had been wrestling seventy-five minutes when Caddock electrified the crowd by rolling away from a body scissors and obtaining a double foot hold from behind, a position which gave him an important advantage for the moment. But in spite of his cleverness, Stecher proved unbeatable, the official time being two hours, five minutes, thirty seconds.

In our next instalment we will tell of Caddock's career and the story of Stecher's loss of the title to Strangler Lewis.

The Punch Lingers On

(Continued from page 16)

while the Tiger was down.

That decision caused a near-riot, both inside and outside the ring. Walk Miller, Flowers' manager, insisted the decision was correct. Pete Reilly, in charge in Delaney's corner, argued that Haley should have disqualified Flowers for going down without being hit; that Delaney started the punch while Flowers was on his feet and could not pull it back.

Referee Haley was puzzled. He waved all the protestants away, walked to a neutral corner, and took counsel with himself. Then he called all hands to the center of the ring to hear his final verdict. He decided it was a double foul and that, therefore, it should be overlooked. The only way out, he announced, was to rule out of the record the fourth round as it had progressed up to the moment of the dispute. So he instructed the timekeeper to start the fourth round all over again. That was done and, after one minute and five seconds of the new fourth round, Delaney hit the colored man on the chin again. This time Tiger stayed down for the full count.

Those two knock-outs started a lot of argument. Walk Miller, Flowers' manager, claimed that Delaney had "the business" in his right hand, meaning that he carried a little bar of iron, shaped somewhat like a dumb-bell and covered with leather of the same color as the glove leather, in his right hand. His charge was never substantiated, but he went to his death still contending that Delaney had more in his glove than his good right hand.

* * *

JIMMY McLARNIN, baby-faced Irish boy, who looks like he would not harm a fly, has contributed a rich assortment of knock-out right-hand punches that stand out in the memories of those who saw the fights in question. He has flattened a host of Jewish stars, the most prominent being Sid Terris, Ruby Goldstein, Al Singer, and Benny Leonard.

Of all McLarnin's knock-out wallops the one that stands out most distinctly in the writer's memory is the right-hand jolt that rocked Sid Terris to sleep in the first round in Madison Square Garden. We recall it particularly because the radio announcer, just a few seats away, was in the midst of a vivid description of Terris' brilliant boxing when the knock-out wallop seemed to come from nowhere.

"Terris is putting up the most brilliant boxing exhibition of his career," barked the radio announcer. "Sid's footwork is dazzling and his straight left is like a tongue of fire. McLarnin can't find him. Terris is wonderful, magnificent, colossal . . . . Oi, oi, oi . . . . Terris down, down . . . . McLarnin hit him with a right . . . . Seven, eight, nine, ten . . . . Oi, oi, oi . . . . Sidney is knocked out."

McLarnin was on the receiving end of one punch that will not be forgotten by those privileged to see it. That was in the first bout between him and Billy Petrolle, the famous Fargo Express, in Madison Square Garden on November 21, 1930.

In the fourth round Petrolle landed his great left hook squarely on McLarnin's chin and the baby-faced Irishman went down. Whether he really beat the count of ten is still a subject for argument. The referee ruled that Jimmy was up in time. A few seconds later Petrolle again dropped McLarnin for nine, this time with a right. Jimmy managed to stick it out and go the route, though he lost the decision by a wide margin.

That left hook which floored McLarnin was a perfect punch. What made it all the more of a standout was the fact that McLarnin was a favorite at odds of 8 to 1, and the wise guys had offered 8 to 5 he would score a knock-out, with few takers. Yet he was almost flattened himself.

Well, here we are at the end of our allotted space and we have barely scratched the surface on this subject of punches that never will be forgotten. So we will see if Editor Nat Fleischer will stand for more on the same subject next month. Yes, he says to go to it again. So good-by until the next issue of THE RING, when we will recall some other punches that will live always in the memories of those who saw them.

Torturous Mat Holds

(Continued from page 27)

was used frequently by Caddock, is the same as that of the head lock. If the pressure is maintained for any length of time, it produces vertigo and eventually unconsciousness.

The head scissors, however, is a hold difficult to secure. Caddock, in adjusting it, got the victim's head between his legs, closed them like a pair of shears, and then with a wrist lock to prevent the escape of the victim put on the pressure. Caddock was unable to use this hold effectively on any of the leading wrestlers of his time.

The toe hold is unquestionably one of the most painful locks known to the wrestling world, and its application is attended with keen suffering on the part of the victim, who writhes in agony and groans as he struggles to escape. The effect on the spectators is much the same as that produced by the head lock. Cries of protest come from all over the arena, and the onlookers manifest their relief by hearty applause when the hold is broken.

Usually the toe hold is taken when both men are on the floor, and the operation is simple. The first movement consists in getting a clutch on one of the big toes of the subject. The next move is to get one leg over that of the opponent and pin the limb to the floor. With this leverage the toe is pulled hard, thus bringing the lower leg forward from the knee joint.

* * *

IF the wrestler whose toe is held waits till he hears the bone snap he is in for a season in the nearest hospital. Most of the victims of the hold struggle desperately for a time and if unsuccessful in escaping from the clutch prefer surrender to a broken ankle.

Wladek Zbyszko used the toe hold with telling effect on opponents, but in recent years, the head lock and body scissors proved too formidable for the Polander and he was frequently defeated. He is now down in South America for a series of matches, the going not being so tough there as in this country.

His brother, Stanislaus, who is now retired, employed a toe hold in a most original manner. Having secured a body hold, Zbyszko would dump his man on the floor and once on top, he would get a hold on his opponent's left foot. Then rising to his feet, and holding the right leg of the victim under his left arm, Zibby began to twist the left ankle. The possessor of the ankle then had the privilege of quitting or having a bone broken.

Possibly one of the most dangerous holds ever used is the combination hammer lock and body hold as applied by Alexander Aberg, former Greco-Roman champion of the world. Aberg obtained the hammer lock while on top of his man. This lock, which is quite as painful to the victim as the toe hold, is quite apt to break the arm unless the subject manages to escape. It is obtained by seizing a wrist of the opposing wrestler and twisting the arm upward behind the back.

When Aberg got the hammer lock securely affixed, he seized his opponent about the body and lifted him from the floor. The next move of Aberg was to toss his opponent on his head, and if he was not knocked senseless, Aberg then fell on his man and proceeded to pin his shoulders to the mat.

The double nelson was also used by Aberg with discouraging effect on his opponents. This hold is secured when the subject is on his knees and underneath. Aberg got the lock by slipping his hands underneath the arms of his opponent, bringing the hands up over the back of the neck and locking the fingers. It is a difficult matter for the victim to escape, and if the pressure is exerted till the subject turns completely over, his neck may be broken.

* * *

ABERG applied the double nelson to Mort Henderson, the Masked Marvel, during the Manhattan Opera House tourney, and as Henderson declined to be turned over, Aberg merely bumped his forehead on the mat till the Masked Marvel was nearly unconscious.

There is on record but one instance in which a wrestler who has perfected a hold, has been defeated by his own system of attack. Evan Lewis of Chicago, who used the strangle hold with deadly effect on his rivals, eventually was beaten by the hold.

Yousouf, the Terrible Turk, who had tossed Ernest Roeber and other well-known wrestlers about like bags of oats, had succeeded in frightening most American grapplers to a point where the Sultan's Favorite was unable to get matches. Gotch had not at that time reached championship form, and Tom Jenkins and the other leaders refused to meet the Turk, averring that they did not care to wrestle elephants.

It was claimed that while the Turk was strong and aggressive, he did not know the science of the game. This was disproved by Yousouf's performances against some of the best men that could be induced to meet him.

* * *

EVAN Lewis was past his athletic prime, but he still knew how to strangle an opponent, and it was suggested that the Turk be matched with the Strangler and thus be disposed of. Yousouf was more than willing, and the patrons of wrestling in Chicago prepared to see Yousouf humbled.

Lewis lost no time in getting a throat hold on the Turk, but to his astonishment Yousouf broke the lock by a quick and vigorous shake of the head.

Lewis, thinking the Turk's escape was accidental, got the hold a second time, but to his amazement the Turk again broke it with consummate ease.

Before the astonished Lewis recovered from his surprise the Turk took a strangle hold on the Strangler and held it till Lewis dropped senseless to the floor.

After that performance, Yousouf got no more matches in America. He therefore changed all his earnings into gold coin, put the money in a leather belt about his waist, embarked for Europe, and went to his death, gold and all, when the ship was wrecked.

What Now Among the Big Boys?

(Continued from page 4)

with a college education—would be a godsend for the heavyweight division.

Massare is no collegian. But he is quiet, zealous, ambitious to the utmost, putting everything behind his aspiration for ring success. He is a clean sportsman and a most modest chap.

Boxing history has been noted for its strange quirks and its amazing oddities. For example, look back at the Tunney victory over Dempsey. Two weeks before that Philadelphia encounter, what idea could have been more fantastic?

Perhaps boxing is setting the stage for a return Hamas and Massare encounter.

In any event, boxing shouts its call—and its warning—to Max Baer, the Livermore Lallapalooza.

* * *

AS for the fight between Schmeling and Hamas, the former Penn State athletic idol surprised not only a vast assemblage of 15,000 persons but also both his manager, the well-liked Charley Harvey, and himself, by reaching a height in his pugilistic sphere that he never before had even approached. Steve was all over his opponent, almost from the start.

There were many of Max's friends among the thousands in the Philadelphia Auditorium who were absolutely dumfounded by the manner in which young Hamas took the former world champion into camp.

Steve's exhibition of supreme self-confidence and the self-possessed manner in which he jabbed, hooked, and otherwise man-handled Schmeling, were a revelation to those who had seen Hamas on several occasions previously, especially in his recent bout with Massare in Brooklyn in which Charley proved the master but didn't get the verdict. As Steve fought against Schmeling, he appeared to be an entirely different Hamas, a fighter who resembled very closely the young collegian who, in his early start as a professional, mowed down his opponents.

Schmeling, the handsome boy from the Fatherland, found himself for the first time since his American début the receiver of severe punishment, the type that heretofore he had been accustomed to mete out to others. Hamas pounded Schmeling's face with an abundance of left jabs and any number of right crosses until he had Max bewildered.

Schmeling simply could not get going. Aside from the second, the latter part of the eleventh, and the twelfth rounds, Schmeling looked anything but the fighter we have been accustomed to seeing. He missed many punches, forgot his weave, and stood flat-footed while young Hamas peppered his face until he cut a deep gash over the left eye and caused the blood to flow freely. At the finish, Schmeling undoubtedly was the stronger of the two for Hamas had spent most of his energy in piling up a tremendous lead, but the damage had already been done and nothing but a knock-out could possibly have won for Schmeling.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I WANT to compliment you on your arrangement of the boxers for 1933 in the February issue of THE RING. I certainly think that you have done a very fine job.

I noticed particularly what you have to say regarding the middleweight class, and would like at this time to put you straight on what happened at Minneapolis at our last National Boxing Association convention.

At that time, if you remember, we divorced ourselves entirely from the International Boxing Union, and one of the main reasons for this goes back to the Gorilla Jones-Marcel Thil fight.

At the convention in Minneapolis this past year, the National Boxing Association declared Lou Brouillard the middleweight champion, he having defeated Ben Jeby in New York. We then placed Gorilla Jones third or fourth on the list of middleweights. I, personally, believe that Jones is a very fine boy, providing he is allowed to fight without wraps.

I understand that Marcel Thil would find it a physical impossibility to make the 160-pound limit. I may be wrong in making this statement, but I have it on very good authority.

Of course, since Lou Brouillard lost to Vince Dundee in Boston, so far as the N. B. A. is concerned, Vince Dundee is the present middleweight champion of the world.

It looks to me as if Barney Ross in the lightweight division and Panama Al Brown in the bantamweight class will continue to hold their titles for quite some time, and I quite agree with you in all the nice things you have said about these last two boys.

I believe that, should a match be made between Kid Chocolate and Freddy Miller, Miller would unquestionably emerge the victor.

I thought that perhaps I had better write you regarding the middleweight situation as concerns the National Boxing Association.

With best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

NATIONAL BOXING ASSOCIATION,

EDWARD C. FOSTER,

President.

* * *

AS a constant reader of RING, I fully agree with you when you take some of those phony fight fans to task. You certainly can't sufficiently praise that little gentleman, Tony Canzoneri. He's done a great deal for boxing, and the booing he received at the Locatelli fight was a shameful disgrace of fair play. May I assure you that the real New York fight fan had no part in it.

Keep at those fight phonies until their faces are plenty red. Your February issue was up to notch and an interesting diversion from the regular sport reporting was that "Three Black Bears" story, which treated those great Negro fighters with humor, pleasant intimacy and dignity. I liked it and so did the rest of my family, even the girls. And may I also ask a pertinent question, "Why do girls want to box?" Would it be just dandy to see your best girl friend with a flat nose and cauliflowered ears? Try and show her off to your boy friends then and see how you like it.

TERRY BELLANCHI.

* * *

I AM one of the few people in the southern hemisphere who has THE RING on regular order, and must say my enthusiasm and appreciation regarding your great publication are most sincere. My keen interest in boxing and wrestling prompts me occasionally to write conveying to you some items of interest from down this way.

New Zealanders and Australians are preparing for another big boom in boxing and, judging by the efforts the controlling authorities are making to secure class performers, we shall soon be enjoying a feast of fighting. There is every indication of returning prosperity in local commercial circles, and consequently, with more money in circulation, we won't grudge paying to see good fights. Our latest importation, a lightweight from Canada named Billy Petrie, had two fights in Auckland and has gone on to Australia, where the cash returns are greater than they are here.

Dave Shade was in Auckland for a day on his way to Sydney, where he lost a close fifteen-round points decision to Ambrose Palmer, Australian heavy champ. The crowd of about eleven thousand gave Shade a wonderful hand for his great showing.

Tod Morgan has had a very successful trip and left for the U. S. A. with much good Australian cash and the best wishes of all the fans down this way. Australia has some grand fighters at present. Palmer, light-heavy and heavy champ; Henneberry, middle; Carrol, welter; Delaney, junior welter; and Kelso, light, are particularly bright stars. Carrol is an absolute marvel. Tod Morgan will vouch for that.

I wonder, do any of your readers remember Private Palmer of England, who defeated Harry Lewis, world's welter champion, in twenty rounds at Leicester about 1912? Palmer was a middleweight and the match was at catch-weights. Palmer, who went to the Great War with the first contingent of N. Z. troops in 1914, is now a gatekeeper in the Auckland Harbour Board. I'll forward any letters any ring pals of his care to send. No more just now. Every good wish to you and your splendid magazine.

SYD. BARCLAY,

Auckland Harbour Board,

Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

I WANT to take this opportunity to congratulate you on publishing such a wonderful magazine, also to offer a few suggestions.

The boxing portion is all right. It needs no improvement whatsoever, but the wrestling section should be enlarged.

I think "Tex" Austin's work is exceptionally good, but there is not enough of it. Why not add these features: Each issue, run a full-page picture of a certain wrestler and give some of the important items of his career in a small write-up below the picture. That should go over good as many of us would like to know just who's who in the game. Also add more pictures to your wrestling gallery. You could have one photo each month of a certain hold. Many of your readers love wrestling, but do not know the various holds. I sincerely hope that you will consider this. Personally, I do not care for boxing and I buy THE RING just for the wrestling section, which I think is great.

BILL "MILO" LUFBURROW,

Middletown, N. J.

* * *

AT the outset we must congratulate you on the extremely high standard THE RING has lately maintained. We hope, however, that you'll very soon stop this printing of pictures of women boxers and wrestlers. It does the game no good. These sports are essentially masculine and should be forbidden to those of the fair sex.

Boxing is booming in South Africa as it has not done for years, McCorkindale helping strongly to keep us on the map. Besides him, however, we have a number of promising men, boxers whom we think deserve to be rated in your annual rankings for the year 1933. Here they are:

Ben Foord is a heavyweight of very great promise. He is a magnificently built fellow, being 6 feet 2½ inches in height and weighing about 208 pounds. He has had only thirteen professional fights and, after losing to Clyde Chastain, he whipped Clyde twice and then went to England. He kayoed Tucker in two rounds and whipped Jack London, Charlie Smith, Vincent Parille, the Argentinian, and Hans Schonrath. Pretty good going for a virtual novice! He packs a hard punch in both hands and is rapidly absorbing boxing skill and ringcraft.

"Pa" Stribling thought him to be the most promising heavyweight he had seen for years and wanted to manage him, but

Foord did not accept Mr. Stribling's offer. Trevor Wignall, Eugene Corri, and other English critics think that, besides being the best heavyweight prospect seen in England in years, he will develop, at least, into the best heavy "ever" from South Africa. Jimmy Wilde, too, thinks much of his potentialities. Ted Broadribb, who also holds a high opinion of him, is his manager. Look out for Foord!

Dave Carstens, the former Olympic cruiserweight champion, is also promising. He is a terrific puncher, and is tigerlike in ferocity.

Eddie Pierce, the South African light-heavyweight champion, deserves to rate with the middleweights. He has never weighed more than 160 pounds. Against Carstens he gave away a stone in weight, yet beat the former Olympic champion. Outweighed by twelve pounds against Chastain, he nevertheless drew with the American. In England he kayoed Len Johnson, English Negro, in eleven rounds. He also whipped Jack Hyams, Del Fontaine of Canada, and Archie Sexton, the British middleweight contender. Pierce is an aggressive fighter, who knows how to box. When in the U. S. A. with the Olympic team, he reached the finals and was much sought after by American managers. He is indeed a crowd-pleaser.

Barney Kieswetter, our best welter, is doing well in Australia.

Next on the list is the South African lightweight champion and former Olympic lightweight champion, *Laurie Stevens.* What a fighter he is! He never lets up a moment, keeps on punching all the time. His stamina is amazing. He scarcely seems to breathe faster after a hard battle than he would normally, even though he is doing most of the work.

Len McLoughlin, our featherweight champion, although he has fought no overseas men, is yet worthy of being rated. He is in a class by himself among South African feathers.

Alec Knight, our best bantam, has cleaned up all the bantams here and spends most of his time battling with featherweights, whom he beats.

Due to the efforts of the Transvaal National Sporting Club, which imports foreign talent and stages regular shows, boxing and wrestling, there is an interest here in the sport which was not so noticeable before.

B. Lemonsky,
Cape Town, South Africa.

* * *

AFTER noting the results of many fights recently, both here in Dallas and in New York—by newspaper information—I am beginning to believe that there is something deplorable in two angles of the fistic game; viz., technical knock-outs and a judges' decision.

I know you have been an advocate of doing away with the technical K. O., and I am beginning to think likewise. It is not the T.K.O. itself that I make complaint about, but the nature of it and its results. What I am trying to get at is the fact that so many fights are stopped and awarded to one boxer on a T.K.O. Many times his opponent is able to continue the fight.

Another complaint, or comment, I have to make is about the shoddy work of the officials at so many bouts. It is a puzzle to me why experienced boxing officials, who have had years of study and experience about fights, cannot render a decision correctly. This condition prevails all over the country. You know that incorrect decisions and disputed decisions always hurt the game. That is one of the excuses for the depression in boxing. Something must be done to make or get the officials to agree on the outcome of bouts. It is a shame that so many fights fail to end in a unanimous decision.

Mr. Fleischer, I have written you these few comments in the hope that you may make something of them. Without tossing bouquets in your direction, I feel that you would say something about such conditions as these in your future editorials anyway, as you have always expressed your candid opinion in the past. By continually harping on these facts, you may get results as you have a little influence. I have no influence, so about all I can do is to write the sports editors of my city's papers in the hope that they may do something.

Clifford Hopewell,
Dallas, Texas.

THERE is not much need of me saying that I am a steady reader of your (or should I say *our*) wonderful magazine, The Ring.

I am not only a reader, I am a buyer. I sometimes get as many as three of the same issue. I have not missed one issue since 1926 and I am proud of my collection.

What I want to say, Nat, is this. I had a wonderful Christmas this year and I received many gifts from friends and relatives, but of all my gifts there was not one that could take my interest from one of the gifts my wife gave me, the book, *Black Prince Peter,* by A. G. Hales. It is a wonderful book, and my advice to readers is, don't miss reading *Black Prince Peter.* I read it all the way through before I went to bed, and my other Christmas gifts just could not interest me until I finished reading it.

Many of us know what a fighter and a gentleman Peter Jackson was. He was one man of whom the colored race should be proud.

Nat, you are a square-shooter and you have no prejudices against anyone, regardless of race, creed, or color, and that is one of the reasons why The Ring is a success, and always will be. It came through with colors flying where many other magazines collapsed. For that reason, I am asking you to see that Peter Jackson's deeds in and out of the ring will not be forgotten. Please give us a story on him.

I have seen the ranking of the ten best heavyweights of all time sent in to the old *Police Gazette* and many of the senders failed to even mention good old Peter. If Peter Jackson didn't belong in the first three, then neither did Corbett, Sullivan, Dempsey, Johnson, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, or any of the rest.

By the way, Nat, wouldn't it be interesting to your many fans if you devoted a little space for them to give their ideas of who were the best ten heavyweights of all time when each was in his prime. It would be interesting to see what the consensus would be and it would cause plenty of laughter and arguments, but it would not hurt The Ring because that would be a fight among the fans. The Ring would just be the referee or the promoter.

John Bruen, Sr.,
Goshen, N. Y.

* * *

EVER since my sojourn in India, I have been a regular and ardent reader of your world-famous boxing magazine, The Ring. Now that my tour of service in India is nearly up, I am leaving for England. I sail from Karachi on January 22.

On my return to the "Old Country," I still want to be a subscriber to The Ring. So I thought, before my departure from India, I would make arrangements with you, Mr. Fleischer, to mail me each month, for the first six months, from January to June, 1934, your wonderful magazine, for such it is.

I shall most certainly introduce The Ring to my many friends on arrival home in England with a view to getting them to purchase "The World's Foremost Boxing Magazine."

So glad you have reverted back to the usual sixty-four pages. Guess we're getting back to the old days again. Really, The Ring ought to contain NOT a mere sixty-four pages, but 164 pages each month. It contains such wonderful, entertaining reading, and the pictures, gee, they're sure something for a boy to write home about. How I enjoyed your book while in India! You cannot imagine the hours of entertainment the magazine affords to one far away from home.

The Ring's first annual ranking of wrestlers was most interesting to thousands of us in India.

Here's wishing you and your wonderful magazine a still more prosperous future, and a greater success, from a regular reader of The Ring.

Thomas H. Ketteringham,
Muttra, U. P., India.

* * *

I HAVE been a constant reader of your magazine for the past two years, and I must congratulate you on the standard that you have set. Boxing is beginning to boom again here, and the famous stadium at Rushcutters Bay has been attracting houses of from ten to sixteen thousand.

Ronald Brown, *Sydney, Australia.*

The Singular Senegalese

(*Continued from page* 20)

carry him. One of his favorite jokes was to ride all night in a cab and then challenge the driver to fight for his fare.

Presumably the fighter put in the time immediately after midnight imbibing liquid stimulants, for at two-thirty in the morning of December 15, 1925, Patrolman John J. Meehan saw him swaying down the street.

"Hello!" yelled the fighter across the street. "Me Siki. Me go home."

"You'd better keep going that way," counseled Meehan, who knew him well and had no wish to lock him up. Siki, with a wave of his hand, moved uncertainly off.

* * *

FOUR hours later Meehan came to Forty-first Street on his beat up Ninth Avenue. Looking into the deserted street he saw, about one hundred feet from the corner, a man lying face downward in a pool of blood. He walked over to investigate. It was Siki!

The patrolman felt for a heartbeat, but there was none. Two bullet wounds in the black man's back showed how he had met his death. A passing doctor made a brief examination, but Siki was beyond all human aid.

Some persons who knew Siki well said he was just a playboy. But Siki's manager, Bob Levy, told another story to reporters.

"He was a gorilla," Levy said. "He had gorillas' habits and gorillas' manners. He was just a little crazy, judged by human standards. He was never where you wanted him and he fooled you every second."

Moslem as well as Christian ceremonies were recited at his funeral. The Senegalese inhabitants of Harlem wished to bury him as in their own country, "wrapped in clean sheets and laid in the earth without a box," but they were not permitted to do so.

"No man who ever came out of the Dark Continent had a more dramatic life than he did," ran his eulogy. "No man's life ever had a more tragic ending. There were two dreadful mistakes in his way of living, the first was a lack of proper preparation, the second, a lack of noble purpose."

Without these, Siki, for all his vaunted glory, was a failure.

Pugilism's Progress

(*Continued from page* 35)

reluctantly, the orders of his trainer. Muldoon refused to relax the rules he laid down, and every time that Sullivan attempted to evade the regulations, Muldoon metaphorically used the iron hand on the fighter.

Strangely enough, Sullivan, after the match, showed much bitterness against Muldoon because the latter had compelled the champion to comply with training rules. The match with Kilrain followed Sullivan's miserable showing against Charley Mitchell in the fight at Chantilly, France, March 10, 1888, which was called a draw after thirty-nine rounds. The American champion was in poor condition and really was in danger of summary defeat at the hands of the little Briton, when a draw was arranged.

* * *

IN view of the fast pace at which Sullivan traveled after winning the title and the resultant physical decadence, it is impossible to estimate what Sullivan's pugilistic status might have been had he taken as much care of himself as Jack Dempsey has.

The fact that Sullivan and Kilrain battled for more than two hours under a broiling sun proves that the champion was in good condition. At the close of the seventy-fifth round, Mike Donovan, Kilrain's chief second, tossed in a sponge in token of surrender. Donovan was afraid that Kilrain, who fought a game battle, might be seriously injured if he went out for the seventy-sixth round.

Sullivan doubtless gained more fame as a result of his tours in which he met all comers. Muldoon started John L. on his four-round campaign, and the first bout of that sort took place in Harry Hill's. Sullivan called on Muldoon shortly after the Boston boy had won the title from Ryan and asked him to get matches. Muldoon thereupon offered one hundred dollars a round to anyone who could stay from one to four rounds with the champion. The first acceptance came from Steve Taylor, at that time a coroner in Jersey City, and Sullivan laid the coroner away in the second round. Under the arrangement, Taylor received two hundred dollars for his pugilistic obsequies.

Later on Al Smith took Sullivan on a tour, and the ambitious challengers received five hundred dollars if they were on their feet at the end of the fourth round. None got the financial reward because Sullivan didn't give any a chance to stand up.

During this tour of thirty-two weeks Sullivan performed in a manner that would have brought tears of anguish to the eyes of Mr. Volstead.

However, Sullivan reformed before he passed away, and became a desirable citizen. He became a lecturer on temperance and was noted for charity and reform work.

A Celt to the Rescue

(*Continued from page* 33)

of Brockton whom he defeated. His next was a victory over the rugged Terry Mitchell, a Somerville, Mass., heavy, in the Boston Arena, where the lanky youth made his first big impression on the Boston fans.

* * *

NEXT came a job as sparring partner for Paulino Uzcudun over at Madame Bey's in Summit, N. J., the occasion being the Spaniard's preparation for a bout with Ernie Schaaf. These preparations ended a bit abruptly for Dick, for one day he got over-enthusiastic and bent in one or more of Paulino's ribs and was dismissed from the camp.

Shy of cash and needing work, Madden next found himself in front of a heavyweight known as John L. Sullivan, a Newark hope, whom the Bostonian settled in a round. Then he got a chance against Cowboy Jack Willis, which turned out another win for Madden. As the boy got but little more than his carfare out of these ventures, he trekked for Boston, placing himself under the management of Barney Fox, a Hub veteran, noted as the conditioner of Jack Sharkey and a string of other ringsters in Boston gyms.

Since that day, Dick has added both weight and experience, also registered victories over Al Grayson, regarded at the time as a real prospect, Joe Zeaman, and Elmer Chase. But it was up at Homer Rainault's Valley Arena in Holyoke, Mass., where the Roxbury boy really got going. There he encountered and defeated Stanley Paululis, a local light, and Lou Poster of New York, which wins gave him a lot of confidence. Then came the two fights with Winston, moral victories if not officially so, for they made the Celt.

A good boxer and hard hitter, with plenty of reach, leg ability, and gameness, Madden needs but a few more pounds in weight, plus a little more experience, to shine in fast company in 1935. His future is up to himself. Today he is the Irish heavyweight hope for the rehabilitation of boxing here in New England.

Cutler the Fighter

(*Continued from page* 21)

four rounds with either of the men, a special arrangement or stage setting was made for him. The far side of the ring was always just a stage "drop," nothing but a painted canvas. Then there would be planted back of this a husky stage hand with a piece of stiff timber in his hand. When the opponent got too tough, Cutler or Barry, whoever happened to draw the job, would back the "comer" over to this bit of scenery and soon as the back of his head made an impression on the other side of the canvas the stage hand would hand him a lusty wallop with the club. And out would go Mr. Comer cold as a wedge.

They tell that yarn but I'm not vouching for it. You'll have to ask Charley whether he was there or not. "Vos you der, Sharley?"

Charley and Jim worked desperately hard with that outfit and the salary was just about enough to keep the huskies in coffee and. And fancy what appetites those young fellers had!

* * *

CUTLER was one of the best of the second flight wrestlers of the day when he was good, but it grew increasingly hard for Charley to keep in shape because he "fleshed up" so readily.

The greatest match I ever saw him put up—I was referee of it, incidentally—was that against Joe Stecher, the story of which was recently told in the Milo-to-Londos series in THE RING. Joe had been kicking over everybody who dared take the trip out to Omaha to meet him, and his sensational feats had become the talk of the whole country.

Cutler conceived the idea he could win a chunk, which was easy because they backed Joe to the limit in his own state.

Bets that Couldn't be Cashed

(*Continued from page 39*)

They fell into a clinch as the round ended.

Judson and Boo-Boo maintained silence during the dramatic spots. Their local dignity forbade them to shout encouragement or advice from the ringside.

The second, third, and fourth passed similarly. The customers smelled a rat somewhere, but couldn't trace the scent. The boys were certainly doing their best. They punched and ducked—usually into the punches—swung and missed by astonishingly wide margins, tangled their feet, fell, and grappled with each other.

The ring was a beehive of activity, and most of it lost motion. To say the least it was a most unusual fight, but the worst was yet to come.

By the fifth round, things were a little better. The boys had more control and somewhat better footwork. As each appreciated the other's weakness, he gained confidence and, with it, some measure of skill. Finally, as if with one accord, each started a haymaker from the floor with something of the old-time pep and vigor behind it. Probably Midnight saw Bad Boy's coming, and Bad Boy saw Midnight's, and each figured his would be the first to land. Midnight forgot all about his *sub-rosa* bet on Bad Boy.

The facts in the case are simple: both landed simultaneously, or at least so nearly so as to look that way to the referee.

It was like the boys had been hit with hammers. They folded up in unison, and lay feet to feet. The matter was a problem even for a quick-witted referee. One or the other might be on his feet before the count of ten.

This particular officiating gentleman was completely at a loss. Bedeviled by the conflicting shouts of the crowd, he tried to figure a way out. What about neutral corners? Who landed first? Naturally the fans saw just how it happened; they always do, and the farther away the better, the same as at a ball game. But approximately half saw it one way, and the rest the other way, so that as usual, their combined opinion was of zero value.

* * *

THE referee counted a few seconds over Midnight, who then gave faint and vague signs of returning animation. The harassed official shifted hastily to Bad Boy, and began counting all over again. As this second fallen gladiator groaned and rolled over, the referee, now totally befuddled, returned to Midnight and again started the count. The process was getting monotonous, and at about "four" he gave up, and just looked from one to the other.

Several counts of ten elapsed, and the boys were still slumbering. Their preliminary movements, it now seemed, were merely for the purpose of getting set more comfortably. The match was officially called a draw.

The crowd began to leave. They considered that they'd got their money's worth in the climax, even if the rest of the fight had been pretty poor stuff.

Boo-Boo and Judson leaped to the succor of their warriors. By dint of applying smelling salts and smelly sponges, they brought them around at about the same time. Having made this start, they decided to let Nature take its course, and drew apart, already discussing tentative plans for a return bout. It was a natural, they agreed.

Midnight, holding on to the ropes, looked over at the painfully arising Bad Boy, and remembered his financial plunge—rather too late. Then and there he decided that his money, if he could find it again, would go back into the bank to stay.

"Ah done hit you too hahd, Bad Boy," he observed ruefully. A note of regret in the statement aroused Bad Boy's curiosity.

"What you mean—hit me too hahd?" he wanted to know. "Ah ain' no baby, an' you's in bad enuf shape yo'se'f."

"Oh, it ain' dat. We's bofe messed up right much. Whut Ah means is Ah figgered you'd win, an' done made me a I'il bet on de side to dat effec'."

"Yuh did? Well, lissen, boy, lemme tell y'all somep'n—" he managed a puffy grin. "Ah don de same thing m'se'f. Ah bets on you, an' you bets on me; dissaway we don' win, nohow.

"Midnight, we's too dumb an' too hones' to be bankers. We'd bettah stick to fightin'!"

Comic Capers of Celebrities

(*Continued from page 37*)

at de Reserwation last nite. Here's de way it cum off:

"Say, Chuck, I hear you ust to be a prize-fighter," said a wise guy with one of them bum wise winks.

A prize-fighter? Well, I'll tell yuz I ust to be a fighter, but I don't know if I wuz a prize-fighter. No, I don't t'ink I wuz a prize-fighter, for I'll tell you why. Every time I went into dat graff yuz call prize-fighting de best I got wuz only for de odder fellow.

Say, I'll tell yuz something about de time when yours truly wuz in de graff.

I ust to hang out in a joint in Chinatown. It wuz a gin mill, and de bloke dat run it, he ust to deal in bum booze and dat class of prize-fighters. We ust to call him de manager, see.

Well, dis bloke I'm telling yuz about—De manager? Yes. Well, dis bloke ust to get all de fights for de bunch, see, and he'd pick out one of de bunch and say to him:

"Say, how much do you weigh?"

De nuckle-pusher he'd look at himself in de glass and say:

"Oh, about 180."

Den dis bloke, de manager, he'd trow his oyster on de nuckle-pusher and say:

"You're too heavy. I want a mug about 118."

Den he'd go in de back room and he'd weigh up de bunch dat would be sleepin' on de chairs, an' he'd shake de chairs and wake de talent, you know, de nuckle-pushers.

Well, he'd say:

"How much doz any of yuz mugs weigh?"

Well, dey would all begin stretchin' and gappin', and den some of dem would say, with a gap and another stretch:

"What weight do you want?"

Den de manager he'd say:

"I want a 118-pound man."

"Say, Jim," one of de bunch asked, "what's de weight?"

De whole bunch jumped to dere feet with:

"Say, Jim, I kin do dat."

"Well, come here. Let me smell your breath."

He'd take a smell and say:

"Go and sit down, you bung-hole."

Then he'd pick me out and say:

"Ho, Chuck, come here. Kin you make 118?"

"I don't know, manager," I'd say. Den he'd take me over to de scales and make me get on, and I'd shove de ring up to 135.

"You can make it all rite," he'd say, an' then he'd horse me over to the Sheeney t'ree-cent baths and leave me dere fer twelve hours wit' nuttin' to eat and nuttin' to drink.

WELL, I wuz talkin' to one of de blokes dat wuz bringin' in de soap an' water to me an' in comes de manager hollering murder watch. He comes tearing over to me in de swet room an' sez:

"Say, wot's de matter wit' you?"

"Wot's de matter?" I sez.

De manager sez, "Say, how is yuz goin' to get down to weight talkin' all de time?"

Well, to make a long story short, I sez:

"Manager, I got to talk to make meself believe I'm alive, fur on de level I've been livin' on suspission for de last t'ree weeks, an' now your feedin' me on de extract."

"Extract of what?" asked de wise guy, showing his crockery wid a gas laugh.

"Oh, extract of suspission, of course," I sed, an' I gave him a smile dat dazzled his eyes an' put freckles on his neck, an' I waltzed away to de tune of "I don't care if you never come back."

Trainin'? Oh, good nite. Dat manager could train a bloke up an' down in a minnit. He could take it off an' put it on so fast dat de scales would keep jumpin' around like a Dago fruit peddler wid his cart upset. Dere ain't no manager like him no more, an' it's a good t'ing fer de nuckle-pushers dere ain't, 'cause de coin would be all goin' one way—an' dat way would be de manager's.

Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 10)

I won that fight, but what hurts me is to have those fellows go against me. Think of it! Think of all I've done for boxing yet they hiss me out of the ring. I can't understand it, and it hurts. Deep down in my heart, I'd rather lose that fight and hear the cheers as I used to get them in my home town, but what's the use. You can't please everybody."

And with that, he wiped the tears from his eyes.

That's not a sob story, boys. It's a human interest yarn—a story that carries a kick in every word—a story that should awaken the fickle fans to the fact that they owe it to true sportsmanship to give a fair-and-square shooter, a boy who never has faked a fight, a Great Big Hand.

Will you readers of THE RING help eradicate this wrong? Will you show your mettle the very next time Canzoneri appears in your midst by showering him with a round of applause that he'll never forget?

If I know my readers, I'll wager dollars to doughnuts that they will not fail me in answering this appeal. RING readers are true sports. They're the fellows who have kept the sport alive during the darkest days of depression and they'll set the example that the cheap rotters, who won't recognize merit justly won, will be compelled to follow.

* * *

AS for the fight that set ring history for the state of New York, just as did the recent Loughran-Impellitiere mill, I repeat that I scored it in Canzoneri's favor, 6, 4 and two even. There never would have been the mix-up which followed had Judge Goldberg written his decision without rendering a double verdict. He meant well, but apparently didn't express himself clearly. His verdict read:

"Contest a draw—Canzoneri doing the best work in his winning rounds. Canzoneri wins."

Under the rules of the state, a bout may be even in rounds, yet the judge has the right to declare a winner on aggressiveness, harder hitting, or general all-around ability. In the case of Goldberg, what he tried to convey, but not as clearly as he might have, was that in his judging he had the bout even so far as rounds were concerned, but that Canzoneri, having won the last few rounds by a big margin, was entitled to the verdict and thus was awarded it.

In the second and third rounds, Tony dropped Locatelli for a one count by ripping his left each time to the pit of the stomach. When Cleto arose, Tony scored with looping rights and had the foreigner hanging on to him. But Cleto came back and fought viciously in the succeeding rounds and scored frequently with tantalizing left jabs.

When it came to boxing, Cleto had the margin, but in the fighting he was no match for Tony who peppered his stomach with ripping lefts and clouted his chin with rights and lefts. Cleto proved that he has an abundance of courage and is a good showman. He will do. The only thing he lacks is a stiff wallop. If he had that, he would be a master. As he now fights, he is what the critics call a "painter." He dubs an opponent's face with lightning, annoying jabs. I take my hat off to him as a fearless, fine specimen, and would like to see more of him in this country. But between him and Canzoneri, I maintain that Tony on two occasions now has proved he is Cleto's master.

* * *

BILLY PETROLLE'S chief worry as he passed from the fight game when he recently retired was that he soon would be forgotten . . . . "That's why I wanted so badly to be a champion," he explained. "They don't forget champions, but the memory of fellows like myself, who never won a title, soon fades and I hate to think that in a year or so I will be only a name and maybe not even that . . . ." You need have no worries on that score, Bill. The mighty roar of the old Fargo Express will ring in the ears of fight fans as long as you live. You wrote your name in the hearts of the fans, even if you failed to inscribe it on the roll of champions.

Who will ever forget the thrill of that night in Madison Square Garden when you put the great McLarnin on the floor and did everything to him but knock him out?

Who will ever forget that great fifteenth-round rally you made against Canzoneri when, weak as a sick kitten at an impossible weight, you somehow summoned up something to put into one last desperate punch that made Tony shiver from head to heels?

Who will ever forget the night you cut down that tough Argentinian, Justo Suarez, by the greatest exhibition of body punching in modern times, leaving him such a wreck that thereafter, Suarez could not beat even a preliminary boy?

Who will ever forget your spine-tingling battles with King Tut, Eddie Ran, Billy Townsend, and so many others, all of whom you ironed into submission to the roar of the crowd?

Petrolle has gone back to private life, back to his ornamental iron works and his other business interests in Duluth, leaving the fight game the better for his having been for eleven years a part of it. The fight world rejoices that financially he is apparently set for life with a modest fortune of $200,000, a loving wife, and a six-year-old daughter who is the apple of his eye. Bill's famous old Navajo blanket passed into retirement with him. No lesser warrior ever will carry it into the ring draped around his shoulders.

That grimy old blanket, Petrolle's talisman, now hangs on the wall in his den in Duluth. The sweat and blood and grime of hundreds of battles in the ring at last have been cleansed from it. As long as he was fighting, Petrolle never would permit the cleaning of that blanket.

"It started with me and I want it to finish with me just as it is," was his reply to suggestions that it might be a good idea to send it to the cleaner's. "When they send me to the cleaner's, they can send the blanket too, but not until then." . . . . So now they both are all washed up . . . . And happily, each is as good as new, except that they never will go to the wars again.

In one respect, the most pathetic figure in the retirement of Petrolle is Jack Hurley, his manager. Jack is now a manager without a fighter. It was a solid proof of his affection for the Fargo Express that he sent him into retirement, when he might have kept him going for another year or so. For Petrolle was his only meal ticket. It takes courage to throw away your meal ticket, especially in these days. There has been some talk of Hurley moving into Madison Square Garden as matchmaker, but it is doubtful if anything will come of it.

An Impressive Punch

(Continued from page 31)

and the first thing we knew, *pang!* he landed on Sharkey's ribs and sunk in his fist a foot.

"Armstrong, you know, was a great fighter himself. At one time he laid claim to the colored heavyweight championship of the world, and everything he had, he put into that punch.

"Sharkey, not being prepared for the punch, and with the wind knocked completely out of him, keeled over on his hands and knees, and before he could scramble up Armstrong was out of the ring and through the door out of the building.

"I guess it was just as well that he did go so quickly, for when Sharkey arose, he was wild enough to kill us all, and with a curse, he was out of the ring and after Armstrong.

"But Bob, evidently, had figured everything out beforehand, for he was not to be found—not then.

"That night about 9 o'clock, Bob phoned in.

" 'Mistah McGrath,' he asked meekly, 'can Ah come back?'

" 'Sure you can come back,' I said, 'you ought not to have gone away to begin with.'

" 'And you've talked with Mistah Sharkey and explained?' he asked.

" 'Tom's not going to hurt you,' I said, 'you've done him a big service; supposing he had left himself unprotected in the fight and Jeffries had landed that punch on him.'

" 'Yes, Mistah McGrath,' said Bob, 'but Ah sure am glad I give you time to explain. Was he mad?'

" 'Oh, just a little bit,' I replied.

" 'You don't think Mistah O'Rourke will have to buy dem flowers foh me, ef Ah comes back, does you, Mistah McGrath?'

" 'No,' I replied, 'there won't be any funeral. You showed Tom a little too much today and I'm sure he'll not take any liberties with you.'

" 'Dat's fine, Mistah McGrath,' came back Bob, 'Ah's on mah way. Ah'll be in de camp soon.'

"Thereafter, for many days, Armstrong used the crouch and Sharkey maneuvered to get in his attack and as a result of Bob's coaching, Tom put up a wonderful showing. You remember that the bout went twenty-five rounds and that Sharkey lost the decision, although I always thought he had won the mill. The referee favored Jeffries because he was the champion and because, he said, Tom had two ribs broken and was not in as good condition at the end of the fight as was Jeffries."

He Wouldn't Go Hollywood!

(Continued from page 17)

May of 1930 and hasn't differed three pounds in weight since that night. And his manager-brother, Maurice Lasky, who has brought him along carefully and mighty successfully, says he was always big, weighing 12½ pounds at birth.

He's of the raw-boned, gangling type with long, skinny but withal, powerful underpinning and arms of exceptional length which though not heavily muscled, are of the useful type. At least their owner knows what to do with them. It is in the powerful shoulders and back muscles that the power lies. He has a back modelled after the Bob Fitzsimmons mold—expansive and plentifully upholstered with those smooth-moving muscles that give so much force to a well delivered punch.

His left is a wonderful weapon. He hits with it from any angle and in almost any direction. It is never idle, but rips and tears and stings, and he has a funny twisting hook with it, something similar to the old Kid McCoy corkscrew, that is full of that lethal something that puts men down and dizzy.

He keeps a foe off balance with it constantly, shuffling in in the manner of Ol' Fitz, crowding warily but with set purpose and seldom giving the opposition a chance to get set for a full-weighted punch.

"He's the most exasperating fighter I ever met!" was one of Tom Patrick's comments after his knockout. "You never know what's coming next. You simply can't guess what he's apt to do and worst of all, he generally does what he sets out to do."

Other opponents have said the same thing. His ring actions bear these statements out to the fullest. He's full of the unusual. The first thing you know the foe is dizzy and wobbly and the ringsiders scarcely can tell what caused it.

* * *

IN his first fight in Los Angeles with Jack Willis, a capable colored heavyweight, the end came in such a manner in the third round that folks were baffled. Indeed, the state commission suspended Willis for quitting. Willis pleaded he had been badly hurt and finally was paid off. Later, after seeing several of Lasky's subsequent feats, they apologized to Willis!

He's a slow starter, usually, and this gave rise to an opinion that he is easy to hit. On the contrary, he's harder to find than the mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu. His head works on a well-oiled pivot, sliding away with the punches easily.

Best proof of this is that he has but few marks of battle, even his naturally prominent Jimmy Durante being in its natural state still. But they have to keep him "hot" in the dressing room before he goes on, he generally goes through the equivalent of three rounds before going out to the ring.

Even the taciturn Jim Jeffries, an ex-champion who has been hunting for years for a possible topliner among the uncultured of the behemoths, sees something astonishing in this Lasky chap.

"While he doesn't look anything like Fitzsimmons, there are some moves that he makes from time to time that bring that wonderful fighter back to my mind sharply," mused the grand old sage of Burbank when I talked with him the other day. "He uses that long left of his in much the same manner that Fitz did—sometimes apparently without much purpose but always whacking away here and there, getting in often and with a lot of sharp little digs that don't seem to be much but which cut and sting and often are of stunning force, although to the outsider they don't look like anything.

"It's my opinion that he's quite a fighter and I'm sure he'll be in high spots before long. There isn't anything around here that has a chance with him. If I had a good man under my management he'd be the last one I'd match him with."

Out of a total of forty-one fights—he has worked in only 188 rounds out of a possible 346. Charley Retzlaff was the only man who ever beat him.

One little point of human interest may be set forth here and now. On September 1, 1932, he boxed ten rounds with Primo Carnera in St. Paul and was lauded highly for a remarkable showing. Two years later, almost to the hour, he came face to face again with Carnera on a moving picture lot in Hollywood. Carnera's eyes popped. "Know you? Sure I know you," he growled as they shook hands. "You damn good boy!" Later he confided to Bill Duffy, one of his managers who worked in the picture, that Lasky had hit him harder in the ribs than anybody he had ever met!

So, all things considered, it looks as if this Jewish lad, son of a Minnesota truck farmer, who raised the best potatoes in the best potato district of the Middle West, may be going places. His aim is high and he doesn't bar anybody right now, even there are whispers that Max Baer would be accommodated within the next year.

Lots of folks in California are thoroughly sold on Art Lasky!

Opportunity Knocked . . . .

(Continued from page 11)

West up a bit. But overconfidence came near bringing disaster to the ex-welterweight champion. As he danced in, West's right shot out and Ryan sprawled to the floor with teeth loosened and lip split. After he was floored again, the Syracuse man stayed away until the bell.

Claret Flows in the Fifth

CLARET began to flow in the fifth, coming from cuts on West's cheek and nose and from Ryan's damaged mouth and puffed proboscis; soon both men had smeared themselves. The Louisville contingent, unused to so much gore, looked on aghast, muttering, "Whew!"

Champion Terry McGovern, featherweight pride of Brooklyn, took Tommy West's corner later and coached his fellow townsman with all his might. "Rush him, Tommy," ordered Terry in the sixteenth. "It's your only chance."

West complied, but his nimble, elusive adversary escaped the finishers every time. In the next round McGovern, seeing that the reeling, almost blind slugger had no chance to win, tossed the sponge into the ring. Although defeated, West had the consolation of knowing that he had battered his opponent's body into a worse condition than had any other pugilist.

Four weeks later the damaged Brooklynite, still weak from the effects of the Ryan mill, unwisely essayed to beat Marvin Hart, the Louisville heavyweight. Hart reopened the old cuts and pummeled an already bruised body into submission in sixteen rounds.

Tommy fought twice more, losing to Young Peter Jackson in February, and Joe Walcott in June, 1902. And when he finally lost to the Barbados demon, victories over whom had given West his splendid reputation, he knew he was through as a fighter. He promptly retired and became a professor of physical culture.

"And Strong Men Wept!"

(Continued from page 30)

alien, had an excellent chance of annexing the title that day.

Of course there were strange circumstances surrounding the whole thing—the war record and the flubdub that had attended the making of the match and its attendant details. Strange indeed are the ways of the American people! One can never guess the public or its likes and dislikes.

* * *

DURING the consummation of the Olympic games in Los Angeles two years ago this summer, there were many exhibitions of tearfulness and emotionalism, but that was to be expected, especially among the foreign groups that were so far from home.

Invited in one night for a little dinner that Jack Dempsey tendered the Argentine boxing team at his Barbara Hotel—what a man of capacity and understanding is that same Dempsey chap!—I saw a strange sight. That team consisted of some of the oddest-looking mortals you ever saw—odd, I mean, in a sense of comparison with the clean-cut, upstanding young Americans our eyes are accustomed to seeing.

They ate in strange silence, the only words coming from the classy gentlemen of affairs who were with them as representatives of the Argentine Government, which was as it should be, I suppose. But at the conclusion of the dinner and in response to a few words from the man in charge of the team, they arose and one and all lined up before the much embarrassed Dempsey and wept on his shoulder!

The tragedy of the whole thing was that, three days later, two of these high officials from the South American republic were killed in an automobile accident fifty miles from Los Angeles, an accident that didn't receive much notice in the papers because of the general excitement of the opening of the games!

It is small wonder that this team didn't do so well in the final round-up.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

WITH the outdoor season just around the corner, boxers, managers, and promoters are all getting into tiptop shape for a season that has the earmarks of being another record breaker. Harry Jones, the local out-door promoter, is dusting off the files and will be ready to go with the first chirp of the robin.

In the only boxing card of the month, Larry Udel, local light-heavyweight, and Tiger Jack Payne, Omaha Negro, mixed eight rounds to an interesting draw. Young Rightmeier, making his second start as a featherweight, handed Sammy Musco of Omaha a licking in eight; Earl Mason of Albert Lea, Minn., punched Battling Nelson full of holes in eight; Mel Rice won by a K. O. over Kid Kingsbury in one; Willie Johnson and Art Johnson ended their fight in the usual draw of four rounds.

Rochester, Minn.—Iowa Joe Rivers beat Stanley Christie in eight; Frankie Freeman and Kid Ripley drew in six; Bobby Haas and Bennie Arnold drew in six; Lefty Kern knocked out Jud Johnson in two; Midget Darnell beat Harold Clark in four; Babe Coughlan beat Speedy Ripley in four.

Minneapolis, Minn. — Jackie Sharkey beat Wayne Short in six; Shareld Kennard beat Jack Libgott in six; Frankie Knauer knocked out Caddy Casey in three; Lee Savoldi knocked out George Ecks in three.

Glinden, Iowa—Eddie Spencer and Bennie Salvatore fought six to a draw; Mike Gregory and Jimmie Salvatore drew in six; Kid Goetsch and Young Pollard drew in four; K. O. Bedford won on a foul in the first round from Kid Neal; Young Simons and Kid Meyers drew in four; George Gregory won by a knock-out over Kid Brady in two; Bat Nelson and Slasher Mosher drew in four.

Fargo, N. D.—Al Pahl of Sioux City defeated Johnny Datto of Cleveland in six rounds; Young Harry Greb outpointed Al Christie in a fast sixer.

Huron, S. D.—Larry Udell, Sioux City light-heavyweight, won by a knock-out over "Sorrel Top" Seaman in the sixth round of a billed ten-rounder.

Mason City, Iowa — Freddie Tompkins and Mexican Joe Rivers fought ten rounds to a good draw.

Grand Forks, N. D.—Steve Trojack beat Johnny Baker in ten; Georgie Feist beat Ollie Bartlett in six; Abe Hofer beat Mel Sullivan in six; Bud Jenson beat Eddie Dyer in four.

Fargo, N. D.—Frankie Battaglia stopped Walter Cobb in three; Johnny Stanton beat Blackie Bersheim in six; Sherald Kennard stopped Everett Roe in two; Dick Demeray beat Al Pahl in six.

Humboldt, Iowa — Merline Smith beat Curt Jones in six; Darell Sheeley knocked out Kid Boor in three; Kid Hewitt defeated Buck Christensen in four; Don Knutson beat Young Johnny in four.

Grand Forks, N. D.—Laurie Peppin beat Ace of Spades in ten; Georgie Feist beat Johnny Baker in six fast rounds.

Victor, Iowa—Young Howard Lippincott and Bud Wheeler fought six rounds to a draw; Gus Fischer knocked out Curly Lormer in the first round.

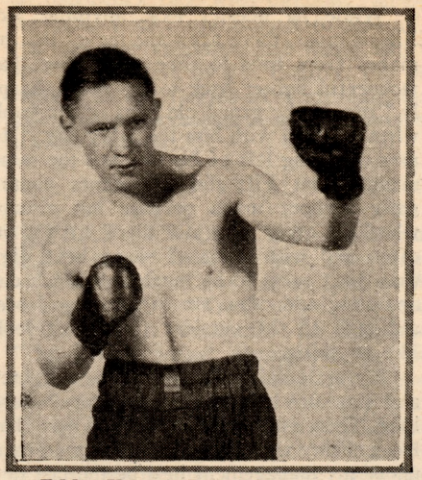
Rochester, Minn.—Bobbie Haas lost to Bennie Arnold on a foul in two; Frankie Kouba beat Lefty Hern in four; Jackie Rich beat Young Hansen in four.

Glidden, Iowa—Kid Jennings and Young Eldrige drew in six; Kid Spencer beat Young Whitie in five; Kid Toyne beat K. O. Patton in four; Kid Clark won by a K.O. over Young Douglas in three.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Henry Rothier outpointed Jackie Purvis in ten fast rounds.

My new promoters' list is ready. It contains the following: Leading promoters from this section, leading boxers, leading newspapers, the best looking spots, and other information of interest to the fighter, manager, promoter, and boxing fan. There is a small charge of one dime, which only covers the cost of getting the matter out and into your hands. Address Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

I wish to take up this little space and thank my many readers for all the news that is sent in to this column. Your interest and hard work in getting news to me is appreciated. It proves that you are interested in these notes, working with The Ring magazine and doing your part in keeping the boxing game alive at a time such as now, when everyone must put his shoulder to the wheel. Conditions out here are improving every day, and the boxing game, I'm glad to say, has also improved. So once again I say, fellows, thanks for your help.



Eddie Koppy, Detroit's hard-hitting lightweight.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Jesse Hayslip of Marshall, Mo., and a regular reader of The Ring, has a fine crop of youngsters under his management. Included in his list are Woody Rivers, a bantamweight; Joe Taylor, featherweight, and Billie Black, a coming lightweight . . . Bobby O'Dowd, local bantamweight ace, is now in Chicago, where he is making a hit with the fans . . . . George Jordon, former manager of Sammy Martin, is now located at E. St. Louis, Ill., and has a large stable of boxers . . . . Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Ill., has his youngster, Mervin McLean, going like a house afire. McLean in his last start won over Young Scotty of Chicago at Peoria . . . . Freddie Tompkins, Mason City, Iowa lightweight, is still holding his own with the best around this section . . . . Brown Burroughs of Oxford, Ala., is on hand with a challenge for Young Rightmeier or Bobby O'Dowd. Burroughs has a very good-looking record, and says he can beat it up with plenty of fight . . . . The Capocy & Tremonte boxing stable of Chicago has a large list of fighters . . . . Clyde Smith, boxing manager of St. Paul, Minn., has a good-looking lightweight in Pat Chilefone. Promoters wishing to book a good lightweight can reach Smith at 746 So. Smith Ave., St. Paul . . . . Wrestling shows are going good in Sioux City right now . . . . Carl Neiderman is holding shows again at Mason City . . . . Gene Keeley is doing well at Marshalltown, Iowa . . . . Chick Chambers, boxing promoter at Sanborn, Iowa, is holding shows every week . . . . Sailor Burke will promote outdoor shows again this summer at Arnolds Park, Iowa . . . . The Martin Billiard Parlors is still the meeting place of Sioux City's fistic elite . . . . You can always find some of the managers and boxers there . . . . The American Legion of Dyersville, Iowa, has entered the list of promoters . . . . Council Bluffs, Iowa, is also on the list . . . . Boxing in Omaha is taking a nap . . . . Billy Hale has things going over at Lincoln, Nebr. . . . . Louis Salerno, Omaha manager, is on the Coast with Baby Tiger Flowers and is making a hit . . . . See you next month.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

ATTENDANCE in Southern boxing circles has shown quite a rapid increase, with indications that the death-knell of the pugilistic depression hereabouts will have been sounded during this and the coming month. Good fights, such as the Knight-Rosenbloom bout, the Tony Falco-Charlie Gomer fiasco, and the Godwin-Rosenbloom match are quite a benefit to the Cauliflower Alley as well as new faces shining with luster making their debut in Southern rings, the fighters in mind being none other than the outstanding Roy Manley, Conrad Norman, Billy Hogan, Tommy Aldare, Frankie Petrolle, Mickey Walker, and quite a number of others too numerous to name.

Your scribe predicted that boxing would be on the upgrade and that the South would sponsor some real good fighting shows and that is just what has taken place here.

The South has the distinction of having eleven of its pugilists rated in Eddie Borden's Ratings. They are Bob Godwin, Adel, Ga.; Joe Knight, Cairo, Ga.; LeRoy Brown, Charleston, S. C.; Vince Dundee, Baltimore, Md.; Clyde Chastain, Dallas, Texas; Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis, Tenn.; Tony Herrera, El Paso, Texas; Johnny Lucas, Baltimore, Md.; Jimmy Leto, Tampa, Fla.; Tony Canzoneri, New Orleans, La.; and Jack Portney of Baltimore, Md. All are good boys, else they never would have gotten in the first ten. However, there is a heavyweight in Georgia that will not only get in the first ten before the year is over but will be fighting for the world's title. He will not only take up where Young Stribling left off but will go even farther. Though only twenty-two years of age, this hard-punching youth, who is none other than John "Corn" Griffin whom most of you have already heard of, is heading for the top rung. His knock-outs of Frankie Edgren, Battling Bozo, Roy Manley, Muggs Kerr, Jimmy Maloney, Natie Brown, Buck Everett, K. O. Johnny Roberts, Jerry Pavlick, Cyclone Smith, Eddie McCarthy, Eddie Mader, Gordon Fortenberry and a flock of others high up in the boxing business, show his calibre.

Corn started fighting some three years ago as a preliminary boy in the Army at Fort Benning, Ga., where he is still stationed. He showed possibilities as a topnotcher and quickly he was rushed into main-go bouts, meeting the best soldier opponents in the service. Corn was a tremendous puncher, and one swish of his swing used to send his foes to the cleaners before they could get their bearings.

Griffin came into demand by outside promoters and, though only a kid, he opposed the cream of the crop and made good. At nineteen years of age he lost a close decision to Joe Knight, this being one of the few that he has lost in over one hundred battles. Last month he knocked out Jimmy Maloney in the fifth round.

Corn Griffin is very popular with the Southern fight fans, even more so than either Joe Knight or Bob Godwin. Wherever he fights, there is sure to be a large turnout. He is not of the Loughran type but fights in the style of Jack Dempsey. Corn tears into his opponent at the sound of the gong and, until someone drops, he keeps punching away. He punches hard with either hand. He bobs and weaves and tears and lashes away. He is always in the best of shape and is sure to give his best. Hence the reason for his popularity.

Charley Harvey, one of the country's most prominent fight managers and tutor of Steve Hamas, is now negotiating with Army officials in the hopes that he might be able to get Corn out of the Army. Mr. Harvey has taken a liking to Corn and has promised the soldier that he can put him into the limelight as he has many others. Corn has heard of Hamas' manager and believes in him. He knows that Mr. Harvey can not only bring him into fame and fortune but that he can also show him the finer points in the "Art of Fisticuffs," and a letter to your writer from Corn reads:

"I want to thank you for making connections. I am highly interested in Mr. Harvey and I can truthfully say that when he takes me over, I will be a different Corn Griffin."

The South is behind you, Griffin. Go to it! Atta Boy!

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

ANTONIO SANTANA, Cuba's sturdy flyweight, scored a one-round knock-out over Manny Leon at the Miramar Garden stadium. Two weeks later, suffering from a severe cold, Santana lost a close decision to Juan Morales, one of Cuba's promising ringsters.

Joe Coego and Kid Calixto drew in a ten-round contest. Calixto drew first blood with a hard right to Coego's eye, but Joe came from behind to even up the score. Joaquin Jorge defeated Kid Charolito in six rounds, and Pancho Suarez won over Joseito Garcia.

Rafael Valdes, Cuban flyweight king, outpointed Marino Diaz in ten rounds. If Valdes can get into the hands of a good American manager, he will be the world's next flyweight champion.

Divino Rueda, bantamweight star, after a long rest came back to the ring and drew with Lazaro Diaz.

Castor Fernandez, the Austrian welterweight, lost a close one to Charoll, II. The bout was a real hot one.

Young Herrera, heavyweight champion, won on a foul in the seventh round from Kid Angel Sanchez at Miramar Gardens. The two are slated for a return bout in which the light-heavyweight title will be settled.

Higinio Ruiz, crack lightweight, is training for a busy winter season. Ruiz is a tough customer.

Martin Perez, trial horse, outpointed Frank Ortiz, the giant soldier boy.

Kid Chocolate, Cuban bonbon, is training hard for a series of bouts which his manager, Pincho Gutierrez, has scheduled for him. If successful he will return for another American invasion.

William Baeza, local youngster, is one of the most promising flyweights seen around here in years.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

TONY HERRERA, probably the best Texas fighter since the days of Jack Johnson, is meeting Barney Ross for the world's junior-welterweight championship. The bout will be held in Fort Worth late in April. Boasting one of the finest left hands in the game and recent victories over such boys as Wesley Ramey, Eddie Kid Wolfe, Tony Falco, and Tracey Cox, Herrera figures to give Ross a very tough evening.

George Salvadore, Boston welterweight now making Houston his home, continued his good work, taking easy decisions over Red Rose and Curtis Mullens and stopping Patsy Brown in six. George Brown beat Jack Sanders and kayoed Fred Snipes; Johnny Lindsey, winner of fourteen straight, beat Tony Plia and drew with Paul Dempsey.

At Dallas: Eddie Speaks beat Mike Woolsey in ten; Richie Mack decisioned Cecil Lozada in ten; Roy Calamire beat Cullen Williams in ten; Hy Liter defeated Paul Ladd in ten; Wilson Dunn kayoed Jack Sanders in six; Bobby Calmes won over Babe Colima; Hy Liter flattened Owen Duvernay in two; Jimmy Lacoume beat Spider Calmes in six; Junior Cone kayoed Steve McPherson in two.

At Ft. Worth: Tony Herrera took an easy decision over Lou Avery; Hy Liter stopped Tommy Collins in three; Wilson Dunn won Joe Rice's claim to the state heavyweight championship by winning the decision in ten rounds.

At El Paso: Tony Herrera knocked out Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, in the sixth round; Hy Liter kayoed Pete Solis in one; Billy Celebron beat Junior Cone in six; Eddie Ran won over Cowboy Eddie Anderson in ten.

Lou Beard, Fort Worth lightweight, went over big in Houston, flattening Howard Clive in one and Tony Canna in two. Possessing a terrific punch in either hand and a real fighting heart along with apparently "everything" it takes, Beard looks like another McLarnin in the making. Mark this boy down in your book as a comer.

At San Antonio: Cecil Lozada beat Midget Mexico in ten; Owen Duvernay kayoed K.O. Crom in 6; Del Hawkins stopped Joe White in four; Owen Duvernay beat Tommy Monroe in ten.

At Galveston: Ervin Berlier beat Willard Brown in ten; Bobby Pitts kayoed Soldier Shirley in one; Johnny Lacille beat Charley Roque in six; Soldier Tally beat Soldier Strong in four; Ervin Berlier decisioned Manuel Castro in ten; Ace King sank Bedford Pitts in three; Johnny Lacille beat Paul Dempsey in six; Soldier Tally won over Johnny Joe Baker in four.

At Houston: Don La Rue won from Babe Kiser in ten; Midget Mexico beat Kayo Kitchens in ten; Ray Garza beat Louis Hasso; Tony Mazzagrate won over Babe Grace; Benny Lindsey and Bobby Murray gave Houston the best fight in years in battling to an eight-round draw; Jesse Villa beat Mike Rovera; Andy Trujillo beat Tommy Gonzales.

Here and There: At Breckenridge, J. D. (Kayo) Kitchens beat Bobby Clark and Bobby Burns; at Brownwood, Duke Tramel kayoed Debs Dalby; Kayo Kitchens beat Nick Santos; Jodie Cason drew with Frenchy LeFevre; at Amarillo, Jack Kilbourne beat Odie Ludlow in ten; Chief Paris kayoed Harry Avadon in three; Odie Ludlow drew with Eddie Murdock in ten; at Harliggen, Kid Bruno stopped Kid Pancho in four and won over Frankie Garcia in ten; Mike Martinez beat Kid Carmona in eight; Perry Knowles kayoed Jimmy Arazella in seven.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS—That eternal triangle: the promoters can't pay because the fans won't come; the fans won't come because they can't see the matches they desire; managers and fighters won't enter such matches because there isn't enough money. Result: the game is sick, very sick . . . . some of the matches I think would be appreciated:

George Salvadore *vs.* Tracey Cox.
George Salvadore *vs.* Ralph Sikes.
Eddie Speaks *vs* Ervin Berlier.
Williard Brown *vs.* Cecil Lozada.
Duke Tramel *vs.* Don La Rue.
Don La Rue *vs.* Hy Liter.
Henry Moreno *vs.* Jimmy Perrin.
Clyde Chastian *vs.* Bob Davey
Ralph Sikes *vs.* Midget Mexico.
Wilson Dunn *vs.* Clyde Chastian.
Bobby Garcia *vs.* George Salvadore.

Jack Thurman has a good heavyweight prospect in George Brown . . . . "Humpy" Mason has a promising youngster in Baby Joe Russo . . . . Johnny Thompson's boy, Bob Davey, looks like plenty class . . . . Send me your news to *Houston Press,* Houston, Texas.

FIGHT VIEWS in COLORADO

THE Colorado state heavyweight title has been declared vacant by the state boxing commission. "Blackie" Robertson, the incumbent titleholder, and Dick O'Brien, Denver heavyweight, were suspended for six months and fined half their purse for a "phony" battle at Pueblo. However, Carl Walker of Hillrose is the best heavyweight in the state.

At Fort Morgan: Carl Walker, Hillrose heavyweight, knocked out Jake Baker, Fort Morgan, in three rounds. In the semiwind-up, Jimmy Harris of Cope won a close decision over Sailor Gray of Brush in a furious six-round *melee.*

The end of the trail is in sight for "Goodtime George" Manley. The one-time topnotcher is serving the role of sparring partner for Primo Carnera in the sunny South. What a pity that a fellow with all the requisites of a great champion should come to the end of the pugilistic trail with nothing to show for his efforts.

The 36th annual D.A.C. amateur tournament was held in Denver. The following boys were crowned victors in the various classes. Flyweight: Julian Mondragon; bantamweight: Chuck Taylor; featherweight: Tommy Lopez; lightweight: Billy Row; welterweight: Reuben Klein; middleweight: Fritz Brennecke; light-heavy: John Clark; heavyweight; John Clark.

The most promising prospect uncovered was the pugnacious Clark, who is one of the hardest hitters to ever graduate out of the D.A.C. tournament.

"Chief" Stanley Fell of Lamar scored a surprising upset when he won the state heavyweight title with a decisive ten-round victory over the highly touted Carl Walker of Hillrose. The battle, staged at Lamar, was to decide a successor for "Blackie" Robertson's title.

In the semiwind-up, Ernie Lara, Pueblo, outpointed "Speedy" Ricco, Colorado Springs.

June Hack defeated Kid Marlowe in a torrid six-round battle.

At Alamosa—Tax Takla, Denver welterweight, won an eight-round decision over "Kid" Monroe, of Dodge City, Kans.

Mike Montoya scored a technical kayo over Mel Beall in the third round of a middleweight battle.

Emilio Martinez, state middleweight champion, journeyed up to Idaho Falls, Idaho, and won a ten-round go from Ray (Showboat) McQuillan.

Ernie Lara of Pueblo is one of the latest fistic sensations to flash across the boxing horizon. Lara, a featherweight, appears to be the best little man that Colorado has developed since the halcyon days of "Young" Corbett.

At Antonito—Emilio Martinez, Denver, scored a knock-out over Jimmy Jordan of Alamosa in the fourth round of their scheduled ten-round bout.

The semiwind-up between Pug Sutherland of Manassa and Billy Yalotz of Pueblo resulted in a victory over Sutherland.

Bobby White, La Veta, and Alex Cisneros, Questa N. Mex., drew in six rounds.

Incidentally, the card drew one of the largest gates in the history of southern Colorado, proving that the fans will still turn out when an attractive card is arranged.

Denver returned to the pugilistic wars by staging the Hershey Wilson-Leonard Viditich lightweight battle. Wilson, state lightweight title-holder, scored a technical kayo over the North Denver youngster in a slashing battle, Referee Bloom stopping it in the eighth round.

On the same card, John Clark, sensation in the late D.A.C. tournament, made his "pro" debut against Don Mastro, fast-stepping Denver Mexican, and lost by a technical kayo in the third heat.

Harry Bramer, former featherweight idol of Colorado, is in business in Phoenix, Ariz., and has a pair of promising prospects in tow. One of them, a Mexican kid by the name of Valdez, is a coming champ, according to Harry.

Tax Takla, well-known Denver welter, has announced that he has hung up the gloves for good and in the future will devote his time to managing a stable of fighters.

Remember, the writer would like to have the fight results from all over this Rocky Mountain region. Be sure to have them in not later than the fifteenth of each month. Would also like to hear from any boys with no managerial connections who would like to show in this section. Send full dope on yourself in first letter. There is quite a bit of work here for boys that can really fight.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THE added weight which Harry Dublinsky, Chicago, has put on since last appearing in New Orleans has evidently given him more incentive. The Windy City Pole gave Eddie Kid Wolfe, Memphis welterweight, a terrific pounding in nine of the ten rounds at the Coliseum Arena, the "Kid" being completely outclassed in all departments, particularly his own—infighting.

In supporting the aforementioned match, Adam Cook, 130, member of the family of fighting Cooks, disposed of Desmond Diggs in four rounds. Joe Saille, 116, and Santos Hugo, Filipino, went four rounds to a draw, as also did Bill Hogroder, Bogalusa, La. featherweight, and Benny Nastasi.

There were some bright spots in the offing, nevertheless. In Shreveport, La., the Caddo Athletic Club reorganized and will put on fight cards intermittently. Then over in Biloxi, Miss., a group is attempting to resuscitate the sport after a long period of idleness. At Monroe, La., V. S. Bruscato proposed a reopening of the boxing arena there, but up to the present writing nothing further has been heard of his endeavor. Hot Springs, Ark., is back on the fistic map with Paul Steele behind the effort. Over the line in Texas, Will Fort is doing eminent service for the fight game at Beaumont and Port Arthur, giving his public some exceptionally good fights with well-known principals. These enterprising gentlemen have the best regards of all members of the boxing fraternity and will obtain full cooperation.

Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans' present bantamweight hope, performed once during the month, finding an easy victim in Spider Calmes, Duncan, Okla. A kayo ended the ten-round event in the fifth. However, Bobby Calmes, older brother of Spider, blighted the renewed ambitions of Patsy Flanagan, New Orleans bantam. Although boxing with his left hand only, Bobby took every stanza of the ten-round set-to with ease. Baby Kiser, Oklahoma middleweight, and Adam Cook were other winners over Moon Couns and Neo Robertson, respectively, in four rounds each.

Results from Biloxi, where two cards were put on, showed Charlie Marshall, local middleweight, beating Joe Ewing in ten rounds and Preacher Ladner kayoing George McGinnis in six. Terry Lohman, Pascagoula featherweight, knocked out Lester Cronin, Brookhaven, in the fourth of their ten-round go, and Battling Burroughs, Pascagoula, stopped Huston Guillotte, Biloxi, in three.

In the bantamweight tourney staged by Promoter Burke in New Orleans, Tony Cangiamilla, New Orleans, failed in a comeback attempt when he was badly beaten by Midget Aztec, latest Mexican importation, in ten rounds. Joe Fryou, Gretna southpaw, in his first ten-round bout, whipped Santos Hugo, Filipino, an experienced foe. George Murla, Filipino, defeated Joey Martinez.

Chief Chewchki, colorful Indian grappler, and Lou Plummer literally stopped the show with their wrestling performance at the Coliseum in New Orleans. That is, they were the major factors along with a pop bottle barrage from the fans and the assistance of the police. Seemingly, the public wished to get into the excitement of things when the big grunt men began roughing it up a bit. Not a few of the participants received bumps on the head, but there were no serious damages done except to the dignity of the two grapplers who were forced into a hurried exit.

A black star has arisen on the sky of southern lightweights in the person of K.O. White, New Orleans Negro. White is the big drawing card in the weekly all-Negro boxing shows put on by Promoter Ovalasti. Many fans believe the colored knock-out artist could "take" any of the local white lightweights, but Jim Crow laws do not permit such meetings. Incidentally, the Negroes are boxing before full houses each week.

OUTCROPPINGS — Midget Wolgast always leaves an old sock behind in his hotel room for good luck. . . . The only big Chinese boxers in this country today, Ralph and Johnny Chong, middleweight and welterweight, respectively, have what the promoters want, showmanship. . . . This writer negotiates business for the Chinamen. . . . Orchestras have a penchant to play "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" when Eddie Kid Wolfe puts in an appearance. . . . . Bill Branner, Hattiesburg, Miss., wears a blue eagle on his boxing trunks. . . . . The state boxing laws are being amended in Texas, giving those in the business a better break financially . . . . Eddie Coulon, former bantamweight, has made his debut as a referee. . . . For a list of active boxing promoters in Louisiana, Texas, Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama send twenty cents to the writer at 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

The greatest home training boxing course on the market, is Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course—read his ad in this issue.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

James Hughes, Wilmington, Del.

Q.—What year did Jess Willard win the title from Jack Johnson? How many fights did Jess have before he won the crown? Has Paulino ever been knocked out?

A.—Jess won the title on April 5, 1915, at Havana by a knock-out in the twenty-sixth round. He had twenty-six fights. Paulino was never knocked out.

Clifford Hopewell, Dallas, Texas

Q.—I noticed that when the decision in the recent Rosenbloom-Knight fight was announced, both the judges had voted for a draw and the referee had decided in Knight's favor, yet the final decision was announced a draw. If the judges were unable to decide a winner and the referee had declared Knight the victor, then why didn't he get it? It is my understanding, after reading your interesting book, *How to Referee and to Judge a Fight*, that when the judges fail to agree on the outcome of a fight, the referee is to render the decision. Why was that rule not followed in Miami?

A.—It was. You apparently have misunderstood the rule to which you refer. In the old New York State rules, those which were only recently changed and after which all the commission rules in states where boxing is legalized are patterned, the decision was based on the consensus of the three verdicts—the referee's and that of each of the judges. All three slips were collected at the same time and if two judges, or one judge and the referee, agreed, or all three agreed, the consensus was the official verdict.

However, recently this was changed in New York and likewise in several other states to conform to the following plan—the slips of the judges are taken up by the announcer. If they agree in their decision, even though that agreement is on a draw, then that settles it. Their decision is the official one. If they disagree, then the referee has final say.

Stanley Longstaff, Boxing Critic, "The Sporting Life," London, England

Q.—In your last issue, in answer to the query of Stanley Foyle, you state that a referee had never dropped dead in the ring. I thought it would be of interest to you to know that at Liverpool, on February 2, 1933, Bob Smyth of Liverpool died in the fifth round of the bout between Eddie Maguire, South African middleweight and champion, and Gustave Roth, I.B.U. middleweight champion of Europe. The boxers were rematched for the nine rounds and Roth won on points. There was an interval between the contests, the original of which was scheduled for fifteen rounds of only a few minutes. Would that procedure have been followed in the States?

A.—I'm exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Longstaff, for your information. I inquired of the New York Boxing Commission what would be done in the event of the death of a referee during the bout, and was informed that in this state the bout would continue with one of the other officials being pressed into service as third man in the ring, and that the points scored by the officials up to the time of the change would be counted just as if nothing had happened.

Arthur Lang, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is it true that Chuck Connors was a real person and not a mythical character?

A.—Yes, indeed, a very real person. He was one of the old Bowery's most famous characters. Before becoming the leader of Chinatown, he was a boxer of ability. "The Ring" will carry a special article on him in the next issue by request. We have received many letters from all over the world, following recent reference to him, asking us for such a story and Arthur Lumley, the seventy-nine-year-old "Ring" staff writer, who at one time managed John L. Sullivan, and owned the old "New York Illustrated News," a great sports publication, will write the story. He knew Chuck intimately and at one time received a special visit from England from Hall Caine, the famous novelist, for the purpose of having Arthur introduce Chuck to him.

Jiminez Gonzales, Porto Rico

Q.—Was Barney Aaron an American or an Englishman? What was his parentage? Was he a good fighter? What were his best battles? Did he live in the United States?

A.—He was an Englishman, son of a famous English fighter of the early nineteenth century. He came to America and made his home here. He was an excellent pugilist and a great second and manager and referee. He figured in most of the leading fights of his day, in some capacity. His father was a Hebrew and his mother, Irish.

One of his toughest contests was a three-hour-and-twenty-two-minutes affair with Jack Monoghan for a $200 purse at Providence, R. I., which Barney won in eighty rounds on September 28, 1857.

James O'Callaghan, Ireland

Q.—You recently referred to a fight between Charles Freeman and the "Tipton Slasher." What was the real name of the Tipton Slasher?

A.—His name was William Perry. He and Freeman fought a total of two hours and three minutes in three rings, December 14, 16, and 20. The bout went to 108 rounds.

Tom McGuire, San Francisco, Calif.

Q.—Where is Abe Hicken, former lightweight king of the bare-knuckle days, buried? What was the date and the result of his fight with Pete McGuire, to whom I am related?

A.—Abe is buried in Australia. He was a great fighter. His bout with McGuire took place at Perryville, Md., on December 23, 1868, and was billed as for the lightweight championship of America. Hicken won in five rounds which went exactly fifty minutes.

Martin Lurman, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Can a fellow become a pro boxer without first joining the amateurs?

A.—Yes. In fact considerable argument always has been waged as to the benefits one might derive from first joining the amateurs. I contend that it is a good thing for one to fight as an amateur and to gain his experience that way before tackling the tougher boys in the pro ranks. England and this country have produced many great champions, products of the Simon-Pure ranks—Jack McAuliffe, Tony Canzoneri, Fidel La Barba, Jackie Fields, Frankie Genaro, and many others.

John Harlan, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—If I concentrate on rope skipping and don't do any road running, will I achieve the same results?

A.—No. While both tend to develop the wind and the legs, in road running you have a form of exercise which, with its many variations—walking, skipping, leapfrog, climbing, sprinting and just ordinary slow pace jogs—exercises every part of the body. It helps the legs, neck, chest, arms, and other parts of the body.

In rope skipping the primary benefit is the development of the legs and the wind and the wrist but, because of the continuous jumping, you cannot afford to indulge in this form of exercise too long because it may affect the heart. In road work, however, as I pointed out above, you can alter the pace and, when tired or when you feel a stitch in the heart coming on, you can still continue the exercise by coming down almost to a halt, or by walking until you feel ready to continue the run. Both are good developers, but rope skipping must be taken with caution. You must not overdo it.

Abraham Slivetski, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Was Willie Beecher ever a champion? If not, was he a topnotcher? Is it advisable to wear teeth protectors while training?

A.—Never a champion, but a good fighter. Ranked with the leaders. Yes. Protect your teeth.

Mabel Tedisco, Providence, R. I.

Q.—I noticed that you had no stories on girl boxers and wrestlers in the last issue. Aren't we going to have any more of such features in THE RING?

A.—No. I'm sorry, but I had to discontinue them. I decided, much against my better judgment, to give the girls a break and, for four issues, I carried stories on the female of the species, but I never thought I would be flooded with so many letters of objection. Our readers, on the basis of about sixteen to one, asked for a discontinuance. I can safely say that I received on the average of sixty letters a day pertaining to this subject, some praising my sportsmanship in giving space to the girls, but the majority condemning "The Ring" and its editor in no uncertain terms. In fact, many threatened to stop reading "The Ring" pending a change of heart on my part. Hence, in the best interests of the majority, including my magazine, I have decided to discontinue the publication of stories on women boxers and wrestlers, but will give you much more interesting human interest stories on women who figured in the "making or breaking" of great fistic characters. How's that, Mabel? Isn't that better?

Harvey Stone, Lynbrook, L. I.

Q.—Was Jimmy Deforest a great fighter?

A.—No, he was a fine trapeze acrobat and an excellent trainer and manager of fighters.

Clem Wilson, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—What is meant by the Golden Rules for an athlete? Is there a book by such a name?

A.—It is a series of rules which should be used as a guide by a boxer. The rules were gotten up by my dear friend, Spike Webb, great coach and trainer of the Navy boxing team at Annapolis and four times coach of America's Olympic boxers. He published them in "The Ring" about six years ago. Write to him for them.

Jimmy Doran, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Q.—From whom did Freddy Welsh win the world lightweight title?

A.—From Willie Ritchie in London, England.

Ernest Tellafario, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Is the Earle Liederman boxing course still on the market? What complete boxing course, one that goes into full details, would you suggest for a beginner?

A.—No, it is no longer for sale. The firm has gone out of business. There is only one complete, up-to-the-minute boxing course now before the public—Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course, in nine lessons—each printed in a special booklet. It is being used by university instructors and is highly recommended.

August Finley, Jacksonville, Fla.

Q.—Who is the best boxer today? Who is the hardest hitter?

A.—At this writing I would choose Barney Ross as the cleverest and Jimmy McLarnin as the hardest hitter, weight-for-weight.

May Swenson, Kansas Cty, Mo.

Q.—Is there any book on physical training for women which you can recommend? Will wrestling reduce my waistline?

A.—There are a number. Go to any public library and see the list. In fact, almost any of the simple exercises found in physical training books for men will do. There is little difference in the ordinary exercises. Yes. Wrestling is a reducing exercise.

Harry Kirsch, Toledo, Ohio

Q.—What sentence was meted out to the murderer of Stanley Ketchel? Which can do more damage—a punch with the bare knuckles or with the gloves?

A.—He was given a life sentence. Bare knuckles. Blows of that type are cutting and bruising. While the knuckles cut, the gloves stun.

Art Simmons, New York City

Q.—What is the position of the hand in landing a hook to the jaw?

A.—Wrist is turned so that knuckles are up. Read my book "How to Box."

Pete Gulatta, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—What are the correct names of the following—Tony Canzoneri, Pete Latzo, Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Loughran, Jack Sharkey, Jack Dempsey?

A.—Canzoneri, Latzo, McLarnin, Loughran, John Joseph Cuckoshay, William Harrison Dempsey.

Q.—Who was the opponent of Jack McAuliffe when he fought at Revere Beach?

A.—Jem Carney of England, November 16, 1887. Carney had the better of the bout when proceedings were halted after 74 rounds because of interference and the referee called the bout a draw before the sheriff and his aides arrived.

Charley Carnado, Freeport, L. I.

Q.—Who is the best Italian fighting at present?

A.—Primo Carnera. The Italians also have an excellent fighter in Cleto Locatelli.

Marcel Thoreau, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Did Georges Carpentier ever whip Bombardier Billy Wells?

A.—Yes. He knocked the Bombardier out in the fourth round on June 1, 1913, and again in the same round on December 8, 1914.

Q.—Did Gunboat Smith ever fight Carpentier?

A.—Yes. In 1914. Carpentier won in six rounds.

Albert Shonleln, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Where did Ernest Roeber and Evan Lewis, the original Strangler Lewis, meet and when? Was their match for the wrestling title?

A.—They met at New Orleans on March 2, 1893, for the Greco-Roman championship of America at $2,000 a side, best three in five falls, and Lewis won. It was a desperate match.

C. J. White, Bronx, New York City

Q.—How much do fighters receive for four-, six-, eight-, and ten-round bouts and star bouts in the Garden, Ridgewood and other clubs?

A.—All depends on the fighter and the club. If a main event, the fighter gets a percentage. If a preliminary or semifinal, he receives a stipulated sum depending on his drawing power. There is no set fee, except that a preliminary boy cannot receive less than four dollars per round.

Q.—When is it best to do your exercise—in morning, immediately after arising, or just before going to bed?

A.—Morning is best though you should take light exercises at both times.

Sam Tobin, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Q.—How many times did Steve Hamas fight Lee Ramage?

A.—Four times. Ramage won the first bout, Hamas, the second, the third was a draw, and in the fourth, Hamas won. The first three were fought on the Coast in California and the last in the Madison Square Garden of New York.

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Jack Dempsey

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from Nat Fleischer

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You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT, CAN YOU?

You might ask, why so generous? The answer is simple. I want to see more of the youth of the land proficient in the art of self-defense. And I want to put an end to many of the BUNCOMBE boxing courses that are now flooding the market and that are gypping the boys of their good money without giving a fair return.

You all know what I have done for boxing and wrestling in the past, and still am doing. For years I've devoted my entire time to the sport and am regarded, if I may be excused for boasting, as somewhat of an authority. My books have been adopted by the leading institutions and by boxing instructors throughout the world, hence you may rest assured that what I'm now offering in my new venture is good from the first word to the last.

In this new course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY

The greatest fighter of modern times. He knows what the boys require and he helped me to give them the points that he considered of most importance.

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And after each lesson, keep in touch with me, consult me. I'll not only answer all your questions personally, but when you have completed the course, I'll continue to help you all I can.

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get. **Study Together and Train TOGETHER.**

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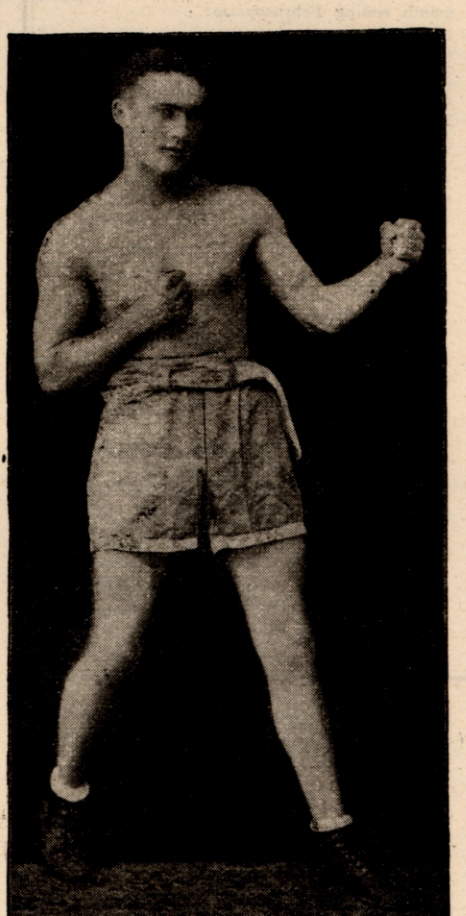

Tommy Loughran

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I know that times are not what they were. Money is scarce and it is difficult for you to get any outfits. So I'm making this offer:

Free — No Red Tape — No Bunk Promises

With every enrollment you receive satin training trunks and a gymnasium shirt—both fit to your measurements—absolutely free. This is my gift to you.

But that is not all —

Here's Another Point Worth Considering

Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE dazzling performance turned in by Steve Hamas against Max Schmeling in Philadelphia was the outstanding feature of the month in boxing, although Charley Massare's scrap against King Levinsky enabled him to share the spotlight among the heavyweights. Those two bouts were among several that kept the interest in boxing alive.

Maxey Rosenbloom took part in a title bout with Joe Knight and saved his crown when the mill was called a draw. He also drew with Bob Godwin in an overweight bout. Barney Ross scored over Pete Nebo but his title was not affected.

Tony Canzoneri repeated his victory over Cleto Locatelli. Len Harvey has outgrown the middleweight class and is campaigning with great success in the light-heavy and heavyweight ranks. Al Brown retained his bantam title in a match with Young Perez, and Young Corbett started off auspiciously on a campaign in the middleweight division. Kid Chocolate has withdrawn from the featherweight class and will venture in the lightweight division in the future. The New York boxing board has declared the title open.

Hamas' victory over Schmeling and Levinsky's verdict over Massare were the features of the heavyweight class. Art Lasky, who is coming forth again, turned in knock-outs over Billy Donahue in five rounds and Johnny Freeman in the same distance. Jack Peterson, English heavy, disposed of Charley Smith in one and Reggie Meen in two rounds. Abie Feldman whipped Lew Poster. Red Barry scored over Humberto Arce. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Jack Riley in one round and scored over Houston Ash. Tony Galento disposed of Larry Johnson in seven sessions. Hans Birkie was beaten by Al Stillman and Natie Brown. Steve Trojack won from Johnny Baker. Buddy McArthur scored over Rosy Rosales. K. O. Christner finished Jack Kilbourne in five rounds. Seal Harris won over Frank Simms.

Rosenbloom's light-heavyweight title is still intact following his titular bout with Joe Knight, which ended in a draw. Rosie, as already told, also fought an overweight match with Bob Godwin which ended with honors evenly divided. Godwin also drew with Mickey Walker. Len Harvey whipped Larry Gains for the British Empire heavyweight championship. Tony Shucco won from Al Gainer. Lou Brouillard kayoed Tommy Rios in five rounds, while Rios scored over Tony D'Allesandro. Harry English kayoed Emmett Curtice in two heats. Corn Griffin drew with Gordon Fortenberry and whipped George Manley.

Manley was also beaten by George Nichols. Leroy Brown drew with Jack Gibbs. Norman Conrad whipped Leo Larrivee. Frank Rowsey scored over Wesley Ketchell. Tony Poloni kayoed Terris Hill in four rounds and won from Earl Wise. Billy Ketchell disposed of George Courtney in nine rounds. Henry Firpo whipped Marty Simmons.

Marcel Thil, leader of the middleweight division, defeated Erich Seelig in Paris. Ben Jeby was beaten by Vince Dundee and Al Diamond. Teddy Yarosz whipped Jimmy Smith. Frank Battaglia kayoed Johnny O'Hara in two rounds and Sammy Slaughter in nine rounds but was beaten by Kid Leonard. Young Corbett scored over Babe Anderson. Dave Shade whipped Fred Henneberry and won on a foul from Ambrose Palmer in six rounds. Paul Pirrone kayoed Tait Littman in six rounds. Al McCoy won over Red Affinito.

Because of Billy Petrolle's announced retirement, we have removed him from the ranks of the welterweight contenders, regretfully, yet with a feeling that he is using good judgment. Bep Van Klaveren won from Phil Rafferty. Cerafino Garcia defeated Paulie Walker. Werther Arcelli disposed of Stanislaus Loayza in seven rounds. Tony Herrera disposed of Sammy Mandell in six rounds, while Sammy kayoed Chuchi Vasquez at the same distance. Harry Dublinsky scored over Eddie Kid Wolfe and Tracey Cox. Frankie Hughes defeated Johnny Lucas and then stopped him in eight rounds. Jimmy Leto whipped Johnny Jadick. Billy Hogan won over Elmer Lang and Simon Nebolsky.

Eddie Ran won from Eddie Anderson. Bucky Jones was beaten by Tony Falco and Frankie Petrolle. Petrolle also whipped Buster Brown. Jackie Davis drew with Harry Devine and defeated Pancho Villa. Cocoa Kid kayoed Tony Catalana in two rounds and Eddie Marks in three. Steve Haliako drew with Mickey Serrian. Peter Gulotta whipped Murray Brandt but was beaten by Lew Raymond.

Tommy Romano scored over Patsy Rubinetti and Frankie Carlton. Frankie whipped Johnny Craven, while Patsy was also beaten by Stanislaus Loayza. Tony Scarpati won from Patsy Pasculli. Jimmy Phillips scored over Eddie Shapiro. Freddy Steele outpointed Leonard Bennett. Johnny O'Keefe kayoed Joe Biondi in four rounds. Ray Bowen whipped Young Firpo.

Barney Ross, lightweight champion, scored over Pete Nebo in an overweight bout. Young Peter Jackson disposed of Louis Jallos in two rounds. Eddie Cool whipped Phil Rafferty. Johnny Jadick outpointed Ray Napolitano. Cecil Payne won over Henry Woods. Ervin Berlier won from Willard Brown and Wildcat Castro.

Freddy Miller, leading the featherweight group, won from Petey Sarron and Frankie Covelli. Sarron was also beaten by Bucky Burton. Covelli was whipped by Johnny De Foe. Seaman Watson scored over Johnny Cuthbert. Baby Arizmendi kayoed Mark Dias in seven rounds. George Hansford defeated Tommy Paul. Petey Hayes whipped Al Roth, Pete De Grasse, and Charley Von Reeden. Mike Belloise won over De Grasse and Benny Britt. Eddie Shea drew with Johnny Fitzpatrick. Francois Machtens defeated Tommy Rogers. Jackie Sharkey whipped Wayne Short and Young Geno. Geno drew with Paul Dazzo.

Little Pancho whipped Joe Tei Ken among the bantams. Bobby Leitham defeated Ernie Maurer, and Louis Salica scored over Julie Katz.

Midget Wolgast still heads the flyweights. During the month he whipped Louis Salica. Frankie Genaro turned in a surprise when he stopped Speedy Dado in four rounds. Tommy Pardoe drew with Jerry O'Neil and kayoed Willie Smith in six rounds. Maurice Huguenin whipped Etienne Mura.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Izzy Caplan, Baltimore, Md.
Bantamweight—Red Casson, Detroit, Mich.
Featherweight — Charley Rhodes, Memphis, Tenn.
Lightweight—Johnny Morro, New York City.
Welterweight—Frankie Allen, Atlanta, Ga.
Middleweight—Tom Chester, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Light-Heavyweight—Freddy Fiducia, Newark, N. J.
Heavyweight—Larry Crabtree, Princeton, N. J.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH ENDING FEBRUARY

These are my ratings for the month ending February 20:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	Joe Knight	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Tommy Loughran	Bob Godwin	Teddy Yarosz	Cerefino Garcia
3—Steve Hamas	Len Harvey	Gorilla Jones	Kid Azteca
4—King Levinsky	John Henry Lewis	Kid Leonard	Werther Arcelli
5—Charley Massare	Tony Shucco	Young Terry	Tony Herrera
6—Don McCorkindale	Lou Brouillard	Young Corbett	Harry Dublinsky
7—Max Schemeling	Mickey Walker	Jimmy Smith	Eddie Kid Wolfe
8—Walter Neusel	Ambrose Palmer	Dave Shade	Frankie Hughes
9—Patsy Perroni	Bob Olin	Al Diamond	Baby Joe Gans
10—Art Lasky	Al Gainer	Ben Jeby	Jimmy Leto
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Barney Ross	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Frankie Wallace	Pete Sanstol	Jackie Brown
3—Benny Bass	Seaman Watson	Lew Farber	Valentin Anglemann
4—Frankie Klick	Baby Arizmendi	Young Tommy	Ginger Foran
5—Cleto Locatelli	George Hansford	Little Pancho	Mickey McGuire
6—Sammy Fuller	Lew Feldman	Star Frisco	Maurice Huguenin
7—Jack Portney	Jackie Wilson	Joe Tei Ken	Frankie Genaro
8—Wesley Ramey	Tommy Paul	Speedy Dado	Praxille Gyde
9—Eddie Cool	Petey Hayes	Bobby Leitham	Tommy Pardoe
10—Lew Ambers	Mike Belloise	Ernie Maurer	Ellis Ashurst

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

AFTER a month of quietude, during which boxing, except for the efforts of the "pures," closely resembled a corpse, the sport got going again at the Boston Garden, two New England championships being staged. In one, Werther Arcelli of Italy, now a resident of Dorchester, also the star member of the Italian amateur boxing team which toured this country several years ago, took on Andy Callahan of Lawrence, holder of the New England welter title. In the other, Dick Madden of Dorchester encountered Edward "Unknown" Winston of Hartford, New England heavyweight champion, the latter's crown being in the ring.

Each bout was a twelve-rounder to a decision, and each went the full route, with enough hard fighting between the principals to keep the more than 5,000 spectators on edge. Arcelli, weighing 143½ pounds to Callahan's 141¾, whipped his man and "copped" his title. As Andy also held the New England middle title, which he won some time back from Lou Brouillard, that also went to the Italian. In the heavyweight fray, a return match, Madden held Winston to a draw. The great interest was in this bout, inasmuch as last November, Madden, fighting his first main bout in Boston, also his initial contest wherein he was required to travel more than eight heats, won the popular decision. The official ruling of the referee was a draw, while the two judges decided for Winston.

Winston trained for two weeks for the second fray and came into the Garden ring in fine fettle, also with the determination to knock out the blond-haired lanky Celt and thus end all further talk concerning their previous encounter. However, barring one bad round, the fourth, when a straight left to jaw tumbled Madden into the ropes for a count of two, the blond steamed through the twelve stanzas at top speed and gave Winston fully as good as he sent. Though Madden missed the title, the bout, also that in November, made him in this neck of the woods.

Arcelli outsmarted, outboxed, and outpunched Callahan in their mill, defeating a game, veteran southpaw who set a hot pace and stuck it out all the way. Andy made several big rallies which gave him the 7th, 8th and 12th rounds, also evened one or two others. He could not pull down the Italian's lead and at no time had Arcelli in distress. The award to the challenger was unanimous.

Arcelli, being a true welter and likely to remain in that class for some time, will make no attempt to defend his middleweight title. Instead, it is very probable that he will relinquish the crown, the same to be battled for by Johnny Rossi of Worcester, his stablemate, and Al McCoy of Maine, at present a Dorchester, Mass., resident, provided the two can be brought together inside of ropes. Negotiations are now on for such a match, the contest to take place sometime in March.

Encouraged by the success of its first tourney, the Boston Garden again came to bat the night of February 2, with Al McCoy meeting Salvatore "Red" Affinito, the N. Y. University student, in the main bout of ten rounds. The New Yorker, who has more than made good here on several occasions, came at McCoy on the jump in the first round and was the aggressor for the greater part of the distance. In setting the pace, the visitor played into McCoy's hands, the latter being a classy counterfighter, and Affinito received the toughest beating that has come his way since he combined fisticuffs with books. Only his wonderful stamina and gameness carried him through. McCoy collected eight rounds and the decision, while Affinito's defeat marked his first in a Boston ring.

On the same card, Johnny Rossi of Worcester met Hans Mueller of Germany in the semifinal and boxed so many circles around the Teuton and gave him such a mussing that after 1:15 of the third heat the match was stopped by the referee. The decision went to Rossi, hence the possible futurity between McCoy and Rossi for the New England middleweight championship referred to in another paragraph.

A few weeks ago at the Garden, Henry Surrette of Leominster stopped Joe Uzdavinis of Haverhill, both former heavyweight lights in the amateurs, in the first minute of their initial round. They went to it again in one of the prelims under McCoy vs. Affinito, with Surrette again beating his man. The best he got from the officials, however, was a draw. In addition to their regular pay, Surrette and Uzdavinis split between them a bonus of $100 offered by the Garden for the best bout of the night.

Inasmuch as the Garden is the lone club staging "pro" boxing in Boston, we are forced to continue talking about that institution. Sort of making up for lost time, another boxing tourney was staged there on February 12, with Werther Arcelli meeting Stanley Loayza of Chile in the feature fray—a scheduled ten-rounder. It was but little more than a romp for Arcelli. After Loayza, now seemingly pretty well cashed, had been bowled over on seven different occasions for portions of the count from two to nine, the referee stepped in during the seventh round and stopped the muss. Arcelli was the winner. In the semifinal, Joey Kemp, Cambridge, and Johnny Renda, Chelsea, former welter and middleweight rivals in the amateurs, went six warm stanzas. Renda was declared the victor.

In connection with the festivity, Lou Brouillard, in establishing a world's record in modern Fistiana, nearly caused Matchmaker Billy Ames to drop dead from heart failure. The former world's welter and middleweight champion, when one of the four-round prelim bouts on the card fell through, agreed to go on as a "sub," also to fight free of charge. His offer was not accepted as an opponent could not be secured for the former champion on such short notice. "I merely desired to help the matchmaker along with his show," Brouillard later explained. "The greatest shock I have received in my thirty years in boxing," was Ames' comment.

Drifting down to Quincy, a Boston suburb, Tony Shucco, the Boston light-heavy, pounded through a ten-round decision over Al Rodrigues of that city, on January 22. It was a close, hard scrap all the way. Joe Glasgow, a Quincy middleweight, now piloted by Wee Willie Wood, stopped Tony Benito of Worcester in the fifth round of the semifinal. The Quincy bout warmed up Shucco for his bout with Al Gainer of New Haven, a twelve-rounder fought early in February in that city, with the New England light-heavy title as the stake. Shucco won the decision, his third over Gainer, and the championship.

"Jee-Mee" Londos, one of the several claimants of the world's heavyweight mat title, made his second appearance for years in a Paul Bowser ring when he encountered Joe Malcewicz of Utica in the Boston Garden. It was the first fray between the pair in a period of about four years, during which time Malcy had chased "Jee-Mee" all over the country in an attempt to force him inside of ropes. The contest came to an abrupt end after they had been tussling for 48.32 when Malcy went down in a heap and began to spout claret from mouth and nose as the result of a smash he had received to the neck and chest from Londos' head. The Utican was well out in front at the time and had chased Londos into the ropes. While Jimmy held to the top strand with both hands for dear life, Joe secured a body lock from behind and attempted to yank him free. Suddenly the Greek loosened his hold, a trick formerly frequently worked by Stan Zbyszko, and the pair crashed to the canvas, the back of Jimmy's head belting Malcy one as they went down. That ended that.

Promoter Bowser's next at the Boston Garden came the night of February 8, when Ed Don George, the world's champion in this part of the country, successfully defended his title against Earl McCready of Oklahoma, the challenger. George took the first fall in the rapid fire time of 3:53, with a flying tackle. He lost the second in 35:58, a body scissors and further arm hold. George won the third fall and match in 24:54, inside crotch, lift and slam.

The night of the Londos-Malcy match, Lou Daro, the Los Angeles promoter, was in the Hub trying to line up Jack Sharkey for a fight with Art Laskey to be staged in his Pacific Coast arena in March. Johnny Buckley, manager of Sharkey, declared that the ex-champion was open to fight anybody if the terms were right. That's about all that happened. Lou returned to Los Angeles to renew his mat promotions. The chatter is on that Sharkey may fight Steve Hamas in Boston, but we will have to see them in the ring before getting "het up" over it.

Dick Dunn, once associated with Tex Rickard, ex-manager of the Boston Garden, also a boxing promoter in Detroit, Cleveland, and elsewhere, has come to the front with an offer to the Boston Garden management to take over its boxing activities for one year. His proposition is the leasing of the Garden's auditorium on a rental and percentage basis, he to act as his own promoter and matchmaker. His offer will come before the Garden directors at an early date. In the event that his offer is refused, Dunn states that he will open an independent club. There is a chance that he may be able to induce Jack Sharkey to come out of his retirement and meet Steve Hamas in one of his first offerings. Dunn is now working on such an attraction.

Lou Brouillard, the former champion, had a brief warm-up in his home town of Worcester, where he took on Tommy Rios, the Mexican, and knocked him out in the first minute of the fifth round with a left hook to the jaw. In the semi-final, Hookey Jackson of Westerly, R. I., disposed of Juan Barcellos of Brazil in four heats. The show, which packed the fans to the doors with more than one thousand being turned away, marked the first ring appearance of Brouillard in his home ring for several years.

On a tour up through the so-called "Sticks Country," Bud Mignault, a Brockton, Mass., middleweight, stopped off at Keene, N. H., and stopped Freddy Sallus of Syracuse, N. Y., in six rounds. Jackie Flowers of Clinton, N. Y., a likely-looking new performer, defeated Ted Klem of Jersey City in the semifinal.

Dan Carroll and Phil Buccola, now hitched up together in the boxing business with offices in Causeway Street, Boston, are making gestures at Champion Barney Ross to come to this city for a bout with Werther Arcelli, the New England welter champion, a none-titular affair. The Boston Garden will stage the bout if it can be made, all of which is doubtful.

Jackie Davis, the Cleveland lightweight, now under Boston management, went to a ten-round draw with Harry Devine of Worcester, Mass., in that city the night of February 2, the contest drawing a huge crowd of spectators. In another ten, Vernon Cormier of Worcester defeated Danny Tardugno of Lawrence. The show was the first for two years in Worcester.

Homer Rainault, the Holyoke, Mass., promoter, recently declared in an interview that the trouble with boxing in this section of the country was with the promoters and not the sport. "Well-made and attractive bouts will draw," he stated. As an illustration of his contention, of all the promoters, Boston included, he has hit upon all cylinders every week for several years—made money and given the fans real shows.

Jackie Davis, referred to in another paragraph, took a chance against Pancho Villa of New Bedford, at Quincy, Mass., and took seven rounds out of ten, also the decision. Villa is the chap who won a decision over Sammy Fuller a couple of years ago, his greatest achievement.

Journeying down to Providence, R. I., Tommy Romano, the Watertown, Mass., welter, won a ten-round decision over Frankie Carlton of Jersey City. Hookey Jackson defeated Johnny Currcio of Providence in four.

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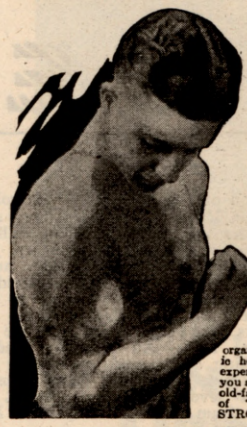

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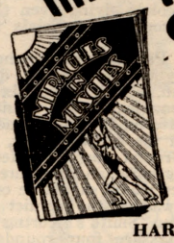

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH the permission of the readers of this column, we hereby reprint something from the RING issue of October, 1931.

"About two years ago, when Mickey Walker was campaigning in the middleweight division and doing very nicely, Jack Kearns exploded a publicity campaign that featured Mickey Walker and Max Schmeling fighting for the heavyweight championship of the world. The idea seemed silly and far-fetched at the time, but doesn't seem so odd at this writing, the match right now is far from impossible to stage. If Kearns could predict a situation such as this two years away, then we take the liberty of suggesting one also. Here it is—An unknown and practically unheard-of light-heavyweight weighing 170 pounds will make his mark in the heavyweight situation before two years will have elapsed. Up to the present time he has only had seven professional bouts. His name is Charley Massare and he hails from East Monongahela, Pa."

As RING readers know, what we predicted has come to pass. Walker realized his ambition by meeting Schmeling and now we reach the subject of Massare. Charley was given a lifetime opportunity in Madison Square Garden when he faced King Levinsky, ranked as the third best heavyweight, and came through with colors flying even though he was deprived of the official verdict by two incompetent officials who saw Levinsky the winner.

It was a severe test for the Pennsylvania youngster and he surprised even his most ardent admirers by waging a game, determined fight against the strong, hard-hitting Chicagoan, Charley won six of the ten rounds by a clear margin. Besides the clear margin of rounds to Charley's credit, Levinsky was warned by the referee in two rounds for low hitting and in another session for hitting on the break, which, according to the rules of New York State, loses the round for the offender. Gunboat Smith, the referee, officiated like a longshoreman and interfered with the action of the bout with his comical antics which should be confined to the wrestling world. Joe Agnello rightfully awarded the verdict to Massare while Jim Buckley sided with Smith. When Smith's scoring card was checked, it was discovered that he gave Massare four rounds, three for Levinsky, and three even which makes it another one for the book.

Commissioner Bill Brown, who is making every effort to rid the game of undesirables, made little comment on the decision officially, but voiced his opinion of the injustice of the verdict to some friends and it will be surprising if Smith gets any big assignments in the future. The wagering was 4 to 1 that Levinsky would win the decision and odds of 7 to 5 were laid that Massare would not go the full distance.

It proved quite a boomerang for the Garden's attempts to build Levinsky into a formidable contender for Primo Carnera in the near future, and the King will have to do plenty to make up for the showing against Massare.

Financially, Massare suffered just as much as he did through the injustice of the decision. It cost his managers $2,350 to secure the fight. Levinsky was guaranteed $5,000 with Massare taking the percentage, and after training expenses were added to the cost of the bout, it proved to be an expensive venture for Massare. However, in prestige and good will gained, Massare was repaid many times over and he should make up for it in the near future.

Mike Belloise scored over Benny Britt in the six-round semifinal but seemed to lack his usual brilliancy. Petey Gulotta surprised by winning over Murray Brandt. Charley Bedami outscored Johnny Bonito in a scorching tilt, making it the third consecutive victory scored over Bonito, each time by a close margin. Steve Dudas, former amateur champion, looked good in winning from Al White. Johnny Morro showed fine form in winning from Leonard Del Genio, another local youngster, who is certain to be heard from. The house drew around $7,000 net figures.

Charley King has added another Memphis boy to his string of gladiators in Charley Rhodes, a hard-hitting featherweight. He is now handling Henry Wolfe, kid brother of Eddie, and Earl Everett, who went home for a few months. Everett is a corking prospect but happens to be in the flyweight class, in which there is no competition in the East. Frankie Kid Igoe is in the Philippines with Kid McLellan, a good Georgia bantamweight. Frankie expects to have his charge meet Young Tommy in the immediate future. Bobby Herman, a local boy, finding inactivity in the squared circle, shares his time selling hats for the Truly Warner Stores.

It was a pity to read that Tony Herrera stopped Sammy Mandell in El Paso in six rounds, yet a few weeks later we find Mandell scoring a knock-out over another opponent in the West. Necessity forces Sammy to continue his calling, but it is hoped that he doesn't have to mingle with topnotch competition. Mike Belloise whipped Pete De Grasse in the first boxing show staged at the St. Nicholas Rink. This is the leading club in New York, aside from the Garden, but present conditions keep it closed until worth-while attractions appear.

The news of Kid Chocolate's abdication from the featherweight class does not surprise many and it was more surprising to find that he is still anxious to continue his ring career. Chocolate has seen his best days and too much high living and dissipation have sapped his strength and vitality to the point where he cannot absorb a hard punch any longer. Picture a weak hitter like Frankie Klick scoring a knock-out over the Kid and you have the solution to Chocolate's resistance powers.

This leaves the 126-pound division without a leader, but Freddie Miller stands out over the balance of the challengers. Contenders from all over the country will arise and there should be renewed activity in the class if a capable champion is crowned, one who will defend his title on the slightest provocation. Seaman Watson from England might return, and Baby Arizmendi might be inveigled to come from the Coast and engage in the tournament.

Midget Wolgast enjoyed a workout at the expense of Louis Salica, former amateur star, at the Broadway Arena in eight rounds. This was the first defeat suffered as a professional by Salica, who gave a good account of himself, but the crafty Wolgast was too smart for him. Freddy Miller defeated Frankie Covelli. Petey Hayes outscored Al Roth, and Bep Van Klaveren defeated Phil Rafferty in other feature events that took place at the Brooklyn Arena during the month. The houses did not attract enough to give the management any profit for their investment but they are struggling along and waiting for that inevitable break to occur. Humbert Fugazy, Tony Martello, and Pete Berinati are in charge. Johnny Attell is still putting on shows at the Ridgewood Grove but his task is just as difficult. The field is limited as far as worth-while gladiators are concerned and there is nothing new to entice the fans.

Confusion reigned again in the Garden when Tony Canzoneri clearly whipped Cleto Locatelli in twelve rounds, and the spectators were stunned when the first announcement was heralded a draw. Upon an investigation, it was discovered that one of the judges, Abe Goldberg, had given the decision to Canzoneri but his version was jumbled and Joe Humphries had taken his vote for a draw. Leach Cross, the other judge, had voted for Canzoneri, and when it was first announced that there was a disagreement, Willie Lewis, the referee, passed the buck and called it a draw. Canzoneri scored knockdowns in the second and third rounds, and only his anxiety to finish his opponent prevented him from winning more decisively.

Locatelli is a game, sturdy foe, who takes a good punch and quickly recovers from a damaging blow. Petey Hayes whipped Pete De Grasse in the semifinal. Louis Salica scored over Julie Katz in a stirring battle. Neither boy was defeated professionally until that meeting, and Julie was forced to bow to the superior ring knowledge of his adversary. Tony Scarpati scored over Patsy Pasculli. Silvestro Macatena disposed of Ralph Giffone in four rounds while Tony Tassi whipped Al Gillette in the opening four. The gate amounted to about $14,000.

The overwhelming victory scored by Steve Hamas over Max Schmeling brings out another worth-while contender for American honors. This was Schemeling's first start since the Baer calamity and he appeared to be anything but the formidable menace who waged furiously against Risko, Sharkey, and Walker. Youth must be served and Hamas steps into the *elite* class at the right moment. Scarcity of headliners in the heavyweight division gives Hamas a clear entrance into the sacred division of top-flight contenders. Barney Ross experienced little trouble against Pete Nebo in an overweight match at Kansas City, but Nebo's game showing gave him another chance to show in the same city against Tony Canzoneri. Johnny De Foe turned the tables on Frankie Covelli in their return engagement at the Ridgewood.

De Foe is a coming featherweight who should make his mark in the local ranks. Jackie Kid Berg expects to make another comeback attempt when he returns from Miami. Jackie is not yet convinced that he is through as a headliner and wants concrete evidence before he hangs up the gloves. A good match for Berg is awaiting him in England to meet the newly crowned lightweight king, Harry Mizler. Tony Mandell, at one time a corking bantamweight, is helping Tony Argeno make matches at Worcester and their few shows have brought flattering results.

Colonel John Reed Kilpatrick made another move which did not enhance his standing with the delegates of the fistic fraternity. In the absence of Jimmy Johnston, who was in Miami, Matchmaker Sam McQuade arranged a show for the Garden which consisted of three ten-rounders between Cleto Locatelli and Benny Bass, Eddie Kid Wolfe vs. Tony Falco, and Lew Feldman against Eddie Cool. It was a fairly good program and in ordinary times would have been considered a good fighting card.

McQuade presented his card to Colonel Kilpatrick for an official okay. The feud between the Garden officials and the boxing scribes is too well known to stand repeating. A few of the scribes were in Colonel Kilpatrick's office when the card was shown him, and he asked the opinion of the newspapermen as to whether the matches would draw. Several opinions were voiced, none of which seemed to satisfy the Garden head.

Without waiting for expert counsel, Colonel Kilpatrick immediately canceled the program and that left the Garden dark again for another few weeks. It seems odd that Colonel Kilpatrick, who has stuck steadily to Johnston in spite of severe criticism and vicious attacks by these same newspapermen, should take a turnabout face and ask advice of these scribes who have contributed their share to bringing about the downfall of boxing in New York. There might be an ulterior motive behind Colonel Kilpatrick's move and it is hoped that for the benefit of boxing, which is dying a slow, steady, and inevitable death in New York, that something radical is done to restore boxing to its former popularity.

Al Brown again showed his supremacy as the bantamweight leader when he defended his title successfully against Young Perez. Another match for Brown which will definitely decide his status among the leading bantams will be with Young Casanova, a strong Mexican aspirant who heads the balance of the rivals in his division. Since Sammy Goldman left for the Coast with Tony Canzoneri, Marty Lehrer and Sidney Roth are minus a good bridge and pinochle partner and consequently the card games have suffered at Herman's Tavern on Seventh Avenue, which is one of the hang-outs for the sporting fraternity. Charley Massare's kid brother Guido, who is the star tackle of the high school team at Monongahela, Pa., has several bids to join the leading colleges of the country because of his football prowess. Lew Raymond and Jules Beck joined forces in staging the fifteen-round bout between Teddy Yarosz and Jimmy Smith at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, and it was encouraging to report that the house was completely sold out and over $11,000 was attracted at the gate. Philadelphia drew tremendously with Hamas and Schmeling and it seems as if New York City, the largest city and with greatest population to draw from, is a step-child of boxing. The only consolation we can derive is that it can't last forever. It couldn't be much worse, so we will have to look for improvement—if not now, then eventually.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ERNIE MAURER was beaten at last! Bobby Leitham, champion of Canada, turned the trick before a near capacity house at Arena Gardens in Detroit. Although Jimmy Brady's boy was clearly beaten, he was not disgraced. He gave the Canadian lad a stiff tussle throughout, and had him in distress at least twice. Referee Slim McClelland gave Maurer only three rounds, but those three were taken by goodly margins, while Leitham's were by shades.

Georgie Von der Hayden of South Bend knocked out Tommy Potento of Windsor in three rounds. Georgie is a former Golden Gloves champion.

K. O. Morgan, clown from Toledo, finished Sammy Jones, Detroit, in the third round of a scheduled sixer.

Red Casson outspeeded Pee Wee Gale in six rounds. Red had previously beaten Johnny Gale. Jackie Sherman, now boxing as a middleweight, ran into a tough customer in George Sutka, Wyandotte, but managed to get the decision at the end of six rounds. Nick Torres outfumbled Joe Stalnes in the four-round opener.

Harold Anderson, state light heavyweight champion, made his first fight since his return from the Coast at his home town, Flint. His homecoming was a failure, however, as his opponent, Gene Stanton of Cleveland, didn't want to fight, and Referee McClelland called it " No Contest" in the second round after Stanton had been on the floor twice from light blows.

Johnny Stroppa knocked out Eddie Ritchie of Cleveland in the second round of the semifinal. Silent Hartman, Flint, beat Frank Rivetts, former Golden Gloves star, in four rounds, while in six-rounders, Frank Karpinoski, Detroit middleweight, beat Dave Rivetts; Glen Duel, Flint, beat Johnny Reggi, Detroit; and Ivan Harburn, Flint feather, beat Bob Thomas of Saginaw.

Previous to the Leitham fight, Maurer finished Joey Boldin, Clevelander, in the eighth round at the Naval Armory. Joey, a *protege* of Carl Tremaine, was a stubborn opponent for a few rounds, but Ernie was just too strong in the later rounds.

Johnny Stroppa, Winnepeg 140-pounder, knocked out Louie Haines of Toledo in the fourth round of the semi-final.

Lou Handler, promising Detroit heavyweight, threw his left shoulder out of joint in the third round of his fight with Tiny Groves, and was unable to continue. Nick Torres, Detroit lightweight, floored Coca Cola Kid five times to win the six-round main preliminary. K.O. Morgan made a monkey out of Jimmy Crawford of Detroit in another six, while Orville Drouillard, Windsor, scored over Pee Wee Gale of Three Rivers at the same distance.

Silent Mike McNulty, veteran fight manager, has taken Johnny Miler, Detroit heavy, and Dario Mareno, Kalamazoo flash, to Florida. Mareno lost his first fight in Miami to Gilbert Castillo.

The Park American A. C. in Kalamazoo had six finalists in the southwestern Michigan amateur tournament. Andy Ness is the operator of the club. Professional boys working there are Bud Getz, Lee Belden, Chick Watson, and Len Hendrickson.

All the Golden Gloves tourneys in Michigan were finished during February. The *Grand Rapids Press* had a tournament in connection with Bay City, Ann Arbor, Kalamazoo, Jackson, Muskegon, and Flint, the finals taking place February 16, while the *Detroit Free Press's* tournament with finals the same date took in Lansing, Sturgis, Buchanon, Saginaw, Reading, Hastings, Battle Creek, Lowell, Ypsilanti, Alma, Hillsdale, Sherwood, Benton Harbor, Albion, Eaton Rapids, Charlotte, and Pontiac. Exactly 1,720 boys were entered in Golden Gloves contests in Michigan this year.

Billy Scheer, Wyandotte, was floored three times and finally knocked out by Chet Raynor, Pontiac, in the third round of a feature match at Hazel Park. Mike Kolnick, Detroit, drew with Otto Worth, also of Detroit in the semifinal. George Sutka kayoed Pat Spurling of Flint in the sixth round. Other results: Georgie Bond, Detroit, beat Bobby Nichols, Pontiac; Baby George Dixon, Detroit, beat Young Theis, Pontiac; and Jack Dolak, Detroit, stopped Irvin Koop, Pontiac light-heavy, in the first round.

The fighting Misko family of Saginaw has been doing pretty well of late. Frankie, the best of the family now boxing, split two eight-round decisions with Tony Bruno in Milwaukee, and Mickey, the youngest, knocked out Harry Kid Roberts in Milwaukee and beat Tommy Habel in Chicago.

Dearborn zoomed back on the sport pages during the month. Billy Cooper, Detroit featherweight, outscored Clif Chick, another veteran, in the six-round main go. Mike Kolnick flattened the St. Louis Kid of Flint and Tony O'Cello kayoed K. O. Sadliar in the fourth round of a scheduled six. Georgie Bond beat Bobby Nichols.

Ivan Harburn lost to Bobby Thomas of Saginaw in the six-round main event at the Arena A. C. in Mt. Clemens. Glen Duel put the kayo on Otto Worth in the fifth round. Lou Hendler, Detroit welter, drew with Silent Hartman in the six-round special. In four-rounders, Jack Dolak outpointed Oscar Cook, Detroit, and Soldier Garleb, Selfridge Field middleweight, scored a technical knock-out over Sylvestor Burgess of Richmond.

Harry Nelson drew with Eddie Anderson, Baltimore heavy, in eight rounds at Mt. Clemens. Ollie Nettlow, Lincoln Park, beat Billy Gerbe, Detroit, in six rounds; Otto Worth knocked out Bob Runyon, Pontiac, in two rounds; Jack Dolak knocked out Vincent Mande, Hazel Park, in the first round, and Soldier Garleb beat Jack Stack of Mt. Clemens in four rounds.

Colonel C. B. Arnold staged a show at the Ypsilanti armory. Seal Harris of Chicago and Frankie Simms of Cleveland boxed ten rounds to a draw.

Harry Nelson defeated Eddie Dorian at Dearborn in six rounds; Frankie Veith and Bobby Buckles, Detroit middleweights, drew in six.

G. P. Campbell, promoting shows at Alpena, is doing pretty well. Campbell's last show featured Kid Stevens winning from Mel Shirkey. Babe Belmore whipped Guy Greenwood in the semifinal. Nort Cooley defeated Joe Kolonick, and Bill Johnson won on a foul from Al Bolosker in other bouts.

Wilbur Chevalier had charge of the Bay City Golden Glovers, and did a pretty good job with them. Chevalier turned down several offers, but with the Golden Gloves over he will start boxing **again.**

Jack Beaton is wild about the prospects of Alex Borshuck, his young Canadian heavyweight. All of Borshuck's bouts have been six rounds or less as he is only nineteen and Beaton doesn't want to rush him.

Ivan Harburn took a close decision over Foster Young of Lansing at Hazel Park. Nick Torres beat Glen Duel in six, and Frank Rivvetts beat Ralph Burnett of Lansing in four. In the semifinal Bobby Gignac, dashing Lansing flyweight, took the measure of Johnny Thomas, colored ace from Pontiac.

Chuck Doris, who was a leading light-heavy a few years back, has Red Casson under his wing. Harold Anthoney, young Detroit middleweight, is also fighting under the Doris banner.

Nick Milski, who used to be quite a favorite at the old Fairview A. C. on Mack Avenue, returned to the ring and took a lacing from Harry Robertson, classy Negro welter, at the Hazel Park Arena.

Holman Williams stopped Billy Moore of Flint in the second round of the semifinal. Billy Gerbe defeated Ollie Nettlow in six fast rounds. Claude Kidd and Peter Rony Swartz, Detroit lightweights, met in a scheduled six with Kid winning in the fifth round.

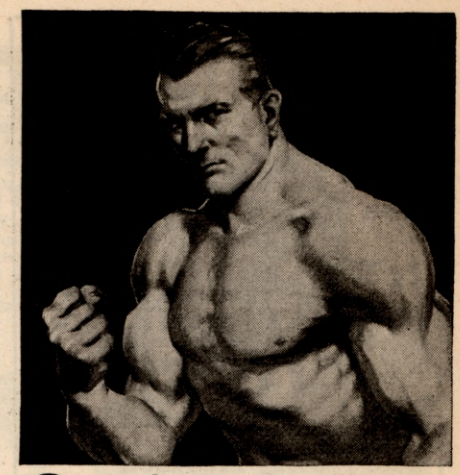
Charlie Mitchell, Detroit flyweight, who fought as an amateur for six years, made his professional debut in the curtain raiser, and defeated Baby George Dixon, colored star.

At Frankie Erne's arena, Johnny Whiters, clever Pontiac heavyweight, surprised with his knock-out of Eddie Dorian in two rounds.

Nickey Nelson, Ferndale feather, lost to St. Louis Kid in the semiwindup. Otto Worth shaded Red Russell of Detroit in another six round go. Jack Dolak leveled Roy Barnett of Pontiac in the first round, and George Bond beat Bobby Nichols.

Jimmy Cholak, making his third professional start, outscored Ollie Nettlow in a Mt. Clemens ring. Carl Christian, Flint featherweight, outpointed Tommy Potento in the six-round semi. Tommy Meeking, veteran Canadian welterweight, banged out a win over Cecil Lothery of Romeo in a four-rounder. Georgie Sutka knocked out Pat Spurling in the fourth round. Speedy Johnson, Pontiac feather, beat Bobby Nichols in another four-rounder. Alex Helzer, Mt. Clemens welterweight, knocked out his brother Adam in the first round.

Due to the amazing popularity of wrestling in the state of Michigan, I have compiled a list of wrestling promoters for this section. I have just revised my list of boxing promoters so anyone wishing these lists may get them from me at 25 cents apiece. Address me: Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Deckerville, Mich.



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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

JOHNNY PACEK, 1933 international Golden Gloves heavyweight champion, won his third professional encounter in as many appearances by scoring a knock-out over Nelson Berard at Billy Cepak's Cicero Stadium. Previously Johnny had whipped Frank Ketter twice, at the Stadium and again at Marigold Gardens.

Phil Ross, South Chicago middleweight, returned after a long stay in the East and he got plenty of action. He whipped Georgie Trapp, Jack Moran, and Ossie Jefferson one after the other in local arenas.

Sam Pian, comanager with Art Winch of Champion Barney Ross, is thirty-five years old, and Winch is six months older. Winch's marriage a few weeks ago was predicted by Pian, who refuses to desert the bachelor ranks.

Twenty thousand, two hundred fans, the largest crowd ever to attend a wrestling match at the Chicago Stadium, watched Jim Londos throw Joe Savoldi in twenty-one minutes and forty seconds. Gross receipts were $32,000, and net, $24,000. Londos received $7,800, and Savoldi, $3,800. The Stadium Operating Company made a profit of $6,500.

Nate Lewis, matchmaker for the Chicago Stadium Operating Company, has a weekly drawing account for the first time. Prior to the new agreement, Lewis was on a percentage basis only, receiving 12½ per cent of the profits.

Dave Barry, referee, has opened a combination restaurant and bar at 112 Madison Street.

This and our column in the *Chicago Tribune* are open to any legitimate news. Send your information to Frank Maestro, Sports Department, *Chicago Tribune*, immediately.

Robert Capocy, who boxed as Bobby Cooper, is offering amateur boxing shows at Our Lady of Pompeii auditorium. Little Pal, Indiana Harbor featherweight, now makes his home in Chicago as Mike Primiteh . . . . Johnny Coulon, former bantamweight champion, was forty-five years of age last February 12. Coulon is successfully promoting at the Midway Arena, 6115 Cottage Grove Avenue, and at Rainbo Fronton, Clark Street and Lawrence Avenue. He enlarged the gymnasium which bears his name at 1154 East Cottage Grove Avenue at a cost of $1,200.

Ted Tierney, former boxer, is a member of a Chicago police squad . . . . The wife of Harold Ryan, Illinois athletic commission gymnasium inspector, is a telephone operator for the Chicago police department . . . . John Duffy, proprietor of the Duffy Florals florist shop, is one of the best men we know . . . . The most elegant, friendly, and yet pugnacious, is Joe Triner, a gentleman.

Frank Johnson, former boxer, is a policeman under State's Attorney Thomas Courtney . . . . Eddie Siegal, manager, has opened the Ringside Inn, 5130 Broadway. Jack Saunders, who helped train several noted Filipino boxers, is managing the place . . . . Johnny Sherrod, who fought as a welterweight, now is a member of the Lincoln Park police force.

Marty Cutler is employed at the Barrel of Fun, 4541 Broadway . . . . Bob Lee, fight manager, is announcing radio programs over Station WEDC. . . . . Bill Hall, an ex-middleweight fighter, knocked out a would-be bandit with a toy pistol in his room at the Strand Hotel, 6323 Cottage Grove.

Battling Williams, who fought as a lightweight ten years ago, is at Nogales, Ariz., where he is serving as boxing instructor . . . . Johnny Broderick, Marigold Gardens matchmaker, is apt to be caught napping at any time anywhere. He appears to be a day and night worker.

Mickey Farr is a hustler and probably the best contact man for a boxing promoter. . . . Packey McFarland has a smile and a glad hand for everybody with whom he comes in contact.

W. L. Wood of the West Chicago park commission is an uncle of Jack Moran, Chicago Middleweight .

Barney Abel, veteran manager, still resides at the Storey Hotel, Chicago . . . . George Kohler, light-heavyweight wrestler, is only twenty-eight years old . . . . Lou Talaber, former middleweight wrestling champion, is conducting a wrestling school in Chicago . . . . Ray Jeffries, ex-bantamweight, is in business at Division Street and Western Avenue.

212 Van Buren Street, Savanna, Ill.—Was informed by Bill Hawkins that you could supply me with list of promoters and data for Illinois. Also would like the address of the A. A. U.

FRANK B. PLATTENBERGER.

Ans.—Tommy Ryan is the promoter at Peoria, Mique Malloy, Nate Lewis, Johnny Coulon, Maurice Rivkin, Billy Cepak are included among the Chicago promoters. They can be reached at Trafton's Gymnasium, 180 West Randolph Street. Lewis is located at the Chicago Stadium. The A. A. U. is at Rand McNally Building, 538 South Clark Street, Chicago.

Louisville, Ky.—Jackie Stewart, former Louisville featherweight, is serving as a referee of bouts in Kentucky. He also is employed by a Louisville newspaper.

J. O.

Dulwich Hill, N. S. Wales, Australia—I wish to obtain American correspondence on boxing for exchange of same in Australia. At present Dave Shade and Billy Townsend are fighting in Australia.

RICHARD S. BELLENGER.

303 Harrison Street, Peoria, Ill.—Wonder if you have on file names of fight managers and boxers, and whether they would come to this town on a percentage of guarantee basis? The writer is forming an incorporated professional fight club.

R. P. GOEBEL.

Ans.—Fight managers are listed in the various record books for sale in The Ring Book Shop. Payment to boxers and managers vary and it all depends on how the deal is consummated. Chicago managers can be reached at Trafton's Gymnasium, 180 West Randolph Street.

Peoria, Ill.—Jack Barry, 175 pounds; Kid Gaddis, 165; Kenny Gordon, 130; Frazer Porch, 158; Ross White, 147; and Mervin McLean, 147, would like to box in Chicago.

JACK LOFTHOUSE.

Ans.—Chicago promoters are Maurice Rivkin, Marigold Gardens; Johnny Coulon, Rainbo Fronton and Midway Arena; Mique Malloy, Arcadia Gardens; Billy Cepak, Cicero Stadium; Nate Lewis, Chicago Stadium.

FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Al Foreman is Canadian lightweight champion . . . . Max Schmeling is compared with other great heavyweights . . . . Joe Dundee, welterweight champion, fouled Jackie Fields in a title bout at Detroit . . . . Nat Fleischer said: It must have tickled Jim Corbett's palate to watch the masterful exhibition of the Science of Self-Defense which Tommy Loughran, world's light-heavyweight champion, gave on the occasion of the defense of his crown against Jimmy Braddock . . . . Heavyweights worth mentioning are Vittorio Campolo and George Godfrey . . . . Kid Chocolate's amazing performance of boxing skill and punching power in his battle with Ignacio Fernandez proves that the ebony-hued boy from Cuba errs when he attempts to fight in the bantam division. The Keed is at his best in the featherweight class.

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MANY, many years ago a wise man wrote, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

A MARKED improvement was shown in the attendance at the Arena shows the past month. Interest in boxing is pepping up considerably with the advent of two new drawing cards, Mickey Serrian and Steve Halaiko. A few weeks after Halaiko's spectacular four-round knock-out victory over Eddie Dempsey, the Auburn Ghost was matched to meet Halaiko for the eight-round top at the Arena, but twice it had to be postponed, once on account of the thirty-degrees-below weather, and the second time because Halaiko got a steel sliver in his eye. On the day finally set for the battle, the demand for tickets from all over Central New York was heavy and the fight drew 3,500 fans and developed into a sensational affair in which the judges disagreed, and the referee called a draw. This decision started a multitude of hisses, boos, and catcalls as Serrian followers argued with Halaiko supporters and vice versa! They had been "robbed"! So bitter were the arguments for several days after that strong efforts were made to rematch the pair, without success to date.

Halaiko, the master boxer, with the speed and science of a Mike Gibbons—Serrian the rugged, aggressive, hard-hitting, two-fisted slugger—a perfect match if there ever was one, with very little to choose between either of them.

Bob Moody handed Pietro Corri an artistic shellacking, winning every round. Harry Fuller, Niagara Falls light-heavyweight, lost an eyelash decision to Werner Wilsch, Wilkes-Barre German slugger, and a week later journeyed to Scranton, Pa., and handed Pete Latzo, former welter king, a beating. It was the second time in a month that Fuller took Latzo into camp, and following the scrap Latzo announced he would hang up the gloves for all time.

Scranton has a sweet looking heavyweight in the person of Anthony Ashurt who boxes under the name of "Young Hippo." He weighs 225 pounds, is 6 foot 4, built like an Apollo, and can hit like the proverbial mule kicks.

Hippo made his Arena debut by scoring a knock-out over Frank Kowalsky, 226-pound Baldwinsville behemoth, in the fourth round of a scheduled six-round bout. Hippo floored Kowalsky eleven times before putting over the haymaker.

Joe Rovelli, Albany's fighting newsboy, took the town by storm by battering out a decision win over Norm Cordaro after being on the floor six times in the first round, himself. In his next start here, Rovelli followed up with an impressive win over Sammy Baker, young Wilkes-Barre lightweight. In his third start, Rovelli was matched with Eddie Dempsey, and the local bone-crusher won an easy six-round decision. Rovelli appeared to have a bit too much respect for Dempsey's famed right-hand wallop.

SHORTS—Tommy Howells, a newcomer from Buffalo, has fought two torrid six-round draws with Joey Brown, local slugger, that were positively classics. . . . Rumors a big amateur club to open here this month . . . . The new organization will stage shows at the Alhambra . . . . Matt Byrne, local tire and milk dealer, is said to be back in the field for a pro license . . . . Itchky Robbins, known from coast to coast, where he has hundreds of friends in the boxing game, is doing very well here . . . . Itchky is now handling Tommy Bland, Canadian lightweight champion, Harry Fuller, and many others of all weights and classes . . . .Robbins' word is his bond and he is the best liked of all the fight managers in this neck of the woods . . . . Baby Joe Thompson has taken up ping pong.

Jackie Brady's new gym opens this month. . . . Brady now tips the beam at 180 pounds and tells us he has hung up the gloves for good . . . . Jack McCann, popular local boxing manager, has a grip of iron. . . . Johnny Nelson seeks ring work . . . . This slick hard-hitting, colored light-heavyweight is a colorful ringster and open to box anyone in the world . . . . Nelson is handled by Jack McCann, 426 South Geddes Street, Syracuse . . . . The writer will be in New York this month on business . . . . Headquarters, Hotel Taft . . . . C'm up an' see me! . . . .

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

SOL SCHWARTZ, matchmaker for the Acme Sporting Club, has taken the fight game out of the dumps and given the fight fans four shows that have been full of action. Wesley Ramey and Jack Portney fought to an excellent house, as did Jackie Davis and Steve Halaiko when they met here. It is Matchmaker Schwartz's aim to bring only top-notch fighters here for main events and develop local talent who will participate in the under cards.

Al Traino, the Toy Bulldog, since turning pro has met with good success here. Al is a good workman in the ring. Just chock full of action. He is rightly named. A good future in the ring is predicted for him.

Mickey Devine and Norm Cordaro, both of Dicarlo's stable from Batavia, are two of the best-looking prospects in this section. They have a great following in this city.

Sam Porcelli, manager of Al Traino, wants to shoot his boy to the sky. He thinks Al can lick the best in the game.

Frankie Flynn, Batavia, in his initial tryout here, stopped Dickie Carr. Flynn is a good-looking prospect. He has good handlers.

Pat Singer, a middleweight, who fought Frank LaSpina, seems to have all the qualities necessary for a good fighter. He showed that his mentor, Solly Weinrib, has instilled the word fight into him. Pat looks good and will some day be an ace card for the local club.

Vince Giamborne and Johnny Burda don't miss a day in the gym. They keep in shape at all times.

Fighters and managers who are looking for bookings in this city are requested to get in touch with Sol Schwartz, matchmaker of the Acme Sporting Club, 105 Ward Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

There is a good possibility that next month will see several outstanding lightweight and heavyweight matches in this city.

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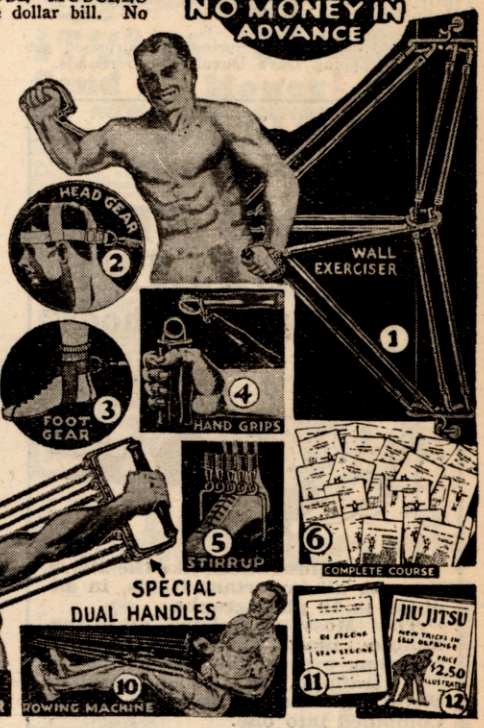

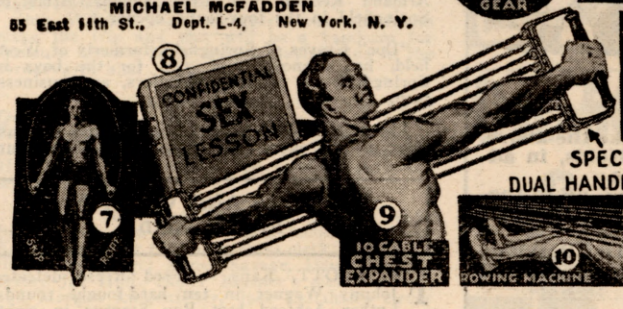

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CONNECTICUT NEWS
By Louis Preslopsky

WATERBURY A. C. under the supervision of George Mulligan, the "Brass City Matchmaker," staged a boxing show at the Phoenix Arena, featuring Irish Eddie Dolan, Waterbury's warrior, who added another notch to his long string of consecutive victories by outboxing the more experienced Jersey City warrior, Harry Carlton, in a ten-round main bout. Dolan gained his hundredth consecutive victory in that bout.

In the most thrilling encounter of the evening, Tommy Walsh, New York City light-heavyweight battler, whipped Eddie Carr, Waterbury colored mitt-tosser.

Waterbury's fast lightweight puncher, Joe Vignali, knocked out Jules Sombartby in the second round.

Phil Brosseau, Waterbury, scored a technical knock-out over Billy Reeves of Torrington in the third round. Steve Vane of Derby whipped Pinky Morris of Bridgeport, in the four-round opening affair. Henry Gerrity of Bridgeport refereed the fights.

Al Gainer, New Haven light-heavyweight and heavyweight champion of New England, whipped Joe Sekyra, Dayton, Ohio, in ten rounds at the New Haven Arena.

In the semifinal, Eddie Moore of Bridgeport evened the old score that was chalked against him by Prince Alexander of Paterson, N. J. This time Alexander was dropped to the canvas, a left hook to the midsection spelling curtains in the first round.

Hookey Jackson of Westerly, R. I., won on a technical knock-out from Eddie Morcantonio of Danielson in the first round.

Johnny Bellus, New Haven battler, outboxed Jack La Salle of Hartford in five stanzas. Eddie Connelly of Danbury defeated Pedro Neves of New York in five heats.

In the Elm City Square ropes, New Haven, Al Rossi, middleweight battler of New Haven, outpointed the Mexican rival Tommy Rios of Wilmington, Del., in a ten-round main bout.

Irish Eddie Dolan of Waterbury, who the week before gained his hundredth consecutive victory, fought a draw with Henry Emonds of Taunton, Mass., in the semifinal.

Ray Quinn, New Haven mitt-tosser, battled to a draw with Dick Iannucci of New Haven in four heats.

Johnny Consiglis of New York took a decision over Jimmy Clinch of New Britain in six rounds. Bud Mignault of Brockton, Mass., belted out a decision over Al Boross of Bridgeport. Jigger McCarthy of New Haven refereed all contests.

Dave Kelly, an instructor of boxing at the Y. M. C. A. in Waterbury, has many good boys under his wing.

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HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

TOMMY RIOS, Mexican, of Wilmington, Del., won a ten-round bout from Tony D'Alessandro of Holyoke. This was the fourth straight loss for D'Alessandro.

Buck Tracy of Boston, a rugged fighter, won over Trader Horn of New York in the companion ten-rounder.

Al Annone of Springfield fought a draw with Eddie Marks of New York.

Armand Renault of Springfield surprised the fans by stopping Dave Duval in two rounds.

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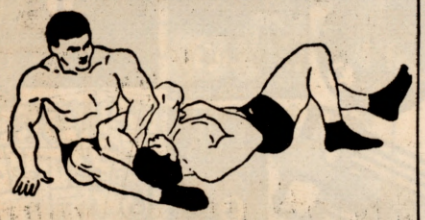

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Carlo Depondi of Springfield won on a technical K. O. from Henry Sweeney of Springfield. Referee Jack Dekkers of Springfield did nice work as third man in the ring.

Jimmy Leto, welterweight of Hartford, Conn., received a verdict over Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia, the smartest fighter Jimmy has been called upon to meet so far. Jadick made Jimmy extend himself to win. The fans booed the decision, as they figured Jadick outboxed Leto.

In the semifinal, Horatio Velha of Hartford, Conn., defeated Joe Calucci of New York. Velha is a southpaw.

Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley of Holyoke, who has been fighting for ten years, was in poor condition and lost a decision to Johnny Bangs of Boston.

Jackie La Salle of Hartford won a decision over Solly Ambrosia, also of Hartford.

Sammy Atlas and Joe Grady, both of Springfield and both bootblacks, fought a regular slam-bang battle all through their four-rounder. Grady won the decision.

Joe Kaminski of Nanticoke, Pa., beat Steve Carr in the main bout only to have the decision rendered in favor of Carr, which did not go well with the fans.

Tommy Walsh of New York proved too much of a puncher for Battling Archie of Hartford and finished him in two rounds. Billy O'Brien of Springfield lost to Jimmy Riche of Hartford. O'Brien received a cut over his left eye in the sixth round which put him on the bench for over a fortnight. Al Celento of Hartford lost to Jackie La Salle of the same stable in the second round. Armand Renault won over Sammy Atlas of Springfield in the four-round opener.

"Doc" Graves of Springfield, formerly of Westfield, has opened up a gym for the boys in Springfield, for fighters, wrestlers, and businessmen.

Rainault, McMahon, and Viscuci have at least three men on every Holyoke card, sometimes four.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

FT. SCOTT, Kans. — Fred Reese defeated Johnny Wagner in ten hard-fought rounds. Luther Ashford beat Roy Stevens in eight. Earl McGuire beat Rusty Jones in six. Olin Loy shaded Earl Parks in four. This is the first pro show held in this city in two years. Sixteen hundred fans witnessed the contests, and five of the contestants live in Fort Scott. Fight hungry, yes?

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results! Johnny Hemphill beat Johnny Wilson. Tuffy Breese beat Monk Sutton. Ted Shugart beat Cleatus Ebaugh. Kid Ferlemann knocked out Ernie Verschelden in two. Ralph McAninch beat Mel Taylor. Jimmie Starnes beat Johnny Coke. George Heidenrich beat Clint Cassell.

Special—Mr. Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the Kansas Athletic Commission takes exception to some statements made in the January issue of THE RING. In that issue, Tex Austin informs the readers that Kansas is among several states that recognize Jim Browning as heavyweight wrestling champion. Mr. Gilleece wishes the readers of THE RING to know that the Kansas commission is in accord with the National Wrestling Association in recognizing Jim Londos as the champion. On Page 27 of the February issue of THE RING, Mr. Austin calls attention to a match between Joe Savoldi and Londos, and pans the N.B.A. for not recognizing Savoldi. The National Boxing Association, at a meeting four years ago in Omaha, decided to sever all connections with wrestling. The National Wrestling Association is an entirely separate unit and not connected with the N.B.A.

Arkansas City, Kans.—Chilocco Indians beat Hutchinson amateurs five out of six bouts, Louis McMillan knocked out Tiny Moyer in two. D. V. Liddell beat Tony Maldona. Marvin Liddell beat Kid Shelton. Gibson Starr beat Billy Moyer. Ernest Tahquette beat Billy Hann. Willard Sharp lost to Loris Harrell.

Atchison, Kans.—Intramural amateur boxing results: Fred Gambold beat Harry Erixson. Larry Donahue beat Robert Mann. Chief Garcia Gardner stopped George Moore in two. Jerry O'Donnell beat Harry Holdren. Gene Flynn beat Joe Casey. Bernard Nanneman knocked out Robert Heiley in two. Lyle Dingman beat Alva Dreiling. Charles Briggs beat Clair Dailey.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Van Noy and Baxter Calmes fought ten listless rounds to a draw. Jack Kilbourne knocked out John Ford in one. Jimmy Owens outpointed Kenny Hill in six. Kid Granite and Little Pancho fought six fast rounds to a draw. Bud McCrea knocked out Freddie Jackson in one. Jack Dempsey refereed the main event, Johnny Husong the prelims.

Arkansas City, Kans.—Chilocco Indians defeated Oklahoma City A. C. amateurs, winning every contest. Junior Munsell beat Everett Case. Jonas Perry beat Wilbur Freeman. Bennie McIntosh knocked out Al Campbell in two. Willard Sharp knocked out Clyde Osborn. Ernest Tahquette knocked out Marion Bohn in one. George Hand knocked out Red Young in three. Earl Andrews beat Leonard Burris.

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results. Tiger Cornell shaded Johnny Hemphill. Don Breese knocked out Dell Fish in three. Barney Ferlemann knocked out Everett Ebaugh in three. Ralph McAninch beat Mel Taylor. Jimmie Starnes beat Kid Freeman. Cecil Hersch beat Ted Shugart. Curley Burr beat Bud Nixon. Earl Hancock beat Tuffy Breese.

Eureka, Kans.—Jack Kilbourne shaded Chick Raines in ten rounds. Brooks Robinson beat Forrest Cannon in eight. Bus Breese outpointed Young Mickey Walker in three. Jack Dempsey refereed all bouts.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Clyde Chastain knocked out Jack Van Noy in the third of a scheduled ten-round main event. Jack Dempsey refereed all bouts.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Chick Raines and Haskell Howard drew in eight rounds. Forrest Cannon beat Johnny Hull in eight fast rounds.

Collinsville, Okla.—Lucky Boy Pfeffer and Gordon Webb fought six fast rounds to a draw. Claude Shadrick beat Kid Maherney in six. Sunny Baker shaded Delbert Shadrick in four. Ray Mathes and Jack Morrison drew in four.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Chick Raines and Forrest Cannon fought eight rounds to a draw. Johnny Hull knocked out Otho Smith in five. Harold Neiswinder won an unpopular decision over Jimmy Hyde in six rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Amateur boxing results: John Howey beat Gordon Smythe. Riley Mackey knocked out Red Haines in one, Tommy Knight knocked out Gerald Brothers in four. Clarence Hunt beat Morris Tucker. John Egan beat Claude Ash. Charles Patrick beat Claude Greason. John Brown beat Lewis Hosey. Glenn Thomas beat Lovell Hosey. Douglas Ferguson beat Tom Thomas.

Pawhuska, Okla.—Glen Nute knocked out Jay Ward in the second of a scheduled ten-round main event. Jimmy Owens beat Tommy Jones in six. Ike Bayouth shaded Kid Kindy in six rounds. Jack Dempsey refereed all bouts.

Collinsville, Okla.—Nelson Carter beat Scraps Cord in six rounds. Claude Shadrick knocked out Buck Flippin in two. Ray Mathes and Jack Morrison drew in six. Ed Nichols knocked out Adolph Dolen in two rounds.

Sand Springs, Okla.—Ike Bayouth defeated Indian Billy Hill in eight. Harold Neiswinder beat Hyde in six. Rural Sharpenstein beat Nelson Carter in six hard-fought rounds.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Bus Breese defeated Tommy Corbett in ten rounds. Pete Blanchard beat Young Schmeling in eight. Cyclone Williams outpointed Billy Love in six. Doc Hurd beat Peewee White in six. Vic Ashlock beat Tiger Trask in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Laddie Toneilli gave Johnny Owens a fierce lacing in ten rounds. Joey Alcanter knocked out Tiger Trask in three. Paul Estrada knocked out Peewee White in five. Jack Slattery and Lester Holzaple stopped in the fourth, declared no contest.

Kansas City, Mo.—Barney Ross outpointed Pete Nebo in ten rounds. Bus Breese and Joey Alcanter drew in eight. Tommy Corbett beat Davey Day in six. Johnny Owens knocked out Eddie Boughen in two rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Johnny Uzeal knocked out Fred Schantz in three. Frankie Lee knocked out Joe Alexitus in four. Spud Malone knocked out Johnny Vallejo in two. Charles Barry beat George Coke. Hubert Goucher beat Jack Leslie. Granny Pointelin beat Bob Levingood.

Kansas City, Mo.—Johnny Uzeal beat Earl Hallahan. Keith Cockrell beat Jack Leslie. Bud Schildknecht knocked out Bleon Puckett in two. Frankie Lee beat Bud Swanson. Charles Barry beat Jack Gengery. Jimmy Garrison beat Granny Pointelin.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Joe Amayo beat Bud Swanson. Ray English beat Jackie Law. Beebe Rich beat Nick Ernowich. Kline Martinek knocked out Chris Davis in two. Leon Chilcutt knocked out Jack Donaldson in one. Gene McCroskey beat Leo Warfield.

Bus Breese is the best lightweight developed in Kansas in several years. He has been a consistent winner since graduating to the professional ranks. Bus bars no one, takes them as they come.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

FRANKIE COVELLI, fast stepping New Yorker, handed Pete Sarron a ten-round pasting at the Portner Arena, Alexandria, Va., in one of the fastest bouts of the season. Sarron, a top-heavy favorite, was on the receiving end most of the way. Covelli is the first boxer to hand Pete a real lacing at the Portner Arena where Pete has been unbeatable heretofore. Mike Sipio took the nod over Roy Manley in a six-round semifinal, having Roy down in the final heat.

Walter Kirkwood and Henry Irvin, two Washington middleweights, fought a fast eight-round draw at Frederick, Md. In the semifinal Carey Wright of Washington hung a knock-out on Roma Labona in four rounds.

Marty Gallagher and Les Kennedy hooked in a ten-rounder at Portner's Arena with honors even. Gallagher was far the stronger and carried the fight to Kennedy the entire route. As usual Gallagher drew a capacity house.

Ken Overlin, Norfolk, Va., middleweight, continued his winning streak to twenty-two in a row by soundly trouncing Andy Divodi in ten rounds at Norfolk, Va. Bob Turner of Newport News, Va., beat Johnny Mays of Washington, D. C., in the eight-round semifinal.

Buster Brown and Frank Petrolle fought a terrific ten-rounder in Baltimore with Petrolle getting the nod. The fight was the best seen in Baltimore in many a day, both boys being in a bad way at the final bell. Many of the Baltimoreans thought Buster was entitled to a better fate and expressed themselves accordingly. Jimmy Tramberia and Joey Zodda fought a good six-rounder, with Zedda getting the duke. K. O. Burns had an easy time with the much smaller Joe Smallwood. Vince Serio of Baltimore and Al Alexander of New York fought the best prelim to a draw in six rounds.

Charlie Von Reedon of Washington, D. C., lost a ten-round decision to Pete Hayes of New York at Portner's Arena, Alexandria, Va. Hayes is one of the busiest boxers to show at Portner's this winter. Charlie set Pete back with many good right-hand belts, but Pete would insist on getting inside and here had a decided edge. Patsy Wallace of Atlantic City was coasting to an easy win over Buck Taylor of Baltimore only to be disqualified for hitting Taylor while Buck was down. Taylor was on one knee taking a count when Wallace hit him on the shoulder a decided light tap. At this stage Buck played dead, and Referee Short awarded him the bout. Roy Manley bested Mike Sipio in a six-rounder, and Roddy Davis had a cinch of a time with Ray Jackson.

Ray Bowen, Washington welter, decisively defeated Young Firpo of Pennsgrove, N. J., in a feature ten-rounder at Alexandria, Va. Johnny Mays scored a victory over Bob Lowery in six heats. Joe Green beat Joey Schwartz in four rounds, and Sailor McKenna flattened Johnny Bianzio in the opening bout.

Lew Raymond of Baltimore and Pete Nebo of Florida fought a ten-round draw in Baltimore. Raymond was off to a good lead but Nebo easily caught up to him in the latter rounds. Charley Thompson beat Eddie Marks in a fast six-round semifinal. Buck Taylor knocked out Kid Illoilo in three heats, and Jimmy Tramberia beat Frank Cicero in six.

PICK-UPS—Two New York featherweights who made favorable impressions on the Washington fight fans during the month are Frankie Covelli and Pete Hayes. Covelli and Pete Sarron meet in a return bout before we go to press and Hayes is scheduled to meet the winner. Marty Gallagher's comeback has been temporarily stopped by Les Kennedy. Les not only held Marty to a draw but also cut him up so that Marty will be out of commission for at least six weeks. Reds Barry, Washington heavy, lost a split duke to Lee Ramage in New York although the press proclaimed Reds the winner. Barry also made a favorable showing in Philadelphia when he licked Humberto Arce on the Schmeling-Hamas card.

Ray Bowen is the best light boy to come out of Washington in a long time. Recently Bowen looked masterful in licking Young Firpo, who is just as rough and tough as they come, but Ray just doesn't seem to get the spots at home. Bowen also lost a very questionable duke to Wesley Ramey at home not long ago. Harry Litman, Baltimore promoter, has finally convinced the Baltimoreans that boxing has a new deal in the Monumental City. Littman has worked like a beaver to put boxing back on the map in Baltimore and it has cost him a handsome sum to gain his point. Littman's recent Buster Brown-Frankie Petrolle show was a masterpiece as far as action was concerned, and Harry was rewarded by a good house.

The District Committee recently reported favorably on a proposed boxing bill that will legalize the professional sport in the District of Columbia. The Virginia legislature is also making pretty faces at a proposed boxing bill that would legalize the sport there. At present, boxing is conducted practically over the entire State of Virginia but in some spots it is handled plenty slipshod. It would be a break for the sport if the legislature did legalize the game there and put it on a par with Maryland where conditions are in A-1 style.

THE ST. LOUIS PUNCH BOWL

By EDDIE KAISER

THE boxing game in St. Louis has been slow the past few months. The New Coliseum and Jack Tibbets' Central Sports Club are the only clubs operating.

Jack Tibbets has tried hard to build up a following with the local boys, but his last card drew only $125.

Ed Byrne has been a little more fortunate with the Coliseum cards where he features out of town and local boys.

Al Stillman, the North Side truck driver who beat King Levinsky a couple of years ago, is still showing lots of his old zip and dash. In his last two starts here, he hung up a ten-round victory over the tough and rough Willie Oster of Chicago and stopped Rosey Rosales in six blistering heats.

It looks as though the former lightweight champ of Missouri, Lou Terry, is about through. Bob Riley recently sold Lou's contract for five dollars, a new low for selling contracts hereabouts.

St. Louis' most famous leather-pusher at the present time is Little Joe Ghnouly, the Duke of Chouteau Avenue, who is now in Australia to engage a series of bouts there.

Gus Wilson, Joe's manager, was unable to make the trip and that will be a handicap for Ghnouly because he is used to having Gus in the corner with him.

George Wilsman took a couple of his boys up to Quincey, Ill. Joe Red, local welter, gave Jackie Purvis a pasting for ten rounds, but Toney Viviano didn't do so good with Henry Hook of Indiana. Hook gave Toney a trimming in the eight-round semifinal.

A few of our former amateur champs are ready for another step up the fistic ladder of fame. Eddie Edson, the fighting express clerk; Joe Parks, the dance master; Elmer Savage, Dan O'Keefe's pride; Joe Huff, Elmer Koehler's clever welter; and Morgan Lingenfelter, Jack Callahan's clever featherweight, are making good.

The amateur game is on the up here again. The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* is sponsoring a city-wide tournament to determine the boys who will fight in the National A. A. U. tourney to be held here next April.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

BEFORE a capacity crowd in Motor Square Garden, Teddy Yarosz, the flashy Monaca middleweight, banged out a clear-cut decision over Jimmy Smith, Philadelphia slugger, in a slashing fifteen-round bout. It was the first bout of that distance held in this locality. Lew Raymond and Jules Beck promoted the match. Pittsburgh will probably be the scene of a Yarosz-Dundee titular match next summer. Teddy is a big drawing card here. He has a bigger following than Harry Greb had in his prime.

Mose Butch, Jack London's featherweight flash, scored his sixteenth consecutive victory when he kayoed Ritchie Carter, New York scrapper, at McKeesport. Mose is ready for the big shots again.

The Yarosz-Smith prelims were corkers. Anson Green, colored Homestead middleweight, gained the decision over Danny Hassett of Philadelphia in a fast bout. Al Quaill, outstanding amateur in this district, made an auspicious pro debut by whipping Jack Dalcherone. Mike Barto disposed of Elmer Wilson, Joe Bazzone whipped Paul Oger, and General Burrows kayoed Tony Ross.

Nat Litfin, local Hebrew featherweight, carried too many guns for Harry Bauman on the Butch-Carter bill. Litfin stopped the New Yorker in the sixth heat.

Tiger Joe Randall, hard-punching colored middleweight, is going great in Central Ohio. In his last start Randall annexed the Ohio welterweight championships by knocking out Lee Cox, Cincinnati battler, at Sandusky, in the first round. In previous engagements, the "Tiger" beat Mike Lucas, kayoed Frank Fabiano, and carried off a ten-round decision over Charley De Caro.

Battling Gizzy scored a technical knock-out over Steve O'Malley of Bellaire, when the latter injured his maulie in the sixth round of their tilt in West Virginia. On New Year's Day the Battler pounded out a ten-round win over O'Malley.

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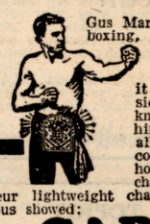

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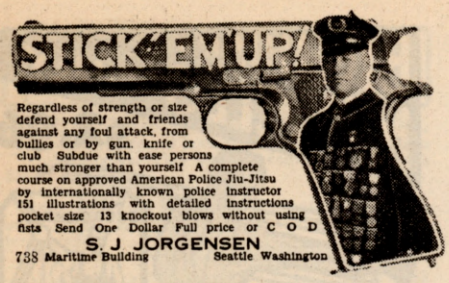

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AMATEUR boxing is holding sway, as it has been doing all winter, in most parts of Canada and particularly in Montreal and Toronto, where the Simon Pures are well established. As a matter of fact, they are doing so well in Toronto that they have the pros crowded out of the Queen City so far as worthwhile support is concerned. Playfair Brown, portly Toronto promoter, was so disgusted with the poor attendance for his card of "bonanza battles" that he announced from the ring that he was through with the game. In the meantime, the amateurs are drawing big crowds at the Arena Gardens and capacity houses at the club attractions so everything's hotsy-totsy for the "glory" boys there.

Montrealers are getting all their ring entertainment from the amateurs too, though not on the big scale the Queen City boys are operating on. The Y.M.H.A. staged another good show while the C.P. St. Zotique staged the city championships with near-capacity crowds in attendance. The "Y" has several bright prospects in Myer Alper, their classy featherweight sharpshooter, Maxie Berger, brilliant flyweight stylist, and Ruby Belson, a heavy-hitting middleweight, amongst others.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, upset the tabulations of the N.B.A. and others by proving his right to be rated well ahead of Ernie Maurer, Detroit star, and others of that caliber. Leitham handed Maurer an artistic pasting right in the latter's home town in a ten-round headliner. It was the first defeat ever suffered by the idolized Detroit lad. They have been matched for a return bout which will be consummated by the time this comes off the press. Leitham's ability is not appreciated for its true worth by American experts.

Ray "Bud" Taylor, Newcastle, N.B., battler, is one of the claimants of the Eastern Canada welterweight forfeited by Johnny Nemis due to lack of competition as well as increasing poundage. Nemis has concentrated his efforts on defending his Eastern Canada middle laurels and is being kept plenty busy. Taylor whipped Bud Galliah in a hard-fought ten-round headliner of a card staged in his home town and then announced his challenge to Bobby Allen and Johnny Lifford for the right to the laurels. Allen, a recent victim of Al Foreman's paralyzing punches, is considered the leading claimant and a bout between him and Taylor would likely reveal the logical titlist.

Winnipeg is experiencing its troubles in the fistic realm, too. The intake at a recent show was only $397.50.

Teddy Hayes, fighting his first main bout, almost edged out Frankie Wolfram in a ten-rounder that failed to enthuse the fans. Wolfram got the decision but was far from impressive. Ernie Heatherington shaded Jackie Stewart in a hard-fought middleweight tilt, but the judges combined to overrule the referee with a draw verdict. Billy Decosimo, tigerish Italian featherweight, outbattled the veteran George Pember, while Eddie Kline stopped Young Dempsey in the other prelim. After which, the fighters assembled their bodyguards on the way to get their enormous rake-offs.

Steve Trojack, Winnipeg's contender for the Canadian heavyweight title, crawled through the ropes after a lengthy lay-off to canter off with an easily earned verdict over Johnny Baker of Minneapolis in the ten-round headliner at Grand Forks, N. D. Trojack has a busy season ahead of him with bookings in Calgary, Edmonton, and St. Paul before appearing in open air shows in Winnipeg and other larger centers. Laurie Peppin, hard-hitting Winnipeg middleweight, also headlined a card there when he plastered Ace of Spades, Omaha Negro, in a ten-rounder. Peppin has been doing well and should be paired with Frankie Battaglia for the vacant Canadian middle crown since they fought a draw in their last battle with Peppin getting the edge from the newspapermen.

STRAY SHOTS—Greggie Gregersen, local Danish flyweight is after the Canuck title . . . . has been forced to fight bantams to keep working . . . . Quebec has an unbeaten contender in Young Lamothe, who has beaten all opposition in small towns around Quebec . . . . will have to lick Greggie first before getting recognition . . . . Bobby Leitham figuring to go to Europe for another campaign for British Empire title even though he lost to Maurer in a return bout . . . . Leitham's claims of unjust award to Johnny King vindicated when Dick Corbett, one of his victims, took crown from King . . . . which makes Leitham the uncrowned emperor of British bantams in our estimation.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE state athletic commission can help promoters get things going again if the solons will cut the overhead and either allow a promoter to arrange a price with officials or name a figure that is within keeping of the times and conditions in present-day boxing. Until this is done, boxing is going to remain in a quiet state.

Only one club in New York State, outside of New York City, is staging weekly shows. That is Syracuse which is going along fairly well. Rochester is not drawing, and Buffalo has staged only a couple of shows all season. This city was formerly a red-hot boxing center and will be again when a few cards are developed.

There's no reason why Binghamton, Utica, Jamestown, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Schenectady, Elmira, etc., shouldn't be staging boxing shows regularly despite the present state of affairs in the game. Cut the overhead and give promoters a chance to live or all those connected with the game will not get any money out of it.

The six-day bike race, promoted by Charlie Murray, proved a big success.

Jim Londos returned to town and, wrestling for the Buffalo Sporting Club, downed Garibaldi without half trying. Jim was out of the local bookings for almost two years. The house grossed around $3,500.

Playfair Brown, Toronto impresario, who has used many Buffalo boys on his cards during the past ten years, will attempt to get boxing going on a weekly basis this spring when the hockey season is over.

Tommy Moore, the Jamestown promoter, is another who sees a future to boxing. Tommy staged some wonderful shows in Jimtown, and this writer predicts that he will score again when the right time comes.

Jim Slattery, one-time ace light-heavyweight, is out of the fight game for good. Benny Ross, his stablemate, also a light-heavy, has laid away the gloves for all time.

Vince Plunkett is keeping his junior welter, Steve Halaiko, pretty busy these days. Halaiko fights Tommy Bland at Auburn for his next bout and then expects to arrange matches in Holyoke and Boston.

There are half a dozen applicants for appointment as referee since Dick Coffey quit his job. Among those mentioned are Knock-out Brennan, Bill Meyers, Ben Irvine, Luke Carr, Hymie Goldstein, and Herman Smith.

Ed Don George continues to be the outstanding drawing card in Buffalo wrestling circles. The big fellow is a native of North Java, near here, and attended school at Canisius College in this city, which makes him pretty much local.

GOSSIP HEARD AROUND TOWN — Kit Klein, marvelous young Buffalo ice skater and North American speed champion, and George Nichols, former N.B.A. champion light-heavyweight, go around places together but Kit denies anything serious . . . . Nichols, by the way, defeated George Manley, Denver, in the semifinal to the Maxie Rosenbloom-Joe Knight battle at Miami . . . . Virgil Kinkade, former local middleweight, passed physical and mental tests for the Buffalo police department . . . . Bobby Clary, whose sparsely topped thatch belies his twenty-four years, is a good little fighter who hasn't had the breaks . . . . Bob is ready for any bantam in the game . . . . Ben Irvine, loud-speaking auctioneer, and former fight manager will return to the glove game in the near future . . . . Ben is a hustler in any business . . . . Lou Scozza is still taking things easy . . . . Lou works out in the gym occasionally just to keep fit . . . . The only gym in town open at present is the Mueller-Mimeo at Jefferson and East Eagle . . . . If things pick up this column predicts there will be at least two new ones opened in the business section . . . . A fine-looking middleweight prospect is Evan Smith, Negro, who is a hard-hitter and possesses plenty of "guts." . . . Sam Bruce, one-time welter contender, is again in good fighting form . . . . Tommy Timlin has unearthed a new heavyweight named Big Boy Brackey. He weighs about 230 and is six feet four inches in height . . . . Brackey has won all his amateur fights via knock-out to date.

Good boxers and wrestlers who are not under contract will do well to write to Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Give record and all details in first letter.

FROM MAINE
By CHARLEY MILLER

AL McCOY, Waterville boy, is coming like a house afire. At Portland he put the K.O. skids on Mickey Bishop in the fourth round. Bishop hails from Stoughton, Mass., and is rated a good boxer. McCoy went to Boston and won the decision from Salvadore (Red) Affinito.

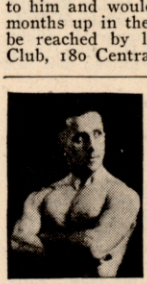
K. O. Blouin of Lewiston won a six round decision over Kid Barrillito of Bath. Tony Calalero of Portland kayoed Jack Britton of Lewiston in forty seconds of the first round. Rocky Gravel of Lewiston edged Kiki Stanley of Biddeford in four fast rounds. These fights were in Portland.

At Bangor, Ossie Stewart of Augusta pounded out a win over Tony Celli in ten rounds. Tommy Regan, Bangor's latest sensation, was awarded the verdict over Young Audet of Waterville. Jerry Duprey of Bangor gave Kayo LaMouche a boxing lesson in six rounds. Chet Littlefield won over Bob Mallar, while Pancho Junior copped a close verdict from Henry Lagasse.

Kid Barrillito, sensational little Mexican, reversed a previous decision here by battering out a ten-round verdict over K.O. Blouin of Lewiston. Barrillito was floored in the first but won eight of the ten rounds.

The Miller Brothers at Bangor will offer some high-class attractions for the boxing fans in this state as soon as the summer season gets under way. Charley is in New York at present and is booking New York's best mittmen for attractions at Bangor and also getting them interested in his famous camps at Moosehead Lake, where "Tex" Austin, assistant editor of THE RING also has a fine camp. Austin will surely be back in Maine this year to see his many friends. Jim Londos no doubt will show for the Miller Enterprises during this summer as wrestling goes good in this state.

The writer would like to get in touch with a good middleweight who has no strings attached to him and would be willing to spend the summer months up in the Pine Tree State. The writer can be reached by letter at the New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park, S., New York City.



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NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

FULLY 250 boys entered the Diamond Belt Tournament sponsored by the Jersey Observer A. A. The first show was reeled off by the Anchor A. C. of Jersey City, and the results follow:

(126-Pound Class)

Cyclone De Angelo won by a K.O. over Tony La Guardia in the second round. John Carbona kayoed Al Cohn in the first. Charley Marone knocked out Sam Lesso in the second round. Mario Garbonna won on a knock-out in the first round over Marin Grasso. Bob Neilson finished Al Siminelli in one round. Bob Alcott decisioned Dan Carello in three rounds. Alex Kid won by a T.K.O. over Dan Salerino in the first round.

(135-Pound Class)

Chester Pitska was stopped in the first round by E. Commons. John Chropuff won by a T. K.O. over Dan Monahan in the first. Louis Larco kayoed Andy Peters in round one. Louis Pean won by decision over N. Caruso.

(147-Pound Class)

Al Neilson won by a T.K.O. over John Rapp in the third round. Ed Markowski kayoed Steve Romano in the first round. Jim Lehey won by a T.K.O. in the second round over George Weir.

At Newark—Tony Valento knocked out Larry Johnson in the seventh of a scheduled ten-round feature. Vic Debellis drew Red Rolland in six. Johnny Russell drew Roscoe Manning in six. Eddie Devine stopped Jim Brady in three, while Frank Zammoris put the crusher on Gerald Fernandez in round one.

In the second show of the D. B. T. under the auspices of the St. Mary's Holy Name Society of Jersey City.

(135-Pound Class)

Harold Dunbar defeated John Boldtmann in three rounds. Anthony Matoli beat Morro Stanton in three rounds. Terry Reilly defeated Frank Walaski in three rounds. Ray Birkholtz knocked out Peter Marino in two rounds. Al De Cesera lost to Gene Gilinano in three rounds. Andy Lutz finished Chester Stepwick in the third round.

(126-Pound Class)

John Hunter beat Pete Dorn in three rounds. Eddie Gray won by a T. K.O. over Larry Ladico. George Schaeffer won over Eugene Girdano in three rounds. Sam Pizzuto decisioned Pat O'Neill in three rounds. Vic Contichio scored a T. K.O. over J. Dobbins in second round.

(147-Pound Class)

Rocco Caputo kayoed Ralph Russo in the first round. Joe Gross finished Sam Manulli in the second round. Steve Dudas, former Golden Gloves champion, is coming like a house on fire. Dudas beat Al White in one of the preliminaries to the King Levinsky-Charley Massare go at the Garden. Steve hasn't lost a fight since turning pro.

The third card of amateur bouts was put over under the auspices of the Barretts K. C. of West New York.

(118-Pound Class)

Pat Pietro won by a T.K.O. over Ray Divengny. Harry Simms did likewise to William Vesper in the first round. Frank Branda lost to Vincent Calotta in three rounds. Mickey Seamon beat Arthur Bynes in three rounds. Bud Cleary won by a T.K.O. over Ed Rogell in one round. Al Morenz lost to Joe Dixon by decision in three rounds.

(126-Pound Class)

John Weber kayod Louis Trouts in the third round. Emanuel Castellito knocked out Ed Thompson. Clarence Newmann finished William Sperl. James A. Taylor was stopped by Tom Vesper. Frank Avenoso decisioned Jim Spina in three rounds. William Marshall stopped Earl Porper in two rounds.

Summaries of the fourth Diamond Belt Tourney Show held at the Pierce A. C. in Jersey City are as follows:

(112-Pound Class)

Joe La Porte won on a T. K.O. over Fred Holtner in two minutes twenty seconds of the third round. James Marrone won by a T. K.O. over John Sciarra in one minute twenty-two seconds of the second round. Euge Mastronardi decisioned Hugh Elson in three rounds. Bert Miller won on a T. K.O. over Dom Delucia in two minutes twenty seconds of the second round. Matthew Marsala won on a T. K.O. over Tony Deri in the second round.

(126-Pound Class)

Gene Liparini won on a T. K.O. over William Nardler in one minute fifty-five seconds of the first round.

(135-Pound Class)

Hipper Brands kayoed Peter Turso in the second round. Walter Hannon won on a T. K.O. over Ray Marsala in twenty-five seconds of the second round. Eddie Motyka won by a T. K.O. over Mike Mihok in two minutes twenty-eight seconds of the first round.

(147-Pound Class)

Ray Stan kayoed Paul Sulinski in two minutes thirty-five seconds of the first round. Harry Hurley finished Joe Turso in two minutes fifty-five seconds of the second round. Stanley Kal knocked out Buck Dorn in one minute eight seconds of the first round.

Jack Jennings and Bill Hermanan have combined to run fight shows in Jersey City.

Andy Savoy, Pete Christie, and Phil Lombardi are popular Jersey battlers.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

RALPH FULTON, Trenton welterweight, made a big hit with the Providence fans by beating Billy Bridges in an eight-round bout. One week later, Fulton managed to hold Tony Stetz of Wilkesbarre to a draw, although he fractured his right hand in the fifth round. This bout was eight rounds and held in Philadelphia.

Finding the pickings too tough around these parts, Young Terry, Trenton middle, and his manager, Willie Gilzenberg, left for the West Coast, where Terry has a bout with Tommy King. I'm sure Terry's brand of fighting will go over big out on the West Coast. In company with Terry is Johnny O'Keefe, Jersey welterweight.

Mickey Harvey took on Jerry Hart as a last-minute substitute and barely won the decision over him. In their return match he won more decisively.

Sammy Rubino of Trenton and Cee Murphy of Robinsville put on a bruising bout for six rounds, which ended in a draw. This bout was held at Lakewood.

Tom Ritchie, manager of Puggie Synder and Jack Gross, has taken Larry Crabtree, promising heavyweight of Princeton, under his wing.

Boxing is through here as far as the winter is concerned. From all reports, Cliff Smith will promote open air shows at the renovated ball park. With Terry and Walker out on the West Coast, the bulk of the remaining boxers are training out daily at the Pioneer Gym. They include Ralph Fulton, Mooch Murphy, Don Calu, Sammy Rubino, Tommy Rittley, Mickey Harvey, Puggie Synder, Carman Presti, Sniffer Murphy (younger brother of Mooch), Angelo Palente, Jimmy Rivers, Joey (Bow Wow) Brown, and Louie Mazakis, wrestler.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

FREDDIE MILLER, N.B.A. featherweight champion, had little difficulty in turning back Petey Sarron of Birmingham in their ten-round non-title mill on Herman Katz's program at Music Hall during the current month. The Cincinnati title-holder won eight of the ten rounds.

In the other main bout staged by Herman and Maxwell Katz, Danny O'Keefe defeated Jess Freeman of Kansas City in eight rounds. O'Keefe sent his Southern opponent to the canvas no less than four times during the eight sessions.

From my Florida representative comes the word that Jackie Reid of Newburg, N. Y., is the hottest light-heavyweight prospect uncovered in the South this season. Reid, who carries a punch likened to dynamite, sent in his word of challenge to both Maxie Rosenbloom and Joe Knight on their card at Miami when Reid beat Joe King of Miami in the semifinal bout on the championship card.

Jimmy Brown, Bob Bonner's "Ace of Spades" welterweight clouter, took Mickey O'Shea of Chicago into camp in a tenner at Quincy, Ill., the past month. Brown, two days later, took a match with Harvey Massey in a local ring and was held to a draw. Brown bewails the fact that he was caught out of shape against Massey and says that it will be too bad for the Cuban when they meet again.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots . . . . Ken Ferguson of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., is the latest Southern manager who pens his coming arrival into this territory . . . . Ken is bringing his colored light-heavy, Wade Lumpkins, along with him, *en route* to Detroit, and is anxious for a crack at Teddy Graham . . . . G. C. Williams, former manager of Cliff McWhirter, Johnny McPherson, and several other lesser lights, is now business manager of the New Deal Club . . . . G. C. is pushing politically these days . . . . Davey for Governor is his slogan . . . . Pee Wee Weghorn claims he is featherweight champion of Greater Cincinnati, notwithstanding any of the other 126-pounders . . . . Harold "Young" Stribling, local heavy who is planning a comeback, recently entered the "Ripley, Believe It or Not" contest here . . . . Strib claims the orange eating title of the world . . . . something like eighty-two in one sitting . . . . Joe Anderson, who is operating the Club Mayfair, a first-class night club in Covington, Ky., had an amateur light-heavy, Johnny Cazanova, entered in the Markian Club Simon Pure tourney . . . . Lee Cox was stopped by Tiger Joe Randall in a match recently at Sandusky, O. . . . . Lee took the word of the referee to break and, as he did so, Randall uncorked a haymaker on the back of Cox's neck . . . . Joe Muchorowski, the fighting Pole from Newport, Ky., recently trimmed Al Cortez, a Washington, D. C., light-heavy . . . . Jimmy Dell is doing fine work with his club down in Louisville as is Al Leever in Middletown, O. . . . . Information about this section can be had by scribbling the scribe a line at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

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GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

JEFF DICKSON has signed up Jack Doyle, the young Irish heavyweight, for four bouts, the first to be held on March 22, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, against an English opponent. Doyle is one fine fellow, and I think he is the best of the European heavyweights.

Dickson also has Jack Petersen, the former British heavyweight champion, signed up for some bouts. The first will be against Ben Foord, the South African crack heavyweight.

Francois Machtens, the Belgian featherweight champion, gave Tommy Rogers of England a good beating in a contest of over twelve "threes." Rogers used mostly the English straight left, but he could not stop the tough Belgian lad, who continually kept getting inside and did hard body execution. It was a clear win for the Belgian, who is one really good "feather."

Marcel Thil once again demonstrated the fact that he is the best middleweight boxer in the world when he gained a decisive victory over Eric Seelig, the exiled Jewish champion of Germany, at the Paris Palais des Sports. It was a return fight between the two. In the former fight, Thil just nicked out a winner. He held the German too cheap at that time and was not keyed up in condition. For the second meeting, Thil was in rare form and he accounted for eight out of the twelve "threes," without trying too hard.

Seelig, however, is one fine fighter, as game as they come, and within a year he should be able to hold his own with any of the "middles." A series of fights in America is what he requires to round him up. He is a very fine fellow, just like his manager, Paul Damski.

Eugene Criqui, the former world's champion French featherweight, has a rare "feather" prospect under his care in a youngster named Populo. He will bear watching. He has a fine knock-out punch in addition to remarkable cleverness.

Dickson ran off an international heavyweight boxing entertainment at the Salle Wagram arena of Paris, the main event being between Maurice Griselle, former heavyweight champion of Europe, and an Italian, who is considered to be second to Primo Carnera in Italy. The bout, which was over ten rounds, was spoiled by constant holding tactics by both battlers. It was a real slug-fest and the officials called it a draw.

Eugene Criqui's featherweight, Populo, scored another knock-out victory, in a bout which was held during the heavyweight entertainment at the Wagram. Populo's opponent was an Italian named Poli. It took Populo less than half a round to stop his man.

Populo has the making of a champion. He has a fine straight left, a smashing right cross, fine footwork, and he can take it. He has a good steerer with the former world's champion at the wheel. Populo is one of the best young prospects of the ring I have seen come up since the war. Just watch that lad.

The American "Tar Baby" Goudron, heavyweight, who recently arrived in France, made his first appearance at the Salle Wagram against a Belgian named Verbeeren. It was a soft opener for Goudron, who secured a knock-out inside of the first two minutes of the first session.

Wrestling continues to go over big at Jeff Dickson's Paris Palais des Sports. His latest wrestling gala had for the headliner Henri Deglane of France, former world's champion, and the European champion, Dan "King-Kong" Koloff, the barefooted, hairy-breasted grappler from the Bulgarian hills. The match which was two out of three falls was taken by Deglane. The gala, although run off during the taxi tie-up, attracted about 15,000 customers.

Len Harvey, the British heavyweight champion, will probably engage in a return match with the former champion, Jack Petersen, on June 4, at the White City Stadium, London.

The London National Sporting Club, being unable to sign up suitable boxing matches this season owing to the fact that Jeff Dickson has most of the crack ring artists sewed up, tried its hand in a wrestling promotion. It was the first time that the former famous old club ever promoted wrestling. The bouts, held in the big London Olympia, played to less than 300 paid admissions.

Two of the small boxing clubs which opened up in Paris early in the season have gone on the rocks. The Central Sporting Club of Paris, one of the old boxing organizations, continues to go strong. It is known as the nursery of boxing in France. About all of the French champions graduated from the old club, which is conducted by Phil Roth, who is one real fellow. The top price there is twenty-eight francs, about $1.50, and Roth packs them in, two and sometimes three times in each week.

The Paris Ring is another club which is doing quite well. It is run on about the same plan as the Sporting Club, playing to the younger element in the game, with occasionally a good headliner bout. The prices run the same as at the Sporting Club, eight to twenty-eight francs.

Tiger Humery, the French lightweight champion, was outpointed by the European champion, Sybille, of Belgium, in a bout which was held in Brussels for the European title. The decision did not meet with the approval of the big crowd in attendance. Humery was cheered, and Sybille was booed after the decision was rendered.

Humery, since being under the management of General Descamps, the former director for Georges Carpentier, has improved to a remarkable extent, and he is now a most dangerous opponent for any of the European lightweights.

Frank Nekolny, the Prague welterweight boxer, who was seen in New York on a couple of occasions, is back in the ring game after a long lay-off. Franta has been around Paris for a few weeks and he has been appearing at one of the smaller clubs quite successfully.

Martinez de Alfara of Spain defeated the champion Belgian light-heavyweight, Karl Steyaert, in a bout held at Barcelona, for the European title.

The French flyweight, Maurice Huguenin, defeated Young Mura in a bout which was held in the Paris Ring Club. It was a hard-fought encounter, which went the limit.

Bobby Tassin, the French featherweight, defeated Soya in a ten-round bout which was held at Lyon, France, the middle of February.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

WHILE the professionals were idle in Cleveland, the amateurs, under the supervision of Messrs. Sam Otis, Jim Doyle and company, were extremely busy with their Golden Gloves tournaments. Funny how these Simon Pures can draw the throngs while the pros don't draw a fly. The reason? Well, for one, the amateurs battle like beavers, and for another, the sponsors of the show have no axes to grind and get the wholehearted support of the patrons, fight managers, fighters, and promoters. That's just how it should be. Packed houses saw the Simon Pures in action in their preliminaries, semifinals and the wind-up show.

Walter Taylor is anxious to resume his boxing shows here. He tried hard to get Max Schmeling to meet Johnny Risko, but without success.

Walter Taylor has been doing well with his wrestling. As in other parts of the country, the wrestling shows are drawing heavily. The crowd feels it gets more action and comes out in droves for the mat sport but won't go across the street for its boxing. Perhaps it is because the proper kind of shows are not staged? Don't you think so, fans?

Johnny Papke has a string of amateur boxers under his wing. His boys are good fighters.

Big Jack Pallat, two-time winner of the Golden Gloves, has been assisting Johnny in conditioning the kids.

Jimmy Dunn has become the matchmaker for Paul Shieks at Akron, Ohio. Recently he brought over Marty McHale for a bout and Marty, out of condition, received a shellacking. Perhaps one of these days boys will learn that they cannot make any headway in the fighting profession without being in proper physical trim.

Joe Tuma is handling quite a number of Negro fighters.

Joe Lewis, former manager of Paul Pirrone, has joined hands with Paul in the night club business. They own the Back Stage Club where almost all of Cleveland's celebrities make their headquarters. Eddie Meade has opened a club directly opposite. Eddie won't be recognized by his New York friends. His paunch is gone and Eddie has lost about seventy-five pounds through a reducing course.

Over at one of the Cleveland gyms, they use Nat Fleischer's *How to Box* and *Training for Boxers* for the instruction of the amateurs. No better books on the market. I recently visited a military reservation and I learned that the boxing instructor there also uses the Ring Book Shop books for his boys. Every amateur should have a copy of Nat's publications—that is, if he wants to get somewhere and win the Golden Gloves.

Broadway Johnny Cox, well-known in these localities, is down in Houston, Texas, where he runs boxing shows and a dog track.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JEFF DICKSON, boxing impresario of all Europe, staged a wonderful show at the Royal Albert Hall when he gave the Jewish lad, Harry Mizler of St. George's, a chance to meet Johnny Cuthbert for the lightweight championship of Great Britain. Mainly by superb left-handed hitting that reminded us of that great boxer, Jim Driscoll, at his best, Mizler won the crown. His success is one of the romances of the boxing ring. Last March he won for the third time the amateur championship of Great Britain at the lightweight limit and then went on to win the Empire games championship at Canada. His recent championship bout was only the fourteenth fight that he has had, a record he may well feel proud of. He has been fighting professionally only six months. He has won ten of his bouts by K. O. and four on points. Credit must be given to his manager, Victor Berliner, in the careful matchmaking for his charge that led to his championship bout with Cuthbert. The London lad is going to make history and has already the large following that years before him made Young Josephs, Young Cohen, Kid Lewis, and Kid Berg the idols of the East Side of London.

Billy Gannon of Liverpool came in for a substitute for Dave Crowley against Dick Corbett (Bethnal Green) at the Ring, London, and Corbett reversed a previous decision that Gannon gained over him at Liverpool.

"Nipper" Fred Morris (St. George's) and Billy Please (Portsmouth) put up a glorious twelve-round bout and both lads received a hearty hand at the end, when Morris received the decision.

At the Chalton Ring, Herbie Fraser (Westbourne Park) and Billy Barr (Woolwich) put up a good scrap over twelve. First one and then the other got in front. Referee Pat Fox gave his decision to Barr.

Harry Corbett (Bethnal Green), the ex-featherweight champion of Great Britain, although not being in top class now, still performs excellently at the small shows. At the Osborne Social Club he beat Young Connelly in twelve rounds.

Francois Machtens, feather champ of Belgium, failed against Billy Gannon of Liverpool at Tower circus, Blackpool, when they met over fifteen rounds.

At the Leeds Stadium, Chuck Parker (Barnsley) and Jack Lord (Bolton) fought twelve rounds and the aggressive Lord was given the decision.

At the Adelphi Club, Glasgow, Peter McKinley (Edinburgh) scored a comfortable points win over Frankie Jackson.

A couple of first-class flyweights, Herbie Hill (Wales) and Fred Tennant (Glasgow) put up a good bout at the Lancelot Hall, Wembley, over twelve rounds. It was a close bout, with Hill in front.

Another lad who will make the grade in time is Billy Lipscombe (Dagenham) who, although only a novice, keeps winning consistently. He beat Billy Evans recently, then scored a K. O. over Monty Brown (Portsmouth) in three rounds at the Royal Albert Hall.

Tom Pardoe (Birmingham) ex-flyweight amateur champ, stopped Willie Smith (Margate) in six rounds at West Bromwich, before a large crowd.

The speed of Sonny Lee (Leeds) stood him in his favor when he beat Young Beckett (Pentre) at Walsall over twelve rounds.

At Swansea, Billy Quinlan, Welsh lightweight champ, defeated Tommy Spiers, Scotch champion, in the eighth round on a foul.

Seaman Joe Wakeling of the Royal Navy beat Tom Curran (Kingston) in the fifteenth and last round of the bout, on a disqualification. Referee Ted Broadribb correctly ruled him out for repeated butting.

Charlie Smith (Deptford) fought one of his best fights when he met Jack London (West Hartlepool), but luck was with him at the Crystal Palace for after being on the receiving end for the most part of the twelve rounds, he received Referee Billy Wells's decision.

There was an unsatisfactory ending to the bout between Reggie Meen (ex-heavyweight champ of England) and Eddie Steele (Norwood) at Gramby Halls, Leicester. Steele caught Meen low with his head and was disqualified, to the disgust of the crowd.

George Marsden (Nottingham) scored a good victory over Jim Campbell (Glasgow) in twelve rounds at Birmingham.

Harry Mizler, the new lightweight champ of Great Britain, was given a rousing reception at the Ring, Blackfriars. He was given a solid gold watch by an admirer and also got two dressing gowns and a fountain pen from lady admirers.

Eddie Maguire, the South African middleweight champion, has successfully recovered from the injuries sustained a year ago against Archie Sexton, the hard-hitting Bethnal Green middleweight, and has since turned the tables on Sexton. The pair were to have met in a "rubber" bout at Bradford, but Sexton had injured his eye in a contest with Del Fontaine and could not appear. Fontaine substituted for Sexton and was outpointed after a hard fight by Maguire.

Dave Finn, the East End Express, had his revenge on Billy (Kid) Brooks, who held him to a draw previously.

Finn gave a brilliant display of two-handed body work that thrilled the huge crowd. Brooks was out on his feet in the last two rounds, and had not Finn injured his hand, he would have surely knocked Brooks out. Finn is going to the States when he is a little older. He will be under the management of Frank Jacobs, who handled Jackie Berg's affairs in the States.

Brooks did not take his defeat by Finn to heart, for a few days later he stopped Billy Boulger in eight rounds and followed this up by outpointing Tommy Hyams, in twelve rounds.

Jack London, the Newcastle truck driver, defeated the Derby heavyweight hope, Frank Borrington, at the Crystal Palace in the main event, over ten rounds. The bout lacked interest. By way of a contrast, the main supporting item on the card, between Teddy Phillips, the undefeated Canadian cruiserweight, and Randolph Jones, the former Welsh 175-pound title-holder, was a sizzler. Jones is quite a useful boxer, but he could not hold the forceful methods of the colonial and was knocked out with a right to the point in the sixth stanza.

Paddy Peters (Ireland) the former holder of the British amateur 147-pound title, showed brilliant form in his second professional contest, against the Plymouth Iron man, Al Bowden.

Bowden was so badly punished that the referee was forced to stop the contest in the seventh round. Norman Baines, the Catford giant, won his second fight in two days by outpointing Bill Frost (Wolverhampton) over six, on the same card.

George Cook, the 36-year-old Australian mauler, showed John Anderson, the Swedish champion, a few tricks of the trade when they met over fifteen rounds at the Agricultural Hall, London. Cook won on points after a grueling contest.

Harry Mason, who was disqualified in his bout with Henri Baumas, reappeared at the Ring, Blackfriars, three days later and his opponent was another Frenchman, Gaston Devieux by name. Mason was too clever for Devieux and won easily on points.

On the same card Moe Moss, the Stepney whirlwind, outpointed George "Panther" Purchase, champion of South Africa, after twelve grueling rounds. Moss, who recently K. O.'d Harry Mason in three rounds, gave a two-handed volley in the last two rounds which brought the spectators to their feet and gained him the verdict, Moss thus reversing a decision gained by Purchase two years ago.

Fred Webster, the former lightweight champion, has lost his form, and in fighting Harry Brooks (St. George's), the decision was a draw after twelve hard rounds.

Frank Meacham, the former amateur featherweight champ, beat Albert Heaseman (Brighton) in his first professional bout.

At the Ring, London, Al Burke, late of Australia and now of Shepherds Bush, where he was born, drew with Eddie Pierce (South Africa) over fifteen rounds.

Ted "Kid" Lewis and Izzy Farra have started boxing at Central Ring, Wood Green, and they opened to a packed house. Lewis is matchmaker.

Len Andrews (St. George's) defeated Les Burns (Bowes Park) on points after the full twelve rounds had been fought.

A lad who is being groomed for a great future, is Billy Oliver (Hornchurch) who is a featherweight.

At the Leeds, Brunswick Stadium, Jim Bird (Newcastle) defeated Jack Flynn (Ireland).

George Marsden (Nottingham) enhanced his reputation at the Palais de Danse, West Bromwich.

Little Johnny McCrory, the young Scottish featherweight who is sponsored by the N. S. C., scored a good win over Tony Butcher (Liverpool) at 128 pounds.

Johnny King, the British Empire bantamweight champ, suffered a reverse when he met Benny Thackray (Leeds) and, for striking low, was ruled out in the eighth after having the better of the bout.

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Boyo Rees (Aberdare) continued his triumphant mareh to the lightweight title when he defeated Jim Learoyd (Leeds) at Middlesbrough.

At the Adelphi Sports Club, Glasgow, Jimmy Knowles (Aberdeen) was narrowly defeated on points by George Williams, bantamweight champ of Wales.

Young Fred Dyer (Stoke) scored a good victory over Harry Fenn (Poplar) at the East Ham Baths.

Louis Botes, the South African featherweight, was extremely unlucky to be returned the loser in his contest with George Odwell (Camden Town) at the Ring, London.

Norman Snow (Northampton) K. O.'d Jackie Flynn (Ireland) in the fifth round.

Charlie Smith (Deptford) lasted exactly sixteen seconds against Jack Petersen, the ex-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, when they met at the Greyfriars Hall, Cardiff. On the same card, George "Panther" Purchase (South Africa) scored over Leo Phillips (Birmingham).

Peter Price (Worcester) scored a narrow points victory over Tommy Hyams (Kings Cross) at the Winter Gardens, Malvern.

Freddie Tennant, the young Scottish 112-pounder, had a hard contest at Wembley when he beat Johnnie Brown.

Jackie Moody, brother of Frank Moody, won his twelve-round bout with Tommy Marren (Burnley) at West Bromwich.

At the Ring, Belfast, Tommy Farr, the 175-pound champion of Wales, scored a one-round K. O. over Kid Scott (Sheffield).

George Williams, bantamweight champion of Wales, outpointed the featherweight champ of Wales, Stan Jehu of Merthyr.

Lauri Raiteri, the Stratford Italian, scored an easy victory over Leo Evans (Rochester) at the East Ham Baths, London.

Jack Casey, the Sunderland assassin, defeated Johnny Summers (Leeds) at York.

At Wolverhampton, Tommy Rogers, the southern area featherweight champion, easily defeated Young Beckett (Pentre) on points.

The Royal Albert Hall was again a big winner for Jeff Dickson, when he staged the British Empire heavyweight championship between Larry Gains, the holder, and Len Harvey, the cruiser and heavyweight champion of Great Britain. Harvey fought on the defensive and repeatedly jumped in with a left and clinched. Credit must be given to Len Harvey, however, for boxing with his brains throughout. Ringside critics were at odds regarding the victor, but Referee Jim Kendrick pointed to Harvey.

The hit of the show was the masterful performance of the Frenchman, Maurice Holtzer, against Louis Botes, the South African. Holtzer won all the way.

Jimmy Tarante, the colored American who was brought over from Paris by Lew Burston, scored a quick K. O. victory over Tony Arpino, the Bedford Italian, in the first round.

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AUSTRALIAN BOXING

By "GREEK" A. VANGES

AMBROSE PALMER, returning to the ring, outpointed Dave Shade of America in the latter's first appearance in Australia.

In a supporting six, Mickey Miller K.O.'d Jack Norman. Joe Hall copped the decision from Alby Bennett.

At the Fitzroy Stadium, Herb Bishop defeated Ray O'Brien.

"Sailor" Wally Hankock outpointed Frank Snelson at the North Sydney stadium.

Ralph Lalta drew with George Pringle at Ryde. Ted Maroney T. K. O.'d "Snowy" Williams.

Charlie Lucas has returned here from an American tour with many first-class boxers. The Americans who accompanied him here are all internationally famous.

Royce McRath gave a wonderful exhibition of boxing in defeating Jack Garcia. American Kid Como defeated Alf Blatch in a ten-rounder.

At Sydney Stadium, American Al Trulman outpointed Bob Thornton. In a supporting ten-rounder Wally Walker beat Micky Miller on a foul.

Herb Wady held South African Barney Kiesdoetler to a draw.

"Billy" Martin, the Dubbo welter, outpointed the Victorian middleweight champion, Johnny Condon, at Fitzroy Stadium.

Russ Critcher defeated Bob Willson at Ryde in a ten-rounder.

Former lightweight champion of Australia, Bobby Delaney, easily defeated the American, Al Trulman.

"Darkie" Blandon outclassed "Young" Eagle in defense of his bantam crown.

Jack Dunleavy's protege, Jack Sharpe, outpointed Al Singleton.

Jimmy Purcell of Australia outpointed Billy Petrie of Canada.

"Young" Eagle won a points decision from Al Singleton in a ten-rounder.

Jimmy Purcell K. O.'d Ray O'Brien in eight rounds.

In his second start here, Dave Shade of America defeated Fred Henneberry, middleweight champion of Australia. In a supporting eight-rounder, Joe Hall defeated Billy Murphy on a foul. In six rounds, Jack Sharpe outpointed Tim Lister. Spider Roach copped the duke from Mickey Miller.

The best prospects of the month are Jimmy Purcell, lightweight, and Billy Martin, welterweight.

Well, so long, boys, till next month and don't forget to send clear photos for publication in THE RING. Address me: A. Vanges, Nynagan, Australia.

Here are my ratings as of January 1 of this year:

HEAVYWEIGHT—Champion, Ambrose Palmer; Fred Henneberry, Ron Richards, Bob Thornton, "Son" Tealy, Pietro Spagnala.

WELTERWEIGHT—Champion, Jack Carroll; Bobby Delaney, Jack O'Brien, Wally Hancock, Billy Martin.

MIDDLEWEIGHT—Champion, Fred Henneberry; Ron Richards, Jack Carroll, Bobby Delaney, Jackie O'Brien.

LIGHTWEIGHT—Champion, Jimmy Kelso; Jimmy Purcell, Lew Edwards, Roy Burns, Sid Sloan.

FEATHERWEIGHT—Champion, Lew Edwards; Herb Bishop, Ted Maroney.

BANTAMWEIGHT—Champion, Darkie Blandon; Spider Roach, Joe Hall, Pat Craig.

FLYWEIGHT — Champion, Wally Walker; Mickey Miller, Norm Bible, Snowy Means.

PAPERWEIGHT — Champion, Bert Ryding; Young Ghandi, Teddy Lawler.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

YOUNG TOMMY returned home after two and a half years' stay in American rings where he met the cream of America's bantamweights. Recently he was dispossessed of his California state title by his countryman, Speedy Dado. He stopped in Japan on his way to the Philippines where T. Horiguchi and Hattori, Japanese featherweights, held him to a draw. Tommy will meet Cunning Nene for the Oriental bantam crown.

Luis Logan, light-heavy and heavyweight king of the Orient, kayoed Tiger Al Friend, the Island's Army heavyweight champion, in three.

Dave Shade is in Manila after a successful Australian campaign.

Maurice H. Goldner had a hard time convincing Naning Sangle to sign on the dotted line for his boy Villanueva . . . . Paquito Villa is the active matchmaker of the Olympic Stadium while Paquito Lituco acts as his assistant.

Danny N. Capili, youngest of the local fight pilots, is down in Iloilo with Vic Fuentes and Fighting Yap.

Young Frisco is the new addition to the scanty Oriental champions. He decisively whipped Young I. Fernandez for the welterweight title. Frisco is the son of an American-Filipino.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS—Boy Key kayoed C. Taraching in one . . . Joe Brazil drew with Fighting Obsiman . . . . Ventura Marquez held Joe Brande to an even go . . . . Little Dado decisioned Rush Medina . . . . Tiger Al Friend stopped Big Martinez in three.

The most promising fighters of the month are: Little Dado, 118 pounds, and B. de Guzman, 122.

Speed Cabanela, rated by this correspondent as the best-looking fighter in the flyweight ranks, gave Tony Darcy a neat lacing in ten, but the judges unfortunately declared the bout a draw. Two weeks later, he fought Young Santos Cavite, considered by the Dreamland Stadium as the flyweight title-holder of the Islands, and received another bad one from Referee Ramon Sanchez after he had eked out a fair margin in the closing rounds.

For the information of those who wish to get some data about the fight game here, I advise them to write me at this address: 1262 Tuberias, Manila, Philippines.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

SPIKE WEBB, U. S. Naval Academy boxing coach, will bring a number of boys to Hawaii, if negotiations now on materialize.

The All-Star wrestling team of Hawaii surprised the local fans by trouncing the well-coached Waseda team of Japan in the first of the International Mat Tournaments at the Civic Auditorium. The tournament was governed by the Olympic rules. The results of the tournament follow: Masao Kanemaru, 145 (U. of H.) threw Eiichi of Kazama (W); Mitsugu Honda, 140-pounder of the Palama barefoot gridders, lost the verdict to Masami Kodama (W); Presley Miller won over Takeji Sato, 130 pound of Waseda; Kui Hui Young won decisively from Saburo Hatta, 125 pounds, of Waseda. In the final event Bill Ahuna, 150 pounds, of the University of Hawaii, drew with Hisao Sakurai, captain of the visiting team.

Dr. George Nakagawa is the chairman of the wrestling committee of the Hawaiian A. A. U.

Amateur fight results at the Civic Auditorium: Benny Dawson (DHC) decisioned Joseph Gushi (CW) . . . . Bill Alves (Unat) beat Jesse Garcia (Pal) . . . . Leo Pascual (Pal) T.K.O'd Pedro Guillerma in the third . . . . Charles Ornellas (Unat) beat James F. McDermond (Sub Base) . . . . C. Y. Wells (Fleet Air Base) T.K.O.'d Robert Balocan (Aiea) . . . . Arnold Reiman (Sub Base) won from Edward Mendes (Unat) . . . . Duffy Dvonch (Sub Base) T. K. O.'d Vilai Sua in second . . . . Eddie Yasui (CW) decisioned Richard Toyama (Kukui) . . . . Moses Moepono (Unat) beat Donald Robb (CW) . . . . Joe Devore (Unat) won from George Medeiros (DHC) . . . . Harry Miyata (NY) beat Tatsuo Miyashiro (CW) . . . . Don Wilson (Sub Base) decisioned Kenji Horie (Kukui) . . . . Adolph Samuel (DHC) beat Hisao Ohye (NY) . . . . Abe Konaaihele (CW) decisioned Mateo (Pal).

FISTIC NEWS FROM MAUI—Joe Velasco of Manila, a junior lightweight, won easily from Freddy Buck of Honolulu in the eight-round main event. Velasco was too clever for the Chinese scrapper . . . . Joe Kaukahi won a close verdict from Henry Callejo in the semiwind-up. A draw would have been a better verdict . . . . K. O. Pagan beat Speedy Garcia . . . . Hitoshi Tanaka won from Lefty Galarce . . . . Ball-Bearing Pagan won from Kid Perla . . . . Manuel Telles K. O.'d Rush Navarro.

Pro wrestling gets a big play here. Among those competing are John Nemanic, Joe Gunther, Cowboy Adams, Professor Higanu, Des Anderson, Bobby Bylund, Billy Barton, Wotaman Higanu, Bob Cumming, Bill Wiedner, Bull Tayama, and Carl Martin.

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